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THE

MEMOIR AND WRITINGS

OF

JAMES HANDASYD PERKINS.

VOL. I.

THE

MEMOIR AND WRITINGS

OF

JAMES HANDASYD PERKINS.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
WM. CROSBY AND H. P. NICHOLS.
CINCINNATI:
TRUEMAN & SPOFFORD.
1851.

James H. Perkins

THE

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James H. Perkins

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deepest struggles, — for only he *could* so have told them as to leave a full impression of the truth. The clew to their explanation is to be found in the inheritance of a morbid temperament. How nobly, after all, did the spirit triumph! Death is the great emancipator for the really earnest; and on what ever-widening spheres of usefulness has this fellow-mortal and fellow-immortal assuredly entered! May we meet him there! God bless him! God bless us all!

"Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

"Shall he for whose applause we strove,
We had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And we be lessened in his love?

"We wrong the grave with fears untrue:
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death;
The dead shall see us through and through.

"Be near us when we climb or fall:
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all."*

W. H. C.

* Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

SKETCHES

OF THE

LIFE OF JAMES H. PERKINS.

I.

YOUTH.

1810 – 1831.

James Handasyd Perkins was the youngest child of Samuel G. Perkins and Barbara Higginson, both of Boston, Massachusetts, and was born on the 31st of July, 1810.

The first image that rises is of a bright-eyed boy, with dark, curling hair, olive skin, and slight figure, hovering about an aged nurse, who seemed to have sole charge of him. "Aunt Esther," — as he used to call her, with form bent by age and crippled by rheumatism, with face brown as parchment, seamed by wrinkles, and utterly ugly but for the love that illumined it, so deaf that only shouting directly in her ear could carry meaning to the brain, slow-moving, slow-thoughted, but patient and inexhaustibly kind Aunt Esther, — how she reappears from the past, with that half playful, half plain-

tive, gypsy-looking boy hanging round her in the lonely nursery! *Lonely*, I say, for the impression left of those earliest days is of a very isolated childhood. The elder brother was away from home at a boarding-school, and soon went to Europe to complete his training in Germany and France. Of the sisters, two had already entered society, and were engaged amidst the constantly recurring interests of cultivated life, while two younger were absorbed in perfecting their education and accomplishments. The mother appears in memory, as from secluded distance, a person of stately beauty, seated beneath curtains on a sofa, in turban and elegant attire, entertaining an admiring circle with eloquence and wit; while the father, seemingly a giant in figure as he towered above us, alternately cheerful and stern, but to children invariably considerate and kind, comes in only at intervals, when released from cares of commerce or the engrossing pleasures of horticulture. So that "Aunt Esther" and I seem to have been James's constant companions.

Dwelling in the same block in Boston during the winter, and within a short half-mile of one another at Brookline in summer, related by close family ties, as our mothers were sisters, separated in age by but two months, James being the junior, both guarded from promiscuous intercourse with children, kept much at home, and with just enough of likeness and unlikeness in disposition to make us congenial, we were from the cradle almost like twin-brothers. Together we watched the falling flakes, measured with delight the swelling banks, shovelled away the snow, piled it up into monsters, and battered them with balls; together we wandered in the woods, gathering flowers or watching the birds and squirrels at their frolics, chasing our boats along the

rippling brook, strolling under the barberry-hedges, with their yellow blossoms and scarlet fruit, or eying the gardener wistfully as he plucked luscious grapes and nectarines in the hot-house; together we conned our Latin grammar, or worked out our sums on the slate, interweaving a border of grotesque figures, at Mr. Greeley's school, and in play-hours picked up stray darts of the older boys, who, with paper helmets and shields covered with Gorgon-heads, fought over the battles of the Iliad; together we pored over volumes of cavalry exercise, illustrated by drawings of horses in every conceivable attitude, of costumes and trappings used in the French armies, and by pictures of Napoleon's battles, or staggered under the heavy cap and sabre worn by his father as commander of the huzzars; together we communed with Robinson Crusoe on his lone island, sailed with Sinbad on his perilous voyages, wandered with Gulliver at Lilliputias and Brobdignags, revelled in the piquant wonders of the Arabian Nights, felt our hearts glow with heroic ardor as Mentor encouraged Telemachus, followed Christian and Christiana through the perils and pains of their pilgrimage, or enjoyed more home-like pleasures while we read aloud Sanford and Merton, the Children of the Abbey, Evenings at Home, the Parent's Assistant, Popular Tales, and Berquin's Children's Friend; together, rarest joy of all, we peopled the world of fancy round us with Olympic Deities, Genii, and Fairies, built airy castles for our future lives, looked abroad over the wide prairies of romance, and, in a word, exchanged in unstinted measure a boy's full life of hope and enterprise.

One incident so prominently recurs to mind, as illustrative of my cousin's character, that, though it may

appear trifling, I am impelled to record it. One afternoon, before school-time, we were tilting upon a heavy piece of timber, quite unequally balanced, James and I being together on one end and several boys on the other, when, by way of trick, they at a signal sprang off as we rose in the air, — meaning merely to toss us into the dust when we struck the ground. Unfortunately, James's ankle came beneath the beam, and while I bounded up he lay prostrate. His leg was broken. Never shall I forget the sad smile and soft gaze of his brilliant yet melancholy eyes, as, without a tear or a word of complaining or reproach, that little boy was borne upon men's shoulders home. In the fortitude, stern yet sweet, with which he met that injury, wrought not of purpose, but by his fellows' thoughtlessness, I seem to see an omen of his earthly course.

Some two years now passed, during which we were separated, James having spent the intervening period in Boston and Waltham, and I at Lancaster, Massachusetts, to which picturesque town he, too, was afterward sent, that he might have the advantages of excellent instruction and the sympathizing oversight of relatives. Brightly comes up again the summer afternoon of his arrival. I took him to a hill, commanding a wide prospect across meadows tufted with elm-trees which skirted the Nashua, and beyond, a rolling country with Wachusett's rounded summit swelling blue against the western sky; and there, amid the sunset, he repeated the opening stanzas of Marmion. He had found this stirring tale of border warfare on his mother's table before leaving home, and it had so enchanted him, that long passages were imprinted on his memory. The ringing tones, the mu-

sical cadences, the kindling eye and animated gesture of that boy, then ten years old, as, with head bathed in the "yellow lustre," he stood upon the hill-top, chanting almost those verses, present to me an ever-vivid image of his poetic enthusiasm.

The next afternoon, being holiday, was spent by us alone among the pine-woods in boyish gossip, he pouring out the pent-up memories of boarding-school oppressions and miseries, of boarding-school stratagems and tricks, and I listening with the tender sympathy of a child who had never left the guarded circuits of a happy home. Well I remember that, while tickled beyond measure with the little fellow's spirit, drollery, shrewdness, and endless inventiveness, I was pained to feel — though then incapable of shaping the feeling into thought — that neglect and wrong had spotted with rust the once wholly bright links of his affectionateness. A slight infusion of sarcasm in his narratives and sketches, spicy at first taste, but afterwards bitter, marked the sense of half-pardoned injustice. Most contagious, however, was his fun, as, with almost Indian gravity on his expressive features, the chiselled chin, fine-cut lips, high, thin nose, and black eyes glancing under straight brows, he overflowed in a stream of pithy anecdotes, quaint fancies, and, as must be candidly owned, of most Munchausen-like exaggerations. But far more exciting in interest was his fresh vigor of thought. He had read much and remembered vividly; he had observed the natural world, and was full of facts; above all, ever-wakeful imagination threw around words and actions the charm of suggestiveness and beauty. Since our parting, among many companions I had met with no one who could compare in attractiveness with this brilliant boy. Once more we

plighted our vows of friendship, and became as before inseparable cronies, — cronies so exclusively, indeed, that we had often to run the gauntlet of our playmates' somewhat jealous raillery ; for genuine democrats as they are, spurning all bonds but of their own imposing, boys are still scrupulous courtiers in demanding observance of their habitual etiquette, and cronyship violates in a degree the indiscriminate good-fellowship that is the natural tone of youthful groups.

It is not meant that James was unsocial, far less that he was haughty or moody ; for at that period, as through life, he had rare conversational gifts, and often became the centre of a knot of listeners, who, though older, larger, stronger than he, were yet constrained to feel the charm of his superior talent, as he narrated or invented tales, recited verses, often of his own composing, or amused them with ingenious discussions and humorous talk. But though kindly and generous, he had little taste for violent sports, and much preferred a solitary ramble with a friend to any noisy frolic. Thus, spite of jeers or petty persecutions, we were cronies ; and it would be hypocrisy to conceal that our hours of amusement always first present themselves, when looking backward to those bright mountain-passes of our early years. Is not a boy's character most formed and his mind most developed, indeed, in seeming idle hours ; and should not education be moulded on the hint thus given by nature, that joy was meant by God to be the quickening sunshine of life's spring-time ? But not to philosophize, James and I certainly rejoiced together to our hearts' content. Our gains and risks, our pleasures and perils, were in common ; we were mutually confidants, guardians, partners in full. How impossible it is to convey the significance

of our own experience, or to repeat the emphasis which Providence puts upon events by their adaptation to our powers and needs! Yet the most insignificant of those boyish adventures seems now to have been prolific in enthusiasm, imagination, thought, courage, honor; and each season was only too short to let us drink our fill of healthful excitement.

When southwest winds, laden with showers, melted the snows accumulated through the winter in the woods, and poured them into the Nashua, and the river, gathering up its might, broke its already loosened fetters, bearing the heaped-up fragments over the meadows, and sweeping fences or even bridges in its course, — then, what wild rapture was it to watch the "freshet"! We stood in twilight under the leaden sky, and followed with our eyes the floating foam, eddying whirlpools, and grinding cakes, the broken boughs, rolling trunks, pieces of timber or wrecks of buildings, — perhaps living things, a muskrat, a sheep, a cow, struggling to reach the land, and crawling up half-dead with cold and fright upon the bank, where the back-water spread out shallow behind a projecting point; we listened to the moaning wind, the crash of ice and logs, and the hoarse roaring of the flood that filled the air, till moonlight, streaming in flashes through the scud, wrought metamorphoses with every touch, and gave free play for eye and thought to fill the scene with wonders. Much I fear that we felt more sympathy with the rising river, in its turbulent radicalism, than with the farmer mourning the disappearance of his boundary-marks. And it would be long to tell into what meanings of reform symbols of the universal law of change, thus vividly conceived in youth, were transmuted amid the struggles of manhood!

With summer suns came gardening. Lucky he whose melons first burst the mould, and, pushing off their caps, shot forth their leaves and runners; still luckier he, who, watching day by day the green knob beneath the blossom as it swelled into a glossy, mottled globe, by tappings of the rind and scrutiny of the shrunk stem, was at length satisfied that his treasure was ripe, and could summon his fellows to sit around him in the shade, while with eager knife he shared the crimson slices. James and I were amateur husbandmen, too, and would often lend a helping hand to our companions among the farmers' sons, in hoeing potato and corn hills, raking up windrows and hay-cocks in the meadows, or binding sheaves in the grain-fields, while in payment for our services they were allowed to go with us on swimming frolics, to dive, splash, float, or plunge for white stones on the bottom of the transparent Nashua. In due season, we took our baskets on our arms in the evening, and over the shrubby hills gathered the whortleberry and blueberry, or, better still, the long, plump blackberry from its trailing vines, while over head the swooping nighthawks drew our eyes to the deep sky, where, fanning slowly upwards or falling in swift curves, their forms were darkly drawn upon the rosy clouds. Then came the orchard-harvest, when sometimes we shook down and gathered the apples into red, green, and yellow heaps, and stood by the crunching cider-press, through straws sucking up the unfermented juice, or sometimes wandered forth on foraging excursions, — with most primitive license as to ownership, stuffing pockets, hats, bosoms, with fruit, which was stowed, if not quite mellow, in the hay-mow. In the dusky evenings, we built fires in our ovens under the sand-banks, and roasted ears of corn, which I can-

didly own we pilfered from the nearest field. And when autumn winds and frost whirled away the gorgeous leaves, and rattled the gaping burrs and shells, we filled our bags with chestnuts, walnuts, hazelnuts, and spread the butternuts to dry upon the garret floor. What overflowing generosity do the opulent bounties of the natural world teach to the boy, who is not trained by drudging toil and penury to premature prudence, and with what exquisite gradations does the constant round of country avocations unfold each practical power! For the health of his whole soul in after life, does not the child need to be like father Adam, a tiller of the garden, and to walk with God amidst the Eden-like beauties of the budding and the ripening year? Ay! does he not need, too, to be somewhat of a vagrant and unchartered freeholder?

A frank confession must here be made, however, that through all warm months the chief delight of James and myself was *fishing*. Without the dimmest premonition, certainly, of our future calling, as "fishers of men," we plunged into this — as it now appears most cruel — sport, with a zeal and skill that might have won praises from that autocrat of anglers, Christopher North. Week in, week out, the intensity of our "passion" for this amusement was strong enough to bear us, with unwearied limbs, through scorching suns, and soaking rains, and long excursions among marshes and thickets. Was it the mere pleasure of exercising superior craft, that hardened us without a thrill of horror to pluck those lustrous, swiftly-gliding creatures from their elastic element, and see them flap to painful death? or was it not rather the love of beauty that led us with stealthy steps along the brook, where in dark hollows and gurgling rapids the red-flecked trout were darting to and fro, or by the sedgy

margin of the ponds, where, under lilies with broad green pads and white and orange blossoms, the spotted pickerel with bony snout and slowly fanning fins lay lurking, or on the river-bank beneath the elder-blooms, where, over sands gold-braided with flickering rays, the breams or perch maintained their brotherhood? Doubtless, glory in repute for sportsmanship and love of adventure were elements in our excitement; but verily I believe our joy rose mainly from symbols half hinted, half hidden, in the musical, graceful flow of waters, the inverted images of trees and herbs and living things, more brightly beautiful than their originals, the phantom-like shapes of brooding fogs, the mirrored skies so softly blue, across whose wonderful depths clouds floated of every tint, with ceaseless play of light and shadow, the ever-widening, ever-crossing circles formed by trickling rain-drops, above all, the gentle, yet resistless, onward rush of the stream, opening to thought dim avenues of that future towards which existence is evermore tending. The cream of our delight was surely this communion with nature in her serenest moods. But whatever our motive, the fact undeniably was, that we were a pair of as inveterate little fishermen as ever dug worms, baited hook, or watched a bobbing cork for a nibble.

So passed the sunny seasons, and winter only glorified for us the dying year. Before frosts bound up the soil, with hatchet and spade we dug up pitch-pine knots to brighten the twilight with their genial glow. Then followed skating, with its fascinating flights over the black, transparent, gleaming surface of the pond, while the yet thin ice rang musically, and chipped and crackled round us, or bent in gentle undulations, as sparkling particles skimmed off like spray beneath our cutting strokes. But

ecstasy was at its height only when a driving north-easter came to bury up roads and fences beneath the snow. Somewhere we had found Forster's Treatise on Meteorology, and had patiently studied out the science of the clouds, until our prognostications would have done no discredit to a sage seaman or farmer. With what congratulations we spied the wavy film of cirrus whitening the sky at noon, beheld the sun dwindle to a pallid point and disappear in leaden banks skirting the south-western horizon, and watched the halo growing faint and ever fainter round the moon, while smoke columns from the neighbouring chimneys curled uprightly through the still air, then slowly curved and settled before faint puffs of the eastern wind. With what eagerness we waked by daylight, listened to hear the clicking flakes against the glass, and peered abroad through window-panes half cleared of frost to see whether the ground was whitened and wooded hills looked veiled and dim. All day long our rapture grew with the growing drifts, as we waded back and forth, or leaped to bury ourselves full length in the powdery mounds, rejoicing most when whirling snow-clouds shut out the nearest familiar objects, and when the pelting blast forced us to close our blinded eyes and turn our backs to catch a breath. Then when night came on without exhausting the crystal store-house of the clouds, and rays from fire and candle flashed out in flame-like splendor on the scud, and icicles hung thick and long from half blocked up windows, and the tempest howled and died away fitfully above the chimney or moaned through the crannies, how we made the walls resound with Campbell's Ode to Winter, read aloud apt passages from Thomson's Seasons, Cowper's Task, or Hogg's Glen-Avin, and told stories round the hearth, while —

temperance forgive — we passed the cider-mug from hand to hand, and feasted on nuts and apples. Even when the repeated "Good-night" summons drove us reluctantly to bed, we did not lose our interest in the progress of the storm, which we *would* have to be the most tremendous ever seen or heard of; again and again we must open a crack of the door to feel with hand and cheek the thickened atmosphere, again and again, with eyes screened from the light held close to the panes, scan the white swarm of eddying flakes, again and again sit up half wrapped in blankets to assure ourselves that spirits of the air yet played their antics round the eaves, and that still the wooded hills looked veiled and dim. And morning! when through a fringe of slowly withdrawing clouds the slanting sunbeams opened a doorway to calm upper glory, and lustre fell on pine-trees bowed with sweeping arms beneath white priestly robes, and roofs, gables, fences, wood-piles, exalted by peerless arabesques into component parts of one vast temple, whose floor was the wide waste of spotless plains, whose colonnade of arches was the shining hills, — with what grateful awe did we behold the miraculous transmutation of the common scene, and recognize the boundlessness of Divine art so prodigally poured abroad in evanescent beauty! with what thrills of pure pleasure did we trace the varied mouldings of the snow-drift, and refresh our dazzled eyes in the cerulean tint of blue that, beneath each graceful curve, mirrored the heavens!

These simple joys of country life I would like to picture with even fond minuteness, so sure I am, that more than all other influences they combined to shape James's tastes and habits, and that every type of beautiful joy entered into his spiritual life to reappear through after

years in hope, patience, liberal judgments, capacious thought, and ideal longings for purity and peace. Well might he have echoed Wordsworth's sublime strain of gratitude:—

> "Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
> Thou soul that art the eternity of thought,
> That gavest to forms and images a breath
> And everlasting motion, not in vain
> By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
> Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
> The passions that build up our human soul,
> Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
> But with high objects, with enduring things,
> With life and nature, purifying thus
> The elements of feeling and of thought,
> And sanctifying, by such discipline,
> Both pain and fear, until we recognize
> A grandeur in the beatings of the heart."

Justice must now be done, however, to the wise guardianship of a teacher, to whom James was most warmly attached, and to whom he felt that he was deeply indebted for the formation of his character and mind. This was Mr. S. P. Miles, — afterward Tutor of Mathematics in Harvard University, and honored Principal of the Boston English High School, who will be always remembered with affectionate reverence by every pupil who enjoyed his paternal care. Son of a clergyman in a small village of New Hampshire, stimulated to over-exertion by a desire to aid his younger brothers and sisters, broken down, as so many men of highest promise have been, by a sudden change from out-of-door labors to sedentary pursuits, and with the spiritual light of consumption already beaming in his eyes, Mr. Miles treated his scholars with a considerate sympathy, a delicate appreciation of tendencies and trials, an encouraging cheer-

fulness, a sweetness, and, above all, an equity, which appealed to every magnanimous impulse, and quickened conscience and self-respect to constant action. He was in spirit and deed a Christian gentleman. Reared up under a somewhat gloomy Orthodoxy, he had worked his way out into the sunnier faith of Unitarianism, and blended in his religious sentiments the earnest piety of Calvinism with the hopeful benevolence of the Liberal school; while natural affability and refined tastes gave the charm of courtesy to manners made pensive by a consciously weak hold of life. His mental bias was towards natural science, and he had supplied himself with books, plates, cabinets, and instruments for illustrating lectures or making experiments, which he was always patient as prompt to use for the good of those who had the sense to appreciate his teaching.

James was as much of a favorite with Mr. Miles as a person so impartial would allow himself to have, and for a time was his room-mate. I think I well know the occasion that first called out his special regard for his pupil. Business summoning him away one afternoon, he trusted the school to the charge of a monitor, expressing a hope that his confidence would not be abused. But on his return his ears were greeted, even from a distance, by an uproar. The sentry at the door, however, giving notice of "the master," all was a scene of apparently absorbing study as he entered. This hypocrisy probably touched him more keenly than our quite natural roguishness, for it was with a tone of most unusual severity that he said, — "Let the boys who have been guilty of this disturbance come forward." No one stirred, the big fellows especially, who had been ringleaders, sitting shrouded in a most imperturbable air of injured inno-

cence. After waiting in silence, and looking from face to face, he continued, "Has no one courage to be *true?*" Then, up from the benches of the smaller boys rose James, and, with a friend of about his own age, walked steadily down the aisle, until confronted with the ruler of our little realm. It was with a clear, calm tone, and a look of sorrow, not fear, that he confessed his trifling share in the tumult; — and incentive indeed it was to frankness for a lifetime, when, placing his hand on the heads of the young friends, and with a few words to the school in commendation of their honor, the much-loved teacher forgave them. From that hour Mr. Miles seemed to repose a perfect trust in James's sincerity, and admitted him to his intimate friendship. Through this intercourse he gained a strengthened interest in the natural sciences, more solidity of judgment, simplicity of manners, and lively conscientiousness; and I doubt not, also, that, by their conversations, readings, and occasional devotions, James's religious sensibility was much quickened, — though Mr. Miles's dread of formality or morbid excitement, and his respect for the sacredness of spiritual experiences, made him reserved even to an excess of delicacy. Altogether, this period of Lancaster life was most prolific of good for James. Vital seeds were deeply planted in him, — seeds destined to outlive the gloomiest seasons of doubt and despondency, and to grow up to sunlight through the rubbish of temptation and worldly influences.

Now came separation once more, while James passed several years, first at Phillips Academy, Exeter, where presided the excellent Dr. Abbot, who had married a sister of his father; and afterward in the famous Round-

Hill School, at Northampton, Massachusetts, then under the direction of Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell and Mr. George Bancroft, assisted by a most talented and accomplished corps of teachers. During this interval I could trace his progress only by means of a correspondence, quite diligently kept up for boys, and a cronyship regularly renewed in every vacation. One of his instructors at that period, Hon. Timothy Walker of Cincinnati, describes James as follows: — "During the years 1826, 1827, 1828, I had charge of the mathematical department, and young Perkins was a member of my class. No instance is remembered in which he incurred censure from any of the professors; on the contrary, he was always prepared in his lessons. He did not then study the ancient languages; but in the modern languages, French, Spanish, Italian, and German, it is believed that he had no superiors among the pupils. It is well remembered that he was never a playful or mirthful boy. While others were engaged in their sports, he sought his recreation in solitary walks, generally in the beautiful surrounding forests, collecting flowers and minerals." And a friend and schoolmate, U. Tracy Howe, Esq., adds the following impressions: — "As a boy, James exhibited some of the peculiarities which have marked him through life. He had great intellectual activity and capacity, and whenever he applied himself he excelled; yet, as I recall him, he did not rank high or take a prominent stand as a scholar. He had then, as he had in manhood, that love of independence, both in action and thought, which made it distasteful to him to comply with any rules or formulas of thought or study imposed by others. Thus, though his mind and body were active, they were active in his own peculiar way. I remember

we used frequently to start off upon a pedestrian tour, in the midst of a hard snow-storm, or at its close, with the snow up to our knees; and at such times, when others were about the fire or amusing themselves under cover, it was his favorite pastime to take a tramp of several miles, over the fields and through the woods. This fondness for walking — for severe walking — continued with him as long as I knew any thing of his habits. An accident of childhood, which produced weakness and periodical lameness of one leg, prevented him from entering into the more active of boyish sports; but he was very fond of gymnastics, especially of such as required vigor of arm. He had at that time great facility in writing for a boy, and some taste and power in versification. His desire for an adventurous, roving life was very strong. The thought of the wilderness, and of the free activity of the backwoodsman and hunter, always excited his imagination; and I remember well, when reading with him some account of the region of the Rocky Mountains, how his face would light up, and his eye glow with enthusiasm, as he talked of going thither, which he said he intended to do at some future day."

The passion for exploring rambles, thus truly referred to as characteristic of James, was the result of many combined impulses. The restless energy of his nervous-bilious temperament sought vent in sustained muscular activity; poetic enthusiasm was gratified by the sense of novelty, the hope of adventures, and contemplation of the exquisite beauty that hung around Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom, or overspread the wooded hills and grassy meadows of the Connecticut; his already strong taste for natural science, yet further stimulated by Mr. Cogswell, who was an earnest mineralogist, and by Pro-

fessor Hentz, who was a master of botany and entomology, found ceaseless play; his almost Indian-like love of independence enjoyed the zest of consciously breaking the appointed school-bounds, and disregarding highways or inclosures; and finally, solitude freed him from the frivolities of uncongenial companions, and gave occasion for thought and the exercise of fancy in mental composition. An extract from a confidential letter, written about the time of his leaving Northampton, presents his portrait, by his own hand. It is by no means flattered, but very life-like, and may suitably close this sketch of his school-days; especially as it illustrates — what James felt intensely throughout his manhood — the evils of education in large schools unhallowed by religious and humane influences, and where the young are trusted, without wise guardianship, to their own half-savage instincts.

1827. "I have never tried to persuade myself that all affection is affectation. Far from it. I may seem dull or cold where others would not, — not because I do not feel, but because it is not natural for me to express my feelings. I have always been to appearance a phlegmatic sort of animal, but it is only in *appearance*. I have felt what no one at the time knew me to feel.

"You need not fear that I am about to reveal a love story; I have not reached that degree of affection yet. I have only now to say, that I have *loved my master*. I really loved Mr. M——, at Lancaster; I have really loved Mr. C——, here. He liked me too; and what was the result? I was hated by the boys. This was when —— was under my charge. If I spoke to him of neatness, he complained to his companions; and this, with the favor I had with Mr. C——, finished me. I was voted a bully, was driven out of all society, and became a sort of solitary. After this term,

when the boys found ——'s story a lie, they became more friendly. Then I apparently left the master and took to my playmates, for 'you cannot serve God and Mammon,' you know. I made friends with those who had persecuted me, and became in turn head of the persecutors. I gained my revenge, but I was feared. Before, when I was hated, I was weak; now I was strong, and the strong were on my side. Still I was unhappy. Then I let all persecution drop, treated every body well, and appeared to love all. But by this time I had become disgusted. I could gain peace only by deceit, and deceit I loathed. So now I grew desirous of living alone. I could trust none, did trust none, and ceased to show that I had any affection at all. Thus unsociability is my nature, my habit, my fancy, and I fear I shall never be cured."

The most interesting recollection of James, during this period, which remains with me is, that he invariably brought home a budget of copy-books, crammed with tales and verses, — some mere plagiarizing imitations, of course, but the most of them freshly alive with his own experience and originality. These it was always our first pleasure to read over together and to criticize. And I know no better way of giving some impression of our delight in those hours of callow authorship, than to reprint here a few pieces, composed about that time, though revised at a later day. They are all records of his youth.

MY AUNT ESTHER.

My first and best, and oldest of aunts! and yet no more my relation than the town-pump. Aunt Esther! she was the nursing mother of the whole dynasty of ——s, father

and grandfather, son and grandson; — they had all been fondled and spanked, washed, combed, and clothed by the venerable maiden. From her I learned to love "lasses candy"; from her I learned to hate Tom Jefferson. Many an evening as I sat by her rush-bottomed and rickety chair, threading her needle, or holding, while she wound, skeins of silk or yarn, that I thought must be as long as the equator, — many an evening has she discoursed of the arch-rebel Napoleon, whom "she would have torn to flinders," she said, "if she could only have got her hands on him"; though the next day she would set free the very mouse that had stolen her last pet morsel of cheese; for she was a very Uncle Toby, or rather Aunt Toby, in such matters.

She told me of Napoleon, and her little work-table was the battle-field. Here was the ball of yarn, and there was the half-finished stocking, and yonder was the big Bible, supported by the spectacle-case. Old Boney himself moved among them in the form of a knitting-needle; and to this day I cannot think of the Little Corporal, but as a tall bit of cold steel, with a head made of beeswax.

From her, too, came my portrait of Washington, whom she had seen during his visit to the North. Year after year did those well-beloved lips pronounce his eulogy, and often was the hourly prayer put up by me for a long life to Aunt Esther and General Washington; little did I dream that one who to me had just begun to live, had been dead these ten years and more!

And then came the war and the Hartford Convention; and such a time as we had of it, up in our little back-room! I don't know what it was that preserved the nation; for there was Aunt Esther and I, and the whole race of ——s, in such a passion that we almost walked to England dry-shod.

Aunt Esther had one fault, — she was always too cleanly in her notions. It was probably because of her Federal and

aristocratic associations, but certain it is that she could not even see a dirty boy without wanting to wash her hands. And this her most prominent organ was exercised most fully upon generation after generation, as each marched through her dominions. "As bad as to be washed by Aunt Esther," was a proverb in the dynasty. For many a long year no lines in the language were to me so pathetic and soul-harrowing as those from the Columbiad: —

> "Still on thy rocks the broad Atlantic roars,
> And washes still unceasingly thy shores."

To be "washed unceasingly" was my beau-ideal of misery.

Aunt Esther, familiar as she was, was still a mysterious being to me. I had never met any other of her name; and, having early in life heard the Book of Esther read, always thought of my old nurse in connection with Ahasuerus and Mordecai, and the tall gallows. Nor was the mystery diminished on being told, when I asked how long it was since Mordecai, that it was hundreds and thousands of years. How old she was I did not dare to ask!

Brought up to bring up others, the venerable matron loved nothing so dearly as Scotch snuff and noisy children. When the storm waxed loudest in the nursery, she was most in her element, and walked undisturbed amid

> "The wreck of horses and the crash of toys."

Her chief text and comfort was that in which we are told that our Saviour blessed the children brought to him, and said that of such was the kingdom of heaven; for to her it conveyed the idea that the place of rest would be brim-full of babies.

And I grew up, and another generation came forward to claim my rocking-horses, and my long-legged chairs. I went to school; and when I came home, I found Aunt Esther just as of old, only (as the saying is) a good deal more so. But though to me time was a matter of some

import, she defied it. Nay, I received a letter from my cousin, who had just been married, telling me that Aunt Esther had danced at her wedding. —— was the old lady's last favorite; gentle and kindly, she loved her foster-mother more than many do their own parents, and she meant to take the ancient to her new home, she told me. But when I arrived at Boston again, I found that this had not been done; Aunt Esther could not leave the old nursery, with its yellow floor and barred windows; and as little could she bear to lose her pet. From the day of ——'s wedding, she began to go out; her work on earth was done; and from the arms of the last she had brought up in the fear of the Lord, she passed away to meet her new colony of infants beyond the skies.

In one corner of the church-yard there had been a great oak, of which all had departed but a shell of bark a few feet high. From this shell, within a year or two, a young, tall sprout had sprung up. Under that emblem of the resurrection they laid the body of Aunt Esther. Above her they placed a three-sided obelisk; upon the west side was carved the form of an aged woman, on the brink of the grave; upon the east, that of a bright spirit, springing from that same grave; while upon the front was her name and age, — "Esther Pray, aged 91 years," with a part of her favorite text, perverted and yet true, — "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE NASHUA.

Fairest of rivers, rolling Nashua!
Whose waters through deep forests glide along,
And then o'er rocks and pebbles dash and splash away!
To thee, sweet stream, would I direct my song;
From 'mid these dusty streets, this bustling throng,

The hum of business, I would strive to sing
(So be 't the Muses will inspire my tongue)
Of the sweet days of life's all-joyous spring,
When fishing was "the go," and Saturday "the thing."

Still, as of erst, thou rollest on thy tide
Unto the ocean, its far dwelling-place,
And still the blackbird screameth by thy side,
And still the bubble dances on thy face,
But on thy banks there is a different race.
We were there once, ere Time upon our brow
Had set his signet, and a little space
We angled where thy tall bullrushes grow. —
Our lines were taking then, I fear mine wont be now!

Ah Youth! thou art indeed the golden age
Of our existence, and when thou dost pass
The silver comes, when money is the rage;
And by and by awhile, the age of brass,
When men will lie and fabricate, alas!
As if they did not know it were a sin;
Then iron old age comes. There ends the farce;
And to the most, the tragic doth begin,
For all without seems dark, when there 's no light within.

But Youth! thy days have passed, for ever passed.
No more we rig the line, array the poles,
And hurry to the river-side so fast; —
No more we gather round the favorite hole,
Or angle where the rapid waters roll,
For the bright chiven or the spotted trout; —
A pickerel now is not ambition's goal; —
We should not fish and fume and sweat about,
Save for a smiling wife, which, caught, may prove a pout!

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

"Now lend the eye a terrible aspect,
Set firm the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height." — *King Henry Fifth.*

O, WERE ye ne'er a schoolboy?
And did you never train,
And feel that swelling of the heart
You never can again?
Didst never meet, far down the street,
With plumes and banners gay,
While the kettle, for the kettle-drum,
Played your march, march away?

It seems to me but yesterday,
Nor scarce so long ago,
Since we shoulderèd our muskets
To charge the fearful foe.
Our muskets were of cedar-wood,
With ramrod bright and new;
With bayonet for ever set,
And painted barrel too.

We charged upon a flock of geese,
And put them all to flight,
Except one sturdy gander,
That thought to show us fight.
But, ah! we knew a thing or two:
Our captain wheeled the van, —
We routed him, we scouted him,
Nor lost a single man.

Our captain was as brave a lad
As e'er commission bore;

All brightly shone his tin sword,
And a paper cap he wore;
He led us up the hill-side,
Against the western wind,
While the cockerel plume that decked his head
Streamed bravely out behind.

We shouldered arms, we carried arms,
We charged the bayonet;
And woe unto the mullen-stalk
That in our course we met.
At two o'clock the roll was called,
And till the close of day,
With our brave and plumèd captain,
We fought the mimic fray, —
When the supper-bell, we knew so well,
Came stealing up from out the dell,
For our march, march away.

MY OLD FELT HAT.

"Gone, and for ever! — Let me muse awhile." — ANON.

THIS world 's a very wicked world,
Indeed, I wish it would amend;
This world 's a very heartless world,
I may not, cannot find a friend.
I 've searched it through from side to side,
All kinds, complexions, I have tried,
The young, the old, the lean, the fat,
Of every climate, every hue;
But cannot find one half so true,
So ever firm and kind, as you,
My old felt hat.

I bought it on a summer's day, —
The summer sun was shining bright,
The summer birds were singing gay
In every grove, on every spray;
And as I went my homeward way,
Ah me! I was a happy wight.
And when I stopped, — a foolish boy, —
Upon a mossy stone I sat,
And wept to think how blest I was;
And as I wept, I kissed the cause
Of all my tears, and hope, and joy,
My new felt hat.

Ah! summer days are sweet and long,
But summer days are quickly told;
And new felt hats are passing strong,
But cannot bear the rain and cold.
They said that mine was getting old;
But still I wore, I brushed it still,
And still it was my Sunday's best;
And when within the pew I sat,
In ruffled shirt and speckled vest,
How carefully I watched thee, lest
Some wicked one should work thee ill,
My new felt hat!

And winter past, and jocund spring,
With skies of blue and leaves of green,
And countless birds upon the wing,
Came back, and round us every thing
Burst forth in renovated sheen.
Did I say all? Yes, all, save one;
Nor watering dew nor warming sun

Brought spring or summer more to that:
All past was now its early pride,
All broken in its pasteboard side,
And so it lost its dye, and died,
My poor felt hat.

Ah! my old hat, — methinks in thee
A mournful emblem I may see.
The fairest flowers are first to die,
The brightest fruits the soonest fall;
The worm will live, — the butterfly,
One little hour may be his all;
The patriot stern, that will not bow
Nor to the monarch bend the knee,
But bears his country's wrongs, as thou
Didst bear the blows were meant for me, —
The fairest flowers of womankind,
Of warmest heart, and brightest mind,
Of sweetest eye, and liveliest chat, —
May live one short, one summer day;
Then, for this world too pure and true,
Will lose their beauty and decay,
Scarce prized till they are lost; — like you,
My old felt hat.

So much for first flights in authorship. And next came comparisons of what had been read since we parted, and new explorations in the fields of literature. The earlier English poets and ancient bards in translations, we were sufficiently acquainted with to revere from afar; but they occupied a secondary place in our affections. Thomson, Goldsmith, Cowper, came nearer home. Scott was read, reread, recited. Campbell was a familiar household minstrel. Southey was dearly prized for

his pathos, manly simplicity, high-toned goodness, endlessly various versification, and, above all, for his rich imagination as exhibited in the Curse of Kehama and Thalaba, whose fluent melodies charmed us unweariedly. And, by somewhat incongruous juxtaposition, Byron was our idol. Strange it seems now to recall the feverish excitement with which we gave ourselves up to Childe Harold, the Bride of Abydos, the Siege of Corinth, &c., — our favorite being Manfred. Coleridge, too, wove round us his mysterious spell in the Ancient Mariner, Christabel, and Genevieve, though of course we were yet unripe for his more solemn strains. But our grand discovery was Wordsworth; — discovery, I say, for we had never heard more than his name, certainly, when, taking up a volume that lay on the table, we chanced on Peter Bell, and read it aloud with intensest interest. The Idiot Boy, The Cumberland Beggar, The White Doe of Rylstone, and all his simpler tales and poems, followed in swift succession, and cordially did we thank their author for the springs of pure and serene joy which his touches of natural feeling opened in our hearts. But we were not absorbed in poetry. Now were the enrapturing days of the Waverley Novels, which, sitting side by side, we scampered through, with eyes on a race to reach the bottom of the page. We were never tired, either in poring over Hogarth's works, and tracing out in minutest details the tragi-comic aspect of life's tapestry turned wrong side out. Don Quixote, too, in a beautifully illustrated copy, was a serviceable counterpoise to our over-wrought enthusiasm. As I remember, moreover, James was fond of studying some volumes of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, which he found in his father's library, being

rather attracted than repelled by their classifications and technicalities; and his vigorous mind drew in the practical information needed for nutriment, from works of travels, and history. Still, undeniably, the poets were our cherished guides, and it was in their company that we learned wonder, trust, and hope.

Our vacations were by no means, however, mainly passed within doors, or in beholding life through the magic glass of imagination. We still kept up our habits of pedestrian excursions, and were passionately as ever fond of angling. Regularly we spent several weeks at Nahant, where his mother, attracted by health and taste, resided during the summer. Her cottage stood upon the ridge of the promontory, overlooking the bay encircled by the beaches of Beverly and Gloucester, from the long-stretching village of Lynn to the looming headlands of Cape Ann, with the brown steeps of Egg Rock, girdled by foam, on the east. There our daily delight was to see from the piazza the sun break in glory from the glittering water, and then to watch the flock of fishing-boats, with pointed sails, skimming across the blue surface like sea-birds on the wing. When the dew was off the herbage, and breakfast done, with poles, lines, and bait in order, we started for the rocks, soothing conscience — that would now and then upbraid us for our wholesale murders — by the specious plea of earning a dinner. But again let me do our hearts no more than justice, by asseverating, that "sport" formed a trifling ingredient only in the fascination, which morning after morning enticed us to broil in sunshine upon the projecting ledges till face and hands were blistered, and to crawl through clefts slippery with seaweed yet dripping with the wave's last pulsation. Our joy was in the silvery glister of the

horizon, the undulating, on-rolling ocean, the slow-gathering, graceful swells, the crested billows with their locks of spray, and the melodious roar with which the exultant sea embraced the shore in ever fresh espousals. Spite of romance, we earned at once a dinner and an appetite; yet often our poles dropped from listless hands, and baitless books were entangled in the water-plants, while dreamily we gazed into the green, sun-lighted caverns of the deep, or fancy took flight through vistas where the main and sky met and mingled.

But boyhood's yachting trip must now be ended, and the merchantman launched for the voyage of life. At the age of eighteen, James entered the counting-room of his uncle, Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, whose house was then, and for so long a period, a leader in the Canton trade. Here, for two years and more, he punctually discharged the drudging duties of clerk in a large establishment, and was trained by strict routine to climb step by step to business efficiency and skill; and hence, too, in due time, might he have risen to become, according to the purpose of his munificent relative, a partner in one of the most substantial and gainful firms of his native city. But he felt that an exile from books to ledgers was turning him into a mere copying-machine; the reserve of his superiors shut him out from such views of commercial enterprise as might have awakened his intellect and energy; association with his fellow-clerks, though friendly, and enlivened with humorous chat, did not feed his longing for earnest intercourse, while their experiences only deepened his sense of the inequalities and hardships of mercantile life; and above all, as he learned to know his own tastes and aspirations,

did he become satisfied that he could neither kindle nor keep burning that love of money-making which is the prerequisite of worldly success. Thus gradually he was forced to the conviction that he must disappoint his friends by turning from a seemingly sure path, and fashioning for himself an untried career.

As James beheld perplexities and tantalizing uncertainties spreading round him, despondency settled down upon his spirits like a foggy night. Selfish anxiety, however, had but a superficial influence in causing this gloom; for he was too conscious of power to feel much fear as to finding a sphere of activity. His trials rose from a deeper source. He was now in that passage-way from childhood's peaceful valley to the world of action, when the soul seems to stand, like an unarmed prize, between the darts of tempters and the swords of guardian-angels. Those transition years from youth to manhood! — years of judgment, when the golden sands that glided so swiftly through life's hour-glass are sifted and tested, to be thrown away as valueless, or molten and coined; years of spiritual candidateship, when cowards, detected through every sham, are let off to vain pursuits, while the brave are adopted by heaven's chivalry, and sent abroad to win their title by deeds of generous good-will; years of pilgrimage, through which all earnest persons pass, unless rarely favored by temperament, social position, and congenial work; years of baptism, years of the second birth; — who ever did, or ever could, adequately portray their pathetic interest?

My cousin made me a counsellor in his conflicts, and thus I became privy to the causes brought up for judgment in his court of conscience. His first struggles rose

from an insight of the practices and maxims which govern the mercantile profession. That men — seemingly sound-hearted in the circles of family and friendship, and nowise devoid of moral or religious principle, confided in by fellow-citizens for wisdom, integrity, and public spirit, the "Ancient and Honorable" of the land — should, as a matter of course, cheat in trade, use superior information to outwit the unwary, avail themselves of the mischances of the poor, weave webs of speculation to control markets for their own gain by others' losses, and all for the sake of a few dollars, filled him at first with dismay, and then with disgust. Thus the question came up, whether he would add one more to the already crowded class of "go-betweens," whose support must, by some means, be drawn alike from producers and consumers; and he resolved that, however honorable might be the position of exchanger in justly ordered societies, he would escape at the earliest chance from what he saw was the gambler's den of competitive commerce. But this question brought up others. What was the meaning of this tyranny of wealth, that led men to barter their very manhood for gain? And, as for the first time he opened his eyes on conventional customs, the prevalence of ambition and manœuvring, the cringing concessions of the needy, the ostentatious pride of the opulent, and the fawning flattery that vitiates to the core the courtesies of fashionable life, it cannot be denied that a sad contempt took possession of his heart, and made him for a time a cynic. He grew plain to bluntness in his speech, careless to extreme in dress, utterly disregardful of etiquette, reserved, almost morose, in manner, and solitary in his ways.

Yet deeper troubles drove him to solitude. His very

doubts of men and dissatisfaction with society compelled him to look inward on his own heart, and to grapple there with the stern problems of destiny. In his conscious soul-weariness, his want of harmony and strength, his sullen despair, whither should he look for light and peace? What was this resistless Fate that seemed to drive men, fettered in coffles, to work in dark mines of evil? Whence came prevalent inhumanity and injustice? Was this Christian religion so pompously professed, yet practically so violated, a superstitious farce or a solemn reality? Was there a Sovereign Good, intelligent of man and sympathizing with his struggles? Was the career of humanity a blind circuit in a treadmill, or an upward progress? Was there an end worth living for? In this mood he read all the philosophers, Christian or Infidel, whose works he could obtain, and found solace in the poems of Shelley. In the vague yearnings of that beautiful spirit for love ineffable and full of bliss, his communings with Nature as a living friend, his prophetic hope, uncompromising justice, feminine tenderness, unawed fidelity to truth, and infantile freshness, was just the cordial that his wounded feelings needed; while in the very indefiniteness of Shelley's creed, he found the reflex of his own skepticism. He was much gratified, also, in planting his feet firmly on facts, as they then appeared to him to be, in the novel doctrines of Phrenology, and read Spurzheim and Combe with profoundest interest. But such satisfaction was incomplete at best. There were central, spiritual wants, which Shelley did not recognize, which natural science could not feed, — diseases of the Will, such as faith alone could cure. Then it was that James turned, as so many an inquiring spirit has done, to Coleridge, and

not in vain. In the "Friend," and yet more in the "Aids to Reflection," he found glimpses of a new world, offering welcome from afar to the storm-driven and becalmed voyager; but as yet glimpses only, for time and change of scene were needed to bring him to a haven.

To these real griefs were added others wholly fanciful in origin, and which, in after life, he could refer to with no little amusement. He believed himself to be in love with a lady, to whom I believe he never even spoke, but whose beauty, as he beheld her in his walks, or at church, seemed quite to fulfil his ideal of loveliness; and among his manuscripts poems still remain, expressing his devotion to this imaginary mistress. But these sorrows of the fancy doubtless deepened his despondency, which, spite of the kindness of parents, sisters, brothers, friends, became at length almost intolerable. For relief he was accustomed to take long tramps through rain and snow as in bright weather, and by night as in the day. Usually he walked alone, though not averse to congenial companionship. Well do I remember his coming to me in desperate mood one autumn afternoon, with the urgent request that I would go with him to Nahant. A northeast storm was brooding, and he longed to behold the surf. As we crossed the beach about dusk, we saw, to our astonishment, that every breaker was luminous with phosphorescence. And going at once to the rocks at East Cliff, we witnessed a rare scene of solemn beauty. Clouds of leaden gray closed darkly down on the horizon, and scud was driving swiftly overhead; but, far as eye could reach, the surface of ocean was braided with crinkling lines and circles of soft lustre, and the billows, as they rolled over half-sunk ledges, and, rushing onward,

flung themselves high against projecting points, opened in golden wreaths, and burst in showers of spangles. No depression of spirits could resist such a magnificent symbol of the brightness bid in seemingly the gloomiest fate ; and when, towards midnight, we sought our beds, James was once again light-hearted as a boy.

As a means of wholly breaking off his morbid trains of feeling, and rousing him to healthier action of his powers, his father made arrangements, in the winter of 1830 – 31 to despatch James on a business mission, first to England, and thence to the West Indies. And extracts from his letters during this period will best reveal his progress, and his objects of interest.

Parting Words. — "*New York, January* 15, 1831. I am thus far on my way to England, and thence go to the West Indies. . . . . Pardon me if I have the blues. Melancholy has — much as you may believe the contrary — ever been one of my passions, but it is melancholy of a peculiar kind ; it is not doubt concerning the future, nor sorrow for the past, much as I have reason both to doubt and to sorrow ; it is constitutional, and I have always been, am, and probably shall ever be, really more disposed to cry than to laugh. I have lived in an ideal world of my own creating, knowing at the same time that it was ideal ; the world, as it is, does not suit me. Not that I am disposed to get out of the way of all society and become a hermit ; but I do not like fashionable society, because it scarce appears to me to deserve the name. At heart, I should always be disposed to be a social man. But men are so utterly selfish and carnally-minded in the mass, that I am not fond of their company ; and women, as far as I have known them, are, with few exceptions, so much 'lower than the angels,' that I rather like to *think*

of them than *be* with them. I have an itching for something beyond and better than eating and drinking and money-making; even knowledge and fame, it appears to me, produce satiety. I am never contented; at rest I long for action, in action I long for rest. I build no castles in the air, form no plans for the future, look forward to nothing, and yet I am not what others think me, uninterested. I am always interested, and that far more deeply, I believe, than most are, but in something unreal and intangible, in something not future, but, if I may be paradoxical, *beyond* the future. What a monstrous deal of stuff about myself; but remember, it may be my last chance."

"THIRTY DAYS IN MY BERTH. — A Liverpool packet is a palace or a dungeon, according to the state of a man's stomach. To me, it was the Black-Hole of Calcutta, seven times blackened.

"We set sail from New York, soon after the great north-east snow-storm, in January, 1831; and a most nipping and eager air it was, that wafted us from New Amsterdam. It reduced the captain's whiskers one half, and made the old bottle-nosed storm-stemmer look like a frost-bitten cabbage; and the gray-headed pilot, too, though he had drifted twixt sea and shore in his cockle-shell for half a century, stamped about like a first-chop tragedian, with his arms knee-deep, as they say in Hibernia, in the bags of his monkey jacket. As for my own self, being a new hand in salt-water matters, and feeling an instinctive antipathy to a cabin, where every thing was on the full swing, I kept on deck too; and looked up at the sails, and down at the sea, and forward where the bows were beginning to rise and fall on the long swell; and thrashed my arms and legs about, and tried to keep warm, and feel wonderfully contented. But it would not do; and when the pilot got into his little Water-Witch, I came within an ace of straddling the bulwark with him; but then I re-

membered my trunk and sweetmeats, and, holding fast to a rope, I breathed upon the tip of my nose, to keep the life in, and became sentimental.

'Adieu, adieu! My native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.'

"The last trace of America disappeared; the ship rolled more, and more, and more; the steward called me to tea. I staggered into the close, hot mahogany cabin, took a seat to windward, and accepted a cup of that nondescript called by sailors *tea;* but when I put this same compound of tar and hot water to my mouth, my stomach threw itself upon its reserved rights; and as there was no denying that this same tar-tea was opposed to the constitution of my federal system, and fearing that the complainant might nullify at an improper moment, I made a dive for my state-room door, amid the congratulations of the captain, who was renovating his countenance with a bottle of porter, and a cut of cold roast beef, supported by fried potatoes.

"I reached my room, pulled off my coat and cravat, kicked my shoes under the berth, and stepped into the solitary chair for the purpose of gaining my bed; when a sudden lurch of the ship capsized the chair, and sent me headforemost into the cabin, where I landed safe on my back under the captain's stool. 'Good God!' said he, dropping a large slice of fried potato into my face, 'what's the matter?' I had but little breath to spare, and so the steward dragged me out by the legs, and stowed me safe under the counterpane, breeches and all; while his superior looked on, and inquired through his mouthful of beef if I would not take a little porter after my fall. Bah!

"For the next forty-eight hours I was insensible; once or twice they brought me near enough to the land of the living to make me swallow a little cold water, but otherwise I was

collapsed. On the third day, my mind opened its eyes again. It was a beautiful, warm forenoon, they told me, and so the steward took me up fore and aft, carried me on deck, and stowed me away in the long boat, among some old sails. Here I found one of my two fellow-passengers, and a more forlorn figure never crossed my vision.

"Mr. B—— was a Montreal merchant; he had a body five feet five inches high, and that might weigh, feet and all, eighty pounds; and a mind nearly half as large as its dwelling-house. He was enveloped in a white surtout, and cowhide boots; from above the collar of his surtout sprouted a fungus-like head, defended from the winds and rains of heaven by twenty-five or thirty long, colorless hairs, seemingly made of a spider's web; to assist which, he had called in the aid of an immense otter-skin cap, calculated for the wear of some Canadian hunter, across the mouth of which had been rigged up a sort of network of red and green twine, such as we tie up quills with, to prevent this formidable friend from slipping down and extinguishing him. His eyes were undoubtedly eyes, but they seemed to be all white, with only a little aperture in the centre to look through; and for his nose, I will not describe it otherwise than by referring you to a ploughshare, mottled white and blue. But his mouth, — it was the mouth that marked the man; the lower part of his face appeared to have passed through a rolling-mill, and his teeth and tongue inhabited an open country, having six inches perhaps, of frontier, and extending back to an unknown distance; he had thirty-five teeth at least.

"Mr. B——, not as I have described him, but in the state such a man would be in when sea-sick, with an invisible beard half an inch long, and a sky-blue tippet about his neck, was soliloquizing upon a roast potato and a bit of codfish, in the sternsheets of the long-boat, when the steward threw me in beside him. 'By the by,' said Mr. B——,

'how are you to-day?' I could only answer by dropping my under jaw. The Canadian comprehended me, and offered me the skin of his potato.

"It was in truth a beautiful day. Though in the middle of January, the air was warm and pleasant; the sea was comparatively calm, though the pitching of the ship made me dizzy, as the remembrance of it does now. We were going merrily on our way, under a sufficiency of sail, and the men were at work repairing the fore-yard, which had been injured two nights before in a squall. I began to think I might like the ocean yet, and intimated as much to my fellow-sufferer. 'Ah,' said he, 'by the by, so I thought myself.' But hope is as notable a hussy at sea as on shore, and when I had eaten a plate of rice tinctured with molasses, and drank a tumbler of wine and water, I found it advisable to call all hands and take to my berth again.

"Why is it that nobody will sympathize with a person when suffering under the two most purgatorial troubles of this world, sea-sickness and disappointed love? Let a man have a headache, or a twinge of rheumatics, and who thinks of laughing at him? But let him be cast into a state of mind and body when life is a burden,—food, rank poison,—hope, energy, and every thing else gone,—and he is fair game. It is a disgrace to civilized man. And just so when a poor fellow embarks in chase of a wife; let but the jade play him foul, cut the throat of his affections, and strip the skin from his heart, and he is sure to be attacked by every other member of the community. I say again it is a disgrace to civilized man. And so I said to myself, as I lay grinding my teeth, and heard the captain discuss me with the one sound passenger, by name Mr. S——, over a roast turkey and cranberry sauce.

"This Mr. S——, as I afterward discovered, was quite a character. He was a revolutionist to the back-bone, a deist, a linguist, a chemist, and a rank heretic on every subject

but the excellence of brandy. He was a man of talent, but self-educated, conceited, and a bigot. He began his life in a pottery; but finding *that* within him which aspired to something above the fashioning of clay, he ran off, and went to sea, and became at last a cabin-boy in a man-of-war. This he liked very well, but one day while in port he unluckily drank more grog than came to his share, and, in the course of the capers whereby he let off the super-excitement, broke the cabin mirror, and being of opinion that desertion was the only true kind of valor, at any rate in cabin-boys, he dropped from the window at midnight, and swam ashore, carrying in his pocket a roll of money which he took from the captain's locker, thinking, doubtless, in the hurry and darkness, that he was taking a shirt out of his own empty chest.

"He next turned the face of his multiform genius to making up pills, and compounding nameless doses in the back shop of what is called in England a chemist and druggist, i. e. an apothecary. From his worthy master in this line, he imbibed the spirit of reform that was fairly devouring him; from him came his ideas of government, of professional men, upon whom he looked down with great contempt, and of various other important matters.

"And Mr. S—— was no mere talker; he had done all in his power to overthrow the British monarchy; and failing in that, he had moved to America, where he intended to bring about a reform that should be felt through every department of the government, and every section of the country. He meant to reduce the price of soda-powders one half. He had, moreover, made some progress in a new dictionary of our language, the first word of which was to be 'truth,' the second 'knowledge,' and the third 'belief'; the fourth he had not quite fixed upon; the plan was philosophical, and he meant to make the study of his dictionary the best means of attaining all knowledge. 'I will de-

fine truth, Sir,' said he, 'show the relation between truth and knowledge, and between knowledge and belief, and so go on to all that man's mind has elaborated, that in this one work every thing shall be stated, not separately, but in such connections, and so illustrated, that we shall need no libraries and no encyclopædias.' Mr. S—— was fifty, probably, and had advanced three words toward accomplishing this small work. He had, moreover, a system of laws on the stocks; and a plan of society which should dispense with all professions. His idea was to educate every child in law, medicine, and boxing; the rest was mere luxury. He was a man of considerable reading, and untiring industry; in his pocket he carried his ink-horn, pen, and note-book, and not an idle moment checkered his existence; from mental he went to bodily exercise, from bodily back to mental; and, if the chance offered, would crack an argument with great relish.

"I was in my berth the whole passage, sick as any could wish his worst foe, with now and then a lucid interval of half an hour. On these occasions, the reformer used to fasten upon me with infinite satisfaction; and he gave me an insight into one of the strangest minds I have ever wrestled with.

"The mainspring of all his heterodox notions was, not bad feeling or insanity, either of head or heart, but simple vanity; and this is the case, I believe, with nine out of ten of such men; they are too conceited to see an error, into which conceit perhaps first led them, and die in their unbelief. But he had more uncommon qualities than vanity; he had a mixture of good and bad principle, of wisdom and folly, of clearness and confusedness, that I never saw equalled. As I lay in my state-room, I used to hear him at times rubbing up the Canadian.

"'Pray,' said he to him one day, 'pray, Mr. B——, who do you think wrote the New Testament?' Mr. B——, to-

tally unsuspicious of any trick, and too much of a merchant to appear ignorant, answered promptly, 'Doubtless, Sir, it was Peter.' 'And did Peter, think you, Mr. B——, write Paul's Epistles?' The Canadian was dumb-foundered; but feeling himself in a marsh, he concluded it best not to go too deep; and so, opening his mouth, very much as a clam opens his shell when the tide is coming in, he sent forth a long-spun 'Why–y–y,' to cover his retreat, and observed, 'By the by, I think Paul *did* live about that time.' 'And pray, Sir,' said the apothecary, 'was it Paul or Peter that wrote St. John's Gospel?' Mr. B—— was a quiet man and a coward, but, like many four-legged cowards, force him into a corner, and he would fight with the energy of despair; in such a corner he was at present, and turning upon his persecutor, with a boldness little expected by the man of salts, he said calmly, 'You speak of the New Testament, Mr. S——. St. John's Gospel is not in that work.' This was a poser; there was no argument left to Mr. S—— but to produce the book. But not a Testament was to be found; the captain was asleep; I was so, too, in appearance, and Mr. B—— triumphed. His opponent took the only revenge in his power, he entered the Canadian in his note-book, and went on deck, to jump rope.

"Thirty days on one's back is no joke, at least to a man whose bones are prominent. My shoulder-blades had cut through the sacking before we had been out a fortnight. At last we entered the Channel; the sea was smooth, and as I stood on deck, and eat Newtown pippins and watched the gulls, I felt really in heaven; and when dinner came, and the roast turkey and cranberry, it was tenfold Elysium. We passed the blue heights of Dungarven, the green shores of Wexford; the lights of the Mixen-head, and the Wicklow-head; in due time doubled the Holyhead isle, and with the Welsh mountains on our right, the heaving sea on our left, and athousand small fry all about us, before a snorting

breeze we sped on to Liverpool, the American city of Old England."

"*London, March 1st*, 1831. Let me instruct you in my way and fashion of life. I inhabit a very small room, having five sides, and fronting upon Leicester Square; one side of my room is taken up by the window, a second by the door, a third by the fireplace, a fourth by my bed, and the fifth accommodates my bureau and myself. I rise at seven or half past, and walk till nine, breakfast, study French and algebra till twelve, read Shakspeare or Milton till two, and walk again till three, when I go to my eating-house and dine. After dinner I read or write till dusk, then walk an hour, going down into the by-roads and hidden paths, return, drink tea, and read or write again. Occasionally, say twice a week, I take tea and spend the evening out, and once a week, or perhaps twice, dine out."

FANNY A. KEMBLE. — "*March* 21, 1831. For two weeks I did not go to the theatre, but Monday I went to see Miss Kemble, and the consequence was, I have been every time she has played since, and mean to go every time she plays again, if I have to pawn my last shirt to buy a ticket. I have a ticket for next Monday night, when she plays Constance in King John. It is her benefit, and the tickets (box tickets, dress circles) are all signed by her. I will give you an autograph; — but it wont do to put it here, for it deserves to be kept as a valuable legacy. In playing she very much resembles Mrs. Siddons, as she appears by a print in the number 'On the Stage,' of Percy Anecdotes; but then she is a very beautiful girl, in feature; and in expression, — soul, mind! essence!! quintessence!!! centessence!!!! I should wish to be moderate and reasonable in what I say in praise of her, so I will merely remark that I think, if any thing will ever tempt me to cross the Atlantic again, it will be the hope of seeing Fanny Kemble.

"What a beautiful hand she writes for an autograph!* Examine it. The F, — you may see the firmness in the top, and in the bottom the grief, the drooping, of a Juliet. The A, — it is a character in itself; the beginning strong and well defined, the strokes, however, toward the centre becoming finer and nicer, to bring forth more powerfully the close; presently the plot thickens, there is a burst of passion, a flood of tears, a shudder, a faint groan, — and she is carried off insensible. But now observe the K; —

'There is a laughing devil in its sneer';

it is a maze of scorn, hatred, love, grief, repentance. Methinks, as I look at it, I see her as she was in Fasio, hanging upon the neck of a husband whom she has given over to death from excess of love. Presently the bell tolls, her hands drop powerless to her side, her long black hair covers her shoulders, and as she leans a little forward a single tress falls across her bosom; the mouth is just open, the lips slightly parted; her eye is like the eye of a living statue; the brow is a little bent. The bell tolls again; she starts, but he is gone — to the scaffold. She springs after him; and the cry of 'He is *not* guilty,' which she gave, is ringing in my ears yet. We will pass the intermediate parts, and come to the closing scene. You may see it in the last joint of the K, — the strong down and light upward stroke. Her husband is executed; — the woman owing to whom all has been brought to pass is making merry with the prince at home. Anon, the music and dance cease for a moment; a door at the back opens, and a figure clothed in white, and pale as the dead, is seen. The music strikes up, and the dancing commences again; at that instant comes a laugh, — heard above the music and noise, — that might make 'the boldest hold his breath,' and in a moment she is in the

* In the margin a fac-simile is given.

midst of them. The long, jet-black hair, which half hides her face, makes its extreme paleness the more apparent; her finger points to her enemy; you yet hear a low laugh of scorn, and the eye and the lip are in unison. Her story is told, her prayer granted, her enemy banished. Then begins the upward stroke; the smile leaves her lip, the brow is open again, she puts back her hair, and her voice regains its softness. There is no stage effect, no straining for attitudes, no studied emphasis or gesture. It is all soul, and from the soul goes to the soul. I took out my handkerchief three times during the play; twice to blow my nose, and once to get something out of my eye! Then observe the figure she cuts in '21'; it agrees with the figure she cuts at twenty-one, — a most original figure. But you read her character in it as in all, — more strength than grace, more nature than art, more almost any thing than twenty-one, and neither does she seem twenty-one."

"*London, April 1st.* To-morrow I leave London, most like for ever, and that before I have become fully convinced I am *there*. When I look at a map of the world, it requires an effort of imagination to believe that I am where I am, — in this renowned city of cities. When at home, I used to speculate of such things; thought I should go mad with joy were I to see England. But so true is it that the world we live in is *within* rather than without us, that here I scarce feel I am *here*, and going hence scarce know that it is England which I leave. The voyage, my daily life, every thing, to my mind, is tinged with romance. So little have I felt that I was actually in LONDON, and but for a time, that had we not been detained beyond our sailing day, I should never have seen Westminster Abbey; and unless we are detained another day, I shall not see the inside of St. Paul's, though I have passed it every day since my arrival. Don't lament my mental paralysis. It is not want

of curiosity; — but I am too much at home with myself not to feel at home with any thing and every thing about me, and in consequence am here as if I were in Boston. The older I grow, too, the less curiosity do I feel about the works of man, and the more about man himself and his fellow-creatures. Were I in the country, I should be eternally upon the go."

Castries, May. "We arrived at Barbadoes a week ago to-day. There I remained till Monday, and then sailed for this port in a packet-boat. Our vessel was about as long as a steamer is broad, and, save six feet of quarter-deck, was under water, while every ten minutes a wave would wash all fore and aft. To get to my bed I had to lower myself down through a hole in the deck, just big enough to admit my body; then lie flat on my belly, and creep over the cases, which were piled up to within a foot of the deck. Once there, we all bundled in together, black, white, and gray; then the hole through which we entered was closed, and we were left to *stew!* In the night, if any one wished to get out, he must clamber across all the rest. I had two or three feet on my head, and put my own on two or three others. I had not slept for two nights, or, salamander as I am, I could not have borne it. In the morning we turned out to breakfast, which was served up in true West India style. A pottage compounded of chicken, pork, salt-fish, yams, charcoal, and tar, and a dish of flying-fish roasted on the coals, — these were set upon deck, and round them we all squatted, fingers serving for knife, fork, and platter. The rest made a meal *of* it, and I made faces *at* it. Claret, verging towards vinegar, and rain-water was our beverage, the whole topped off with a draught of ginger tea, drank — how? — why, as it should be, — from the nose of the tea-kettle. Each wiped off the soot with his sleeve, and swigged. Now observe nationality! The company were all

French, save I, and after breakfast a bucket of water was put in the centre, and each washed his mouth and dipped his fingers, as though it were a glass bowl at a dinner-party. I paid $16 for a passage of fifteen hours."

Castries, May. "Fortunately you are not a merchant, and know not mercantile troubles. *Voici!* A gentleman invites me to his house, treats me as kindly as possible, does all in his power for me, — and what then? Why, I must — *must*, observe ye — try to bargain him, coax him, drive him, cheat him, out of a dollar or two. I 'd rather lose a leg; and yet if I don't I 'm a fool, a greenhorn, and *he 'll* take *me* in, because *I* wouldn't serve *him* so. If I ever get home again, I 'll quit trade for ever and aye. My love of rambling has not decreased, though I am lowering my notions of things and men a peg or two every day; but I cannot ramble as I please, and I 'd rather be nailed to a door-post than go on as I am going. I think worse and worse, I say, of men. Of those I meet with, there are but few for whom I have much respect; of man in the general I can, of course, think neither better nor worse, while I know so little of him. The West Indians are — if I may take the ones I see, and they are the first class — little better than beasts. Slavery has done more hurt to the whites than the blacks. Honesty is rare here; morality is an exotic, and if it is brought in, the climate kills it; religion, — do men 'gather grapes of thistles'? They make no attempt to defend slavery, save by this one argument: — 'We can't make money without niggers.' The captain of the vessel I came out in used to hold frequent arguments with me upon this same question. He was a fiery, hot-headed, good-natured, easy, obstinate, gallimaufry sort of a creature, his doctrine being the old one, that 'Slaves are happier than they would be if free.' 'He 'd be d——d, for his part, if he would not make the poor rascals about

England slaves, if he could; 't would be a grand stroke in political economy, clear Great Britain of its surplus, stock the colonies, and make all parties happy, for the now naked and starving would then be well fed and clothed.' The mate, who was the captain's antipodes, as well as antipathy, used to answer this to the great credit of his organ of causality. He took for granted two things, — 'that all men had a right to be free,' and 'that slaves are men'; and thence proceeded to argue, 'that slaves had a right to be free.' In his conclusion he was certainly logical, and if his argument was not very straight, it was, like the tower at Pisa, the more remarkable for its obliquity. 'Sir,' said he, 'you might as well say the king's horses are men, because they are well lodged.'"

Castries, May. "It is a proverb 'something musty,' that habit is a second nature; and I have been seeing it proved in a manner that made my blood run cold. When I went to receive my French lesson this morning ——

"But, by the way, I have never told you the story of my schooling here. It is briefly this. There are, in this town of Castries, two young ladies, ranging from eighteen to twenty, who, being natives, are totally unable to speak English; I being equally minus in French, and, truth to tell, a strong electrical attraction existing between us, it was finally arranged that we should make an exchange. Accordingly I teach them English, and they teach me French, — *tête-à-tête.* I assure you it is very interesting and romantic.

"Well, this morning when I went, I found them, as usual, in the midst of their slaves, embroidering 'in the true old Greek style'; and a slave, a girl of six or seven, having made some mistake or other, received a small blow from the riding-whip, which always hangs by the table to keep order with. The child very naturally cried, and the con-

sequence of the crying was, that one of the young ladies, — a kinder, gentler, more woman-like woman I never knew; she would not crush a worm or hurt a fly if she could avoid it; but such is habit, — this young lady took the rod in hand to correct the girl, and, without the least passion apparently, coolly and considerately, she thrashed with that horsewhip the poor child till she could *scarcely walk!* Her sister, meanwhile, was no more moved, than if the beating had been on a block of wood! I pitied the slave, but I pitied her mistress more. She has been used to seeing punishment, and inflicting punishment, through her whole life; and to the suffering of a slave, because *it is a slave*, is callous. She would not for the world have treated a dog so.

"Can any thing seem stranger, more contradictory, more out of nature, than this story? I beg you to say nothing of it, for the honor of our species. I would have kept it to myself, but I can't find room for it in the portion of my mind which is set apart for the horrible; it *will out*. Here is a new trait in one whom I have, till now, really respected. You may be of the belief, that I hold the 'fair sex,' as they are called, — and I wish there was another name, for I abominate this distinction of *sexes*, — in, if not utter contempt, at least rather low estimation. But in this you have greatly mistaken me. I am not of the —— school, and do not fancy 'eyeses and noses' and all that trash, but I do fancy the true woman, — if any such there be; and that is the secret of my secrecy. I have a beau-ideal of my own, a picture ready painted to my mind, and in my mind, and I am but waiting to find a likeness among the living. But, as you once said, I am of opinion we must have 'a new race *par tout*,' or I shall never be satisfied. I 'm sorry, but as my sorrow is all my own, why should I trouble you with it?"

June. — "I read a West India planter's will yesterday. It was three pages of legacies to his natural offspring and their

unnatural mothers, — his own slaves, of course; and in conclusion he said, that, 'for the quiet repose of his spirit, he wished to have his body laid near to the spot where his slaves were wont to bathe, that his grave might be watered by their tears'; or by other salt water, I suppose indifferently. It was a regular French mixture; — a compound of sensuality, sentiment, vanity, politeness, and independence; an Englishman could not have dreamed even of such a thing. I can compare it to nothing but a piece of fat pork served up in cream, with a few onions about the plate, touched throughout with oil, and sprinkled with ginger."

June. — "This evening I put on my old coat, took my umbrella, — nobody here walks without an umbrella, — and strolled down to the beach. The sun was just setting. Along the west lay a bank of dark, heavy clouds, brought into strong and beautiful relief by the tinted sky beyond, and the light, fleecy clouds, that lay higher up in the heaven, green, and gold, and crimson, — as it were a half-visible paradise. In the front ground was the steep, solitary hill upon the right hand of the harbour, and the harbour itself, — as calm as though it had ceased its motion to gaze upon the heavens above. Yet, from the changing of the tints, you might see that the unceasing roll of ocean was felt even here; and there was a perceptible rise and fall, too, of the schooner which lay dark and silently upon the water, with her useless sail hanging idly from the boom. A single water-bird was flitting along the imaged skies, and now and then a fish would leap and disturb the perfect mirror; but wave after wave circled away, fainter and fainter, till all was still again.

"I was leaning against a tamarind-tree, recalling a thousand such evenings gone, — long gone by, — and meditating with little of hope upon the future. I wished to find a subject to write upon, and my mind, what with the inaudible music of

the scene before me, and that which came breathing from the past, was well disposed to think of man as *he should be*, to fancy him in a garden of Eden, with no forbidden fruit. Presently, a hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned round. It was that of an old friend of mine, of perhaps fifty years, — not too drunk to be able to stand alone, nor too sober to refuse the arm of the negress, — *his negress*, — upon whom he was leaning. I don't know what he said, but I do know that I came home with a sick headache, and gave up my garden of Eden."

June. — "You used to smile at my indifference — or assumed indifference as I suppose you thought it — respecting little troubles, and, if I am not much out, you thought it arose from a sort of callousness of feeling. But you were as much mistaken as if you had referred it to the toothache. It was, I verily believe, *true philosophy*, — the genuine, — not Stoicism, but something better. By nature I am inclined to be in a pet at trifles as much as, nay, more than most persons; but I have seen so much pain, actual suffering, from this fretfulness in others, that I have wished to spare myself, and *par conséquence* have done all I can to bring my mind and body into such a state, that things *which I cannot influence* shall not put either into a fever. Since I have been from home, I have found my reward. Matters at which I should formerly have fidgeted terribly have troubled me no more than mosquito-bites; they were unpleasant, nothing more, and I have let them have their own way, rather than scratch off the skin and make a fester of it. With matters which *I can control*, it is quite otherwise; but how few can we control! and most of those at which men fret are past, and consequently past control. The captain with whom I came from England was miserable from morning to night about nothing, — he was a very tornado, — and yet thought himself as patient as Job. How ridiculous it

was to see the man foaming at the mouth almost, because his dinner was overdone, or there was no butter to the fish! Again, when I arrived here, I found affairs in such a state, that there seemed no prospect of doing any thing except perhaps getting into difficulty. I was sorry, yet did not rip out against the French Revolution, and I know not what all; but my more gunpowderish friends did, and fell, some of them, into a terrible passion, because I was to be disappointed, though I, the person interested, kept very cool. It was great generosity in them to be mad for me, I grant; but it was the generosity of the man who would take a dose of castor-oil because his friend was like to die of a fever; not that of Ben Pump, who got into the stocks beside Leatherstocking."

June. — "There is nothing here surprises me more than the development of acquisitiveness, which organ shines out in all its glory. Men come from Europe, and spend their lives here, without families, society, books, amusement, or improvement of any sort, putting money to their purse, and that is all; and yet you may see them, old, gray-headed fellows, thinking, dreaming of but this one thing, and, I doubt not, calculating one of these days to set down comfortably and be married. 'T is more curious than any thing in nature; — I beg your critical pardon, this is nature, a natural phenomenon; I meant inanimate nature.

"By the way, talking of nature, I got hold of Newton's Optics on the passage from England, and find Mr. D—— a humbug; for he misrepresented matters, though I am far from believing that Optics, or rather Light, is thoroughly understood. Electricity I have been pecking at a little, too. It is yet a mystery to me, and I should like nothing better than a good chance to study the subject. I think you would find the mental dyspepsia with which, if I mistake not, you are sometimes troubled, relieved by a change of diet. Meta-

physics, and such like, taken alone, are too windy; you want a little solid food. Let me recommend those matters in natural philosophy which will allow speculation enough, and yet give something tangible to rest on. . . . . .

"I am pouring forth an extensive poem on the Deluge! What think ye, — will it come out of the little end? I have luxuriated extensively upon Milton and Mother Goose, of late. That last-mentioned author gives a rich opening; if I had time I would try it, for many excellent satires might be preached from her texts. Childe Harold, too, I have been reading again, and think, though I am sorry to say it, less and less of Byron's talents. I like his writings, but they do not seem to me to be wrought of the same *stuff* as Shakspeare and Milton. I judge he will be rather like those poets who are now almost forgotten, though they were in their times very popular. I have been studying, also, Shelley's Queen Mab. The man was a real poet, though a poor philosopher. He asserts himself to be an atheist; and tries to support his belief, but his argument is weak. Paine's work is much more sensible, but neither he nor his antagonists fight fair; they assert, but prove not. It is fortunate that belief is not what some would make it. One may spend a life in study, and not be satisfied. And now, hoping this will make you wiser and gooder, I am, &c."

June. — "You must excuse me if I give you no reason for my tides and currents; they are incomprehensible to myself. Just now I am as calm as a summer evening, or a winter morning, or a spring noon; — but come twenty-four hours hence, and you might find an equinoctial. We talk a great deal about that First Lord of the Treasury, called Free Will, but my prime minister is plaguy apt, when it comes to the point, to be left in the minority. I would, and I would not. Now the 'would not' evidently is not the 'would'; and Will and Do must go together. *I* lay the

matter before *myself; I* take one side, and *self*, who generally manages to get the vote of my *body*, takes the other, and leaves *me* in the lurch. I fight it out stoutly, but it won't do. There is a question of reform to come up before us in a day or two, but I can already foresee the issue. There is but one resource, — to dissolve the meeting and get rid of that rotten-borough member, the body. I don't know where I picked up my character, — I mean the one I wear at present. It may pass with you and the world for a pretty decent one; but it is made up of shreds and patches, and every now and then a thread gives way. I am for ever at work, sewing and stitching, and yet can't keep it whole. One trait, which is generally thought of but little use, has saved me from the rocks, and that is *mauvaise honte*. If I have lost much, I have gained more by it; without it I might have been better liked, but should have deserved to be more hated.

"Shelley denies free will. He says the strongest motive *must* decide a man, and that the advocate for free will would have you believe a man can resist and act against the strongest motive, which is evidently a contradiction in terms. This seems, at first view, plausible. The mind is a balance; in the one scale is, we will say, Passion, in the other Duty; whichever is the heaviest is the prevailing motive, — the *Will*, — and determines the conduct. Is it not the case? I wish to do so and so, — to go to Ohio, to stay in Castries. Hark! I hear a voice I know; now I want to go out, see the person, and speak to him, — that weighs ten pounds; but, on the other hand, I 've no cravat on, no coat on, and they weigh eleven pounds; of course I shall *not* go. 'Yet I *can* go if I *will*,' you say. No, I *cannot* without I add another pound of motive, and more than a pound, to the first scale, no matter what that motive is, if it be only to prove to myself that I *can* go, that I *have free will*; for that is a motive, and has weight. Free will is always the same,

— the weight on the long arm of the steelyard. Push it out a notch, and it will counterbalance a pound; two notches, two pounds, and so on for ever. But what then becomes of moral responsibility? No man can be *blamed* for doing that which he *must* do. A person commits a theft, and you condemn him; but Shelley says: — 'Wait; there were certain motives in his mind for and against the act; whichever prevailed, that he must obey; and *he did not make those motives.*' 'There is the very point,' say you; 'had he restrained his propensity when young!' 'What do you mean?' asks Shelley; 'he had motives, on either hand, *then* as well as *now.*' 'But,' say you again, and you think you have found the kernel of the matter, — 'but did he *consider* those motives? did he weigh them? did he not give way to the first which came, put passion into one scale and nothing in the other, and then say passion was the heaviest?' 'He did all he *could*,' answers Shelley; 'if he was hasty, he had motives for being so.' You may get out of the labyrinth as you can. And yet Mr. Shelley and his school can *blame* kings and priests for enslaving mankind! The fact is, that *words* would persuade them that there is no such reality as Will, but the DEITY *within* assures them of the contrary."

June. — "The only thing that can save —— is to get married; to give up trash, employ his powers to some purpose, study algebra and geometry, and read Coleridge's Aids, &c.; thus he may come *down* to sense and poetry, for at present he is in a balloon of fanciful conceit. He tried to mount Pegasus, but found the sky-steed too fiery. When I was eighteen years of age, — shall I confess it? — I thought of rivalling B——, and P——, and W——, &c., myself; but three years have made me wiser. My rhyming talent is a faculty of great worth to me, and I am thankful to possess it; but I shall not trouble others therewith. We want POETS at present, not *versifiers.*

"I will not ask you to forgive my dustiness, my selfishness, but only assure you that this is my *very last.*"

James returned home in the summer of 1831; and, as soon as the settlement of affairs allowed, informed his friends of his resolve to abandon for ever the mercantile profession. After full consideration of his prospects and aims, he determined to try his fortune, and in some way test his powers, in the great valley of the West. Thither we will now follow him, and see how the character formed in Youth developed itself in Manhood.

The views which guided him in emigrating to Ohio are explained in a letter addressed to his former teacher, Timothy Walker, Esq.

"*Boston, December 5th*, 1831. Sir,—I have for some time been thinking of going to the Westward in search of employment, for that which I have here is too sedentary for my taste or health; but as I knew no one who could give me any information respecting the proper mode of starting in your part of the world, I have put off the coming to the point from time to time, for the last twelve months.

"I now take the liberty of writing to you, hoping that, without inconvenience to yourself, you may be able to give me the information I want; which is, simply, whether, if I should reach Cincinnati in mid-winter, say January, I could *probably* find immediate employment in some active, out-door business, with a compensation sufficient to give me a support until I could form some permanent arrangement. For this purpose it must be a place which I can leave at any time, with a short notice. My intention is to purchase land somewhere in Ohio, and undertake the care of an estate; but I wish to get some employment which will give me a bare sustenance, while I am gaining some insight into

the matter of farming, of which at present I know nothing, being one of that amphibious species, half merchant, half scholar, with a strong inclination to become either a cobbler or a blacksmith.

"I should suppose that, in a State like yours, a person possessing some knowledge of the business, and willing to work, might, by taking a small farm upon some of the rivers which empty into the Ohio, and attending to the raising of grain, cattle, getting down lumber, &c., lead a quiet life and make some money. Will you be good enough to inform me, if without inconvenience you can, what the value of cleared land of good quality upon the rivers may be per acre; and what is the probable cost of getting such a farm as a new settler would want into operation? However, I would not trouble you with any but the simple question, whether I can get occupation at once, or soon after arrival, in some *active* business, which I should prefer, or even in an in-door employment; and, by the way, perhaps the country would be better than the town to serve my apprenticeship in. I am ready to try any thing almost, which will leave me free to quit when I please.

"I beg you will not give yourself the least trouble, nor spend any of your time to answer me, unless you can well afford it; and hoping before long to see your city and self, I remain, your obedient servant, &c.

"James H. Perkins."

II.

MANHOOD.

1832 – 1849.

It was in February, 1832, that Mr. Perkins reached Cincinnati, intending to remain but a week or two, till the ground was sufficiently cleared from snow and settled, for him to look about and choose a farm. Meanwhile, he was asked to pass his leisure hours at the office of his friend, Mr. Walker, who had then just entered upon the professional career which has since so deservedly placed him in the front rank of Western jurisprudents. It was a matter of course, with his habits of vigorous inquiry, that he should take up the books around him, and catch such glimpses as he could of the science of the law. He had long since learned to husband his time, and knew well that all information comes sometimes in play, while variety of discipline best matures the judgment. So, instead of idling, gossiping, or staring at novelties, he studied; studied so diligently, indeed, that, unawares, he found himself becoming profoundly interested in tracing out the symmetrical system of justice, which, like a network of nerves, pervades the body of social relations. The result of this accidental application was, that, drawn in part by the exhilarating pleasure of the study, and in part by the counsels of Mr. Walker, and of young friends whom he met at the

office, who all admired his commanding intellect, he suddenly resolved to devote himself to the law. "For a week past," he wrote, in great spirits, "I have been too busy to do any thing but study, fourteen hours per day being my allowance of *work*, for I am not joking, I assure you. After all the uncertainties of my life, I have at last hit upon that to which I should have been trained from youth upward, if I could have had my own way. But in knowledge, I fancy I am about as far on as if I had passed through college, and in wickedness being a little behindhand is no harm. So, Mr. Professional, here 's at you. Having taken up study in earnest, I mean to stick to it." And again to his father he playfully says: — "The books which you have had the kindness to send have not arrived, but they will be amply in time to instruct me in the business of horticulture, as I see small prospect of becoming a farmer for a year or two yet. The law, that came in on a visit merely, may remain as a resident, unless something new turns up. The more I study it, the more I like it; though this may be on the principle that a horse goes by in a burning stable, when he runs into the fire instead of out of the door. In Cincinnati, the number of lawyers is large; but in the country there is a wide field to do justice — that is, to practise abominations — in. Titles, to be sure, are clear hereabouts, men peaceable, and laws mild; but I flatter myself that I can pick up information enough in two years to 'change all that,' sufficiently, at least, to serve my own interests."

Mr. Perkins was yet further led to stay in Cincinnati by the charms of the social circle to which he was at once introduced, and where he found himself welcomed with a cordial truthfulness, that opened his heart, and set

free his long prisoned affections. In place of fashionable coldness, aristocratic hauteur, purse-pride, ostentation, reserve, non-committalism, the tyranny of cliques, and the fear of leaders, he found himself moving among a pleasant company of hospitable, easy, confiding, plain-spoken, cheerful friends, gathered from all parts of the Union, and loosed at once by choice and promiscuous intercourse from trammels of bigotry and conventional prejudice. He breathed for once freely, and felt with joy the blood flowing quick and warm throughout his spiritual frame. He caught, too, the buoyant hopefulness that animates a young, vigorous, and growing community, and mingled delightedly with groups of high-hearted, enterprising men, just entering on new careers, and impelled by the hope of generous service in literary, professional, or commercial life. Above all, happiest good-fortune brought him at once under the influence of woman, — as he had so long in the ideal dreamed of her, — serenely wise, pure as lovely, spreading around her the verdure and bloom of goodness, through daily charities of home. Extracts from his letters will best show the elasticity of his temper, and the direction of his thoughts.

May 6th. — "Being confined the greater part of the time to an office, carrying on a war against reports and text-books, and busied in gathering together my spoils, I can have but little to tell you as to the world without; though once in a while, to be sure, when I feel very anti-sublunary, I take a turn of ten or twelve miles in the country, and fancy myself in the garden of Eden, — the only thing in the way of completing this idea being the prevalence of rail-fences. To a person who has been all his life in New England, where a man ploughs, not his land, but his rocks, and where the great secret of agriculture, if I mistake not, is, by dint

of ploughing, harrowing, hoeing, raking, and hard swearing, so to arrange the stones that the sun, the rain, and the waterpot may be able to coax up one blade of corn between three pebbles, — to a person 'raised' in that pudding-stone part of the republic, this country seems miraculous. For here a man runs his coulter along a hill-top, and turns up a soil as black as plum-cake, and without a stone in it half as big as those I used to eat in your dyspepsia plum-cake, — which was made, I apprehend, upon the principle, that men, like chickens, have gizzards; indeed, this soil is more like wedding-cake, for, like wedding-cake, it is too rich to be wholesome. You speak to me of selecting a place where 'water will be at hand.' But water, unless it be the rain from heaven, is never put on the ground here, notwithstanding the plants which in Pennsylvania and Virginia grow only in the rich bottoms flourish here upon the ridges. Indeed, if one can but make a long leg with his imagination, and step into the year 2032, he sees here a true paradise; for there is not a foot of land that I know of back from the river hill, — one side of which, next the river, is sometimes precipitous, — that is not as well worthy of cultivation as any square inch in your garden.* The woods, which cover much of the country even in this immediate vicinity, are not, as with you, haunted by a confederacy of dry branches, leaves, stumps, and underbrush; but we have a forest composed of immense trees running up twenty or thirty feet before they branch, and walk under them upon grass as smooth and soft as if Aunt —— had had the rolling of it, — with not a leaf, *dry* leaf I mean, to be discerned, which I can but assert and not explain, — and troubled by nothing in the way of undergrowth, unless the great elm on Boston Common might pass for a weed or sucker.

"But the mineral immensity of the country is as unique as its agricultural; for iron, coal, salt, lead, lime, are the substra-

* This letter is addressed to his father.

tum of the whole valley. We have no great barren, conglomerated hills here, no granite peaks to lead to speculation, railroading, and bad business, — and no need of them, for we have no ocean to beat our wharves out of all proper shape, and no men-of-war sighing for dry docks; and as to building, the limestone of this country is as much superior in point of workability and beauty to granite, and in point of beauty, neatness, and democratic elegance to marble, as one can well imagine. As to coal and iron, they are the nerve and muscle of this country, for, had the steam-engine never been invented, Cincinnati might have contained 3,000, but could not have gathered together 30,000 inhabitants. In this inland country, — as there is no wind unless in stormy weather, — you may go, of a fine, clear day, upon the highest hill in the neighbourhood, and it is as *still* as if the air were spellbound, and you hear with equal distinctness the lowing of the cattle in the valleys back from the Ohio toward the north, the song of the boatman floating along a mile an hour on his immense flat, and the baying of the hounds in the woods of Kentucky that stretch far away to the south. But presently far-off sounds 'Puff! puff! puff!' and round a point comes in sight a little fiery-nosed fellow, — the boats here all have their furnace open forward, and horizontal engines, — puffing along, and leaving behind a long, irregular wake, which makes you think of a Dutchman, with a pipe in his mouth, running away from the sea-serpent. On he comes faster and faster, turns another point in the serpentine highway, and disappears; — all done so quickly, that one might think it a mistake but for the continuance of the high-pressure 'Puff! puff! puff!' that you may hear ten miles away almost. Then as to factories, the country is so level that water-power is hardly used; steam does all. You walk through town, and every building that is not a dwelling-house, a warehouse, or shop, is a steam-mill of one sort or another. Do you want a block of wood sawed into any

shape or size, you go, not to a carpenter, who would by hand-work cut it up in an hour or two, but to a little black, rickety shed, that shakes and shivers as though it had the ague, and within which, by the aid of a steam-engine that might work without inconvenience in an old-fashioned waistcoat pocket, and a little circular saw, in five minutes you have any thing you wish. I have not as yet, to be sure, discovered them, but have no doubt that there are engines here expressly for the purpose of cutting out and finishing toothpicks.

"But perhaps nothing is more characteristic than the rapidity of building. I was first struck with it soon after I came. A block of four or five houses was burnt down, and, though it was mid-winter, the masons actually laid the foundation, and began to build at one end, before the fire was wholly out at the other. Nothing is more common than to be asked, or to have occasion to ask, 'Why, where did that house come from?' But you can neither get nor give any more satisfactory answer than, perhaps, 'I 'm sure I don't know, I found it there yesterday morning.' One of my fellow-students soon after his arrival was taken sick and confined to his bed, his only amusement being to watch, as he lay, the steamboats going up and down the river. One morning he woke, rubbed his eyes, thought it very dark, looked at his watch, and, finding it nine o'clock, rubbed his eyes again and turned to the window. Behold! a brick wall within three feet of the glass. In doubt and wonder, he rang the bell; and, when the landlady came up, asked whether he was awake, and if so, where *that wall* came from. 'O la! Sir,' said the old lady, 'it 's only the Squire built up his house agin this morning, what he tore down last week; if this spiles y'r prospect, we shall put up a new wing to-morrow to our house, and you can change y'r room, Sir.' Such is Ohio."

"I have been reading Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, a strange

book, which I cannot pretend, at present, to understand, either in whole or in part. Without assuming to judge of German manners, however, as no American could do, I must yet think the change that goes on in Wilhelm's character unnatural. I have looked through Moore's Epicurean, too, and have been much disappointed. Is not Moore the founder of the school in poetry which merges all logic in sentiment? One of these days, Mr. ——, when I have 'got my edication,' look out for a poem which shall set the world in the true track again, and bring it back from sweet sounds and wordy nonsense to Nature. 'You don't believe it!' No! Nor would you have believed that I was to be a lawyer, two months ago. You may live all your life in a house, my dear Sir, and go through and through it, till you think you know every corner, crack, and cranny, and yet at last find in some odd hole a chest of pearls, silver, gold, or *brass!*"

"Robert Owen is holding forth here on Deism, and found a stormy audience. I was conversing with a young friend about it afterwards, who asserted that 'no Deist could be an honest man.' This I 'traversed,' as we say in law, and my defence of the possibility of an honest Deist has acquired for me, I find, the reputation of being one. So much for free inquiry; though doubtless this bigotry shows a good spirit enough. But I am no Deist. The *character* of the Christian religion, and the *character* of its Founder, are proof enough to me of its Divine origin. When I think of the age and nation wherein Jesus is said to have appeared, and of the ages since down to our own times, I cannot conceive of his *character* as being a human invention. No one even now, indeed, can comprehend its perfection. It is stamped with signs of a supernatural influence, and yet has this peculiarity of naturalness in it, that every beholder sees it to be beautiful from his own point of view. The martyr

and crusader looked up to the strength of mind in Jesus, which could crush fear, and despise pain or scorn; the Reformer and Puritan revered his holy zeal and devout aspiration; while a Fénelon is touched by his purity, meekness, love. Few persons, perhaps, will be convinced by such a proof; but it is the only satisfactory one to me."

"And so you conjecture that I have some itchings of Satan, and am dreaming of stump speeches, elections, and everlasting notoriety for one year, do you? Well! you miss the mark widely. I have lost, since I came to Cincinnati, what good opinion even I had of myself before; I have seen enough of the jealousy, envy, and ill-will felt towards every one who outstrips his rivals, no matter how insignificant the prize, and know too much of the woes of unsuccessful strivings, ever to wish to make an effort for advancement in wealth, power, influence, or any such path as men generally toil in."

"It makes me start and rub my eyes, when I consider my past life and present situation; and I have a strange, reckless feeling as to the future, which sometimes tempts me from mere *curiosity* to lift the veil. In my own case, in yours, in every one's, we seem to stand by and see our course shaped, our fate decided, by events, in the fashioning of which we have no more hand than we had in moulding Mount Ararat. It is the conviction of this fact, which prevents me from feeling much interest in my *outward* circumstances, for I look at my own career as I would on that of some character in a novel. I am absorbed in the thought of my *inward* progress; though truly this is not wise, for while the mind depends so much on its condition, it is useless to hope for the consequent without bestowing a thought on its precedents."

"I have lately been reading much of Wordsworth, again;

and admire him more and more every day, not as a poet only, but as a philosopher and moralist. My own philosophy runs at present in the same channel. I have been much altered, and really I believe for the better, since I came to this place; my old-fashioned mumpishness, distance, and silence have quite passed away, and I am positively one of the most social men you ever met with. And not only has the without skin been cast, but I have got rid of much of the monstrous heresy of inhumanity that smothered within. To whose influence all this is to be ascribed I could easily tell you. The fact is, there is a set here, — a circle of married ladies, — which I believe could scarcely be surpassed in any city for intelligence, and what is better, for excellence; and all so related and united, that scarce an evening passes without my meeting some of them, or all. When you add a fair proportion of the fairest, sweetest, dearest girls imaginable, can you wonder at my metamorphosis?"

"I do not remember any hint thrown out by me to entice you into the most undeserved compliment, — if it were meant for one, for it would have been a cutting sarcasm, — which ascribes to me 'active usefulness and genuine conscientiousness,' not to mention the 'dogged determination' that *is*, in truth, an attribute of mine. I fear one who peeped into our epistles, and noted the unhesitating way in which each belabors himself, would think us a true pair of hypocrites; but at the risk of being so thought by yourself, if you please, I will say that my most deadly fault — in as far as I know myself — is, utter selfishness in *little matters*. It is a common fault, and a foul one; a mean and degrading one. I could, I think, sacrifice a good deal if occasion called for it; if the happiness of another for whom I cared were at stake, fortune and all its concomitants, and I believe life, would be, as Mr. G—— says, 'indifferent' to me. But if I am to give up a *little* that another

may gain a *little*, — there 's the rub ; I follow the vile fashion and prefer number one. But this petty weakness is like to be rooted out of me, and by the force of that irresistible monitor, example. That same person, to whom, as I think I have told you before, I owe more than I can ever pay in the way of purification and cleansing, Mrs. ——, has taught me, by action, not precept, to deny myself that others may profit thereby. How this is effected I need not tell you. The influence, unseen, though deeply felt, of a woman whose beauty is her least charm is too well known by every one to require me to dwell upon it.

" Making you, then, no longer my father-confessor, I will beg your pardon for not answering your letter before. My excuse, as usual, must be, work ; and yet, by some strange power, the day is borne away from me before I have well mastered an hour of it. I am up before it is light enough to see any thing, save by torch-light ; keep at it all the day long, till ten, P. M., and yet, with all my pains, do nothing, or next to that. I have been acting as editor, that is, writer, of the magazine * I spoke of, which costs me some trouble ; and I have two or three lyceum lectures on the stocks, for I am becoming somewhat literary, and now am about attempting to get up a book in opposition to that ' got-up concern ' of the Glauber Spa. Judge Hall, Mr. Flint, Mrs. Hentz, and two or three more of *us* (!), intend to storify Kentucky and Kentuck manners. And this reminds me of your desire to know something of these parts.

" The West is decidedly Saxon ; do you comprehend ? We have not the chivalry of the Norman ; we have not the fire of the Southron ; you do not find here the Yankee shrewdness, — I mean among the true Western men, — nor the hot-headedness of the Carolinian. The Kentuckian is big and naturally sluggish, but if roused, almost capable, and

* The Western Monthly Magazine.

fully daring enough, to 'ride a streak o' lightning through a crab-apple orchard.' He eats largely, and is fond of whiskey. He will not rush into danger where no need is, nor curb his temper if thwarted, for fear, love, or money. Be kind to the Kentuckian, and he is rudely polite, carries you home, and you may stay with him six months, rent free, if you will give him a good story and flatter him a little, — for he 's 'mighty vain.' Cross him, and he will hesitate at nothing. If a Kentuckian insults you, offer him fight on the spot, and two to one he will haul off and make friends; attempt to 'cut dirt,' and he will set on you like a wildcat. He has, in short, most of the virtues, and too many of the vices, of the old Northman.

"The country, as I have said time and again, is beautiful; near Lexington, one might almost think himself in England. I spent a week or ten days with a gentleman who lives about forty miles east of Lexington. We went down — T. H—— and myself — to the county-town in the stage. Our host residing four miles off, we held a consultation as to the best way of getting out to his farm, and inquired if a wagon could be had. There was not one in town, and it was a good-sized town, too, — brick houses, shops, and taverns. Meeting-houses are scarce in these parts, though a congregation met somewhere. 'Well, if no wagon, could we have a chaise?' 'Not a chaise within twenty miles.' 'Was there any wheeled carriage of any description to be had?' 'There was one gig down the street, but it was oldish-like and "powerful weak."' There was no alternative, and so T—— set off after the gig, while I shaved, in the midst of a political discussing club by the fireside, — for it was a day or two only before the election. In a little while my *compagnon de voyage* returned with the news that he had accomplished the gig, and thought it safe for four miles, — riding and tying. So we went to work to prepare our trunks. Ere long, a boy stepped in to say he had

tied up the shaft, nailed on the whiffletree, and the gig was ready. 'Bring out the trunk,' said I. The landlord seized the trunk, and we rushed to the door. There stood the invalid machine, but horseless. I looked round at the boy. 'Where shall I find your horse?' said he. 'Have not *you* a horse?' 'No, I reckoned you had the horse.' 'Is there a horse to be hired in town?' 'I reckon not.' 'Then we must walk.' And so we did walk, — it was a warm day, — sweating it out to the Judge's.

"He lives in a brick house of most antique cast, — you might think it a second-rate chateau of France rather than the domicile of a new country, — some quarter of a mile from the road; the main building being flanked and kept in countenance by a dozen little log-cabins, barns, corn-houses, wood-houses, ice-houses, &c. Mrs. ——, the wife, with the aid of two very pretty and well-educated daughters, keeps school for the farmers' girls of all the country round. They were kind beyond measure, would not allow me, though I came out only to dine, to go back that night, nor the next day, nor for a week; and then I got away with difficulty, and was obligated to promise a return for *two months*' residence in the spring. At the time of our arrival, the Judge was absent, riding his circuit, which is over some three or four or a dozen counties, in the most barbarous part of the State. He reached home two or three days after our arrival, having ridden for two days in a tremendous rain. Though born a Yankee, he is a good specimen of the better Kentuckian; very large and strong, rough and fearless, with a good deal of quaint humor and fun, and at the same time a rigid Presbyterian. He was a Clay man to the sole of his boot, and prayed, with his family assembled about him at evening, that 'we might be pardoned the sins and abominations committed by our Federal head.' He spends much of his year on horseback, riding from log court-house to no court-house at all, putting up a temporary judgment-seat, at such times,

composed of an old stump, with a rail for the bar, and a little cover of boughs for a roof, — the culprit, if it be a heinous offence, being chained by the leg to a tree with an ox-chain. The style of living in the Judge's family was a specimen of Western plenty, though he is a poor man, having been swindled by a Yankee friend out of some $ 40,000, the product of much labor. His house is open to any; the family numbers fourteen, and there are in general two or three guests. The table, as in olden times, almost groans with the various breads, and cakes, and condiments, a favorite dish, of which I became very fond, being a piece of honeycomb as large as your hand, eaten, as you eat a roast apple, in a bowl of milk. Milk is the Kentuckian beverage at all times, at breakfast, dinner, and supper; you take a glass when you get up, and a glass before you go to bed."

"Having eaten, my dear philosopher, a large breakfast of buckwheat-cakes, and walked three or four miles on top of it, I am in prime order to discuss the mystery of Free Will. But for the present I simply remark, that I entirely agree with you in the opinion, that good Doctor Spurzheim has done but very little to elucidate that black-hole of 'Necessity.'

"Bah! I am called upon to pay money, — Rent. How I abominate these dollars and cents! I am afraid, I stand in *awe*, of them. One of these days I expect to run mad from mere dread of money. I have half a dozen debtors here, and yet cannot get a cent from any of them. I cannot, will not dun, and they cannot, will not pay. It will bring me to hard work yet, this anti-commercial nicety of mine. O for a farm where I might be independent of all these Jews and thieves and brokers!

"To return to free will, for money is the antipode of free will. I am half inclined to think that Doctor Spurzheim, like some other wise men, has more wisdom apparently than

really. I should not, however, say wisdom, but novelty.—Here I am stopped again with the information that your master in philosophy is dead. It must be a loss to science that will not soon be repaired; for, though I doubt the Doctor's originality in general speculation, I do not doubt his accuracy, his power, or his philanthropy. I presume he will have left works behind him to be published; if he has, and they are printed, I shall get them. His former writings are scarce known in this country, but it is probable, I should suppose, that, since he has been among us, his works may be translated and spread abroad. The leading doctrines of Phrenology are very generally believed, and some of the details; but it is so entirely a science of experiment, that many years must necessarily elapse before it can become settled and digested.

"But to go back again. You wrote me a letter a while since, from which I should suppose that you think it wiser to use life in *acting well*, upon the faith that this course will lead to the desired point, than to spend your days in attempting to learn why, in order to reach this point, one must go such a long way about, through bogs and fens, &c. I am entirely of your opinion in this matter; I conceive speculation, and all of that family, to be poor company, save in as far as they help to form a rule of action, or serve as mental gymnastics; and it were better to exercise the mind upon what would at the same time improve it, and add to its store. We often find in one man two distinct characters, according to one of which he thinks and judges, while according to the other he acts. I in private see and admire the beauty of amiability, and determine to be amiable as my neighbours are; but no sooner do I go abroad into society to act, than I become sour and ill-natured. Now it is the acting character according to which we judge of a man, for we know it to be the true one; the other is only a prophetic shadow of what he *might be*. But it is the acting

character which the man will carry hence, and the object of life should be to form this character aright. First, by means of the understanding, study, contemplation, and thought, the *model* character is to be designed, and next, by the enchantress, Habit, this image is to be made *substance*. One after another of the ideal virtues that we see in our model are to be transmuted into deeds, until we ARE what to ourselves we before SEEMED; until every grace becomes spontaneous, and we act, not from principle, but impulse. In woman we find this spontaneity of right far stronger than in man, and therefore I look upon woman as a being higher in the scale of existence. Thus respecting speculation, I regard the intellect, learning, reasoning, theories, as all subservient to that one great end, the *formation of character*."

The cheerful gratitude, hopefulness, sympathy, and aspirations for a nobler style of spiritual life, which pervade these letters, found expression in the following poem, which very truthfully he named "The Emigrant's Lesson."

"I left my own New England home, —
A home with kindness running o'er, —
Far off beyond the hills to roam,
And seek a stranger shore.

"His ice cold Winter round me flung,
And dark Ohio's tide did roll;
But colder, darker mists there hung
O'er my desponding soul.

"Yet when I reached, at length, the strand
Where my sad pilgrimage should end,
Behold! on every side a hand,
On every side a friend.

"If I had left true hearts behind,
I found as true, and franker, here;
As loving, and as simply kind,
As kind, and as sincere.

"And shall this goodness be in vain, —
No deep impression leave on me?
Or rather help me to attain
That true philanthropy,

"Which loveth not alone the race,
But strives the godlike power to reach,
That can enfold in one embrace,
Not only ALL, but *each*?

"He loved each being of our kind, —
He that made human virtue dim;
And we — but O how far behind! —
May follow after Him."

But not at once could the fiends who, through temperament, habit, and early conditions, had found lodgment in his soul, be exorcised. Notwithstanding outward encouragements and inward triumphs, he had still to fight a hard battle with his foes. In one letter he says, — "I find it a truly Herculean task to cleanse the Augean stables of my despondency." And again, — "I am little wiser or better, I fear. Dyspepsia is weaving her black mantle and getting ready her ashes for me to do penance in, — penance for folly in having abandoned the plough for the pen. I wish the mists which envelop my brain would roll off enough to let me look a little way into the future, or else that the brain itself would give up its tan-

trums, and work straight on to some purpose. My intellect and heart seem wonderfully fond of the 'great kick and little go.' I am at it for ever, and have no difficulty in killing time; but after all I am just *there*, in the same old ruts and mud-holes." Once more: — "In situation there is nothing left me to desire; yet I feel as if I were a shingle in a mill-pond, unable to steer itself, the sport of winds or schoolboys, and floating about only till its turn comes to go over the dam." And finally: — "There are times when it seems to me, not that there is room for doubt of God or destiny, but that I am not as I should be. I do not conceive the sun to be darkened, but my own sight to be obscured. Like all other men, or rather children, I have had misfortunes of which neither you nor any created being knows or ever will know. It would be useless to attempt to tell them; and yet they have left an impression that death alone can efface. And sometimes, when the remembrance of them comes over me, I feel a spiritual nausea within, and would fain throw up all memory of the past. At such seasons I am indigo to the backbone. But these turns come less and less often. I mix more with others; act upon my fellows, and am acted upon by them; and now frequently look forward, whereas once I walked crab-like, looking only at the path I had passed over. I may do but little in *this* world, — I mean little good, — but I am of that rare sect — for though all are of it *nominally*, the true followers are few — that really believes in another life, in a thousand other lives."

Thus morally yet more than mentally active, rejoicing in the genial influence of female society, and longing for home-happiness far more than for public success, Mr. Perkins was brought providentially into daily intercourse

with one who, by her sunny temper, sound judgment, and ready good-will, formed the very complement he needed for harmonious growth. This gay girl in manner, yet wise-hearted woman, was Sarah H. Elliott, of Guilford, Connecticut, who was then visiting Cincinnati for a few months, and residing in the family of her sister, Mrs. Samuel E. Foote. They were betrothed in the spring of 1833; and from his correspondence with her — which has been intrusted to my use — free extracts shall be made, as the only adequate mode of presenting a beautiful side of my friend's character. Many of the most interesting passages must of course be kept sacred, but I may be allowed here to say, that every line is fragrant with a delicate tenderness, a sincerity and gentle wisdom, which prove how true was the relation between these lovers. These extracts are of worth, too, as sketching with fidelity his experiences, trials, and progress, and thus illustrating, as no second hand could do, his real life. This consideration, indeed, has mainly guided me in the selection.

May, 1833. "Hitherto, Memory has been my comforter rather than Hope. On this side the grave I have anticipated little happiness, and have taken but little pains to secure it. Death has appeared to me rather a deliverance from pain than an exile from joys; and there has been but one sting in the thought of dissolution, — the knowledge that I should leave no one to mourn me here, and could look forward to no meeting with one that loved me hereafter. But all this is done away. Now I do hope; I strive now to secure happiness in this world; life and health have become treasures beyond price; and if I am ever useful, ever do any thing as a member of society that will entitle me to the thanks or prayers of my fellow-beings, to you, my gentle mistress, to you will it be owing."

May, 1833. "Contrary to the wishes of many, and the advice of all my friends, I came out here upon what was considered a madcap expedition, to seek my fortune; and what a fortune have I found! I was before in a business that I hated, by coming here I have gone into one which I like, and in which I believe I shall succeed; before, I was sour and disagreeable, now I am brighter and kinder, though still bad enough; before, I hoped not for love, and seemed predestinated in my own opinion never to be loved, now I am certain of the love of one of the best, and kindest, and purest of friends. Had I found a mine of gold or a bed of diamonds I might still have been poor, but I have found you."

June, 1833. "And you, my bird of summer, — for your soul was surely once the spirit of a lark or some other careless, or rather uncaring songster, — you are not, I trust, ambitious, and would not wish to have your husband a 'great man.' Your mind must be *above* such things, for I do think ambition a weakness. If, however, you do expect to derive any degree of happiness from my distinction, I fear you will be disappointed. I was once as ambitious as any, and would have as soon died to-morrow as lived humble and unknown; but this mood has past, and each day I live I rejoice that it has past. The jealousies, struggles, and petty manœuvres of even the greatest are enough to sicken a healthy mind. The characters of note with whom alone I am satisfied, and toward whom I feel as I should wish to have others feel toward me, are such as Washington and Sir Walter Scott; for in them the heart was ever stronger than the head, and therefore the whole world loves them."

June, 1833. "She is, I fear, too wholly intellectual for me. I like independence of thought and action in woman; I should wish my wife to know *what* her duties are, and *why*

they are duties; I would have her make up her mind on these matters from her own reasonings and cogitations rather than take her opinions from me. But I would wish her also to be affectionate and confiding, — as deeply and entirely so as you are, — and should care far more about her *feeling* with me respecting the whole course of life, than her *thinking* with me respecting literary performances, or any merely mental matter."

July, 1833. "When I think of the course things have taken, I feel more than ever the influence of an ever-present Providence. Had I loved any other of the many women whom I met in the circle in which I found you, — had I been engaged to them, and after the engagement had my eye-sight failed, as it has done, I should have felt it almost obligatory on me to break an engagement which never would have been made could I have looked into the future. But with you, educated as you have been, and with your natural tastes, I do not feel that I am called upon for your happiness to sacrifice my own. I believe you depend less than most upon external circumstances, and will live pleasantly even out of general society and under all the inconveniences of a country life. Destitute as I now am of the means of living in town, my situation would be fearfully forlorn did I not look forward to being united to you. I never should have dared to ask any one to marry me with my present prospects, and my life would have been that of a hermit, perhaps of a misanthrope. The thought of these things, the sense that a protecting arm has been over me hitherto, will make me look upon the future without dread. I will do all in my power, and for the rest trust implicitly to Providence."

October, 1833. "Mrs. —— inclines to wonder that I am not jealous of this correspondence of yours with gentlemen

in town, but I told her that it agreed with my system of ethics on such matters, and that for me to object to your writing to whom you pleased would be ridiculous. A secret correspondence would be wrong; but where all is open, it is an *insult* to interfere. On these points I differ much from the majority of the world. . . . . .

"There seems to be too much probability that you will learn the lesson which adversity and disappointment teach. And they teach, dear S——, a lesson very difficult, but most essential to be learnt, which is, so to regulate our minds that nothing shall induce us to despair; so to make our happiness depend upon ourselves, that no outward circumstances can bring us down. . . . . .

"In the mean time, hope, hope, hope! Be assured that the Being who made us never made us for grief, and if we will only be faithful to ourselves, we need not fear that woe will come."

January, 1834. "Could I have foreseen the present state of my affairs, I would sooner have cut off my right hand than have asked you, or any woman situated as you were, to marry me. But what is done I cannot undo; — I have troubled the quiet stream of your life, and now I can do no more than suffer it to run clear again. Our future connection I place entirely at your disposal; and the only piece of advice I will hazard is, that you follow your own good sense and good feelings, and the advice of your friends, without any regard to what you may think to be my wishes; for my supremest wish is to know that you are happy. Do not think from what I say, S——, that I am despondent. Let what will come, I am determined to be contented. My only anxiety is to have you so too."

January, 1834. "Nothing has more surprised me of late years than to discover in what esteem I was held by many

whom I supposed despised me. My person, my manners, my talents, my character, were rated high by persons whom I fancied laughed at them all. The knowledge of this has led me to a more thorough self-examination; and that examination has taught me to think less of myself in all these respects than ever. I find my talents small, my knowledge superficial, and my character very, very defective. But I can increase my stores of learning, and you, my dear S——, shall have the pleasure of perfecting to some extent my dispositions."

January, 1834. "I shall be admitted to the bar in May, and continue my studies. In March, then, I shall take my cot, mattress, clothes-press, and other necessaries, and proceed to my farm; there I shall at once go to work planting and preparing, and, while I am at it in the fields, shall have the carpenters and painters busy about the house. As I live at present entirely upon my own resources, that is to say, as I take care of myself in all respects, I shall, out of town, want neither servant nor cook. I shall take out my library, and in solitude and seriousness gain my bread by the sweat of my brow, study what is to be studied, and prepare all things for your reception. I shall arrange the garden for you, plant your flowers, and prepare the dairy for your superintendence. As to how hard we need work, that will depend entirely upon our own choice. For myself, I shall labor enough to earn my living, and for you, you will labor enough to prevent ennui and idleness. We shall be much more together than in town. I can teach you all I know already, and we can, together, make new advances in knowledge. Between the garden, the dairy, the house, music, visitors, reading, and meditation, I trust you will be able to pass the time pleasantly. Be assured, my endeavour shall be to make you happy and good. . . . . .

"I am now living upon mere bread and water, but would

not exchange places with any of the nobility of England, particularly if I were to lose you by the bargain. It seems to me at times as if it must be a dream, that there is a being whose soul is filled with love for me, and to whom these words which I am writing will be a source of pure joy. When I think of this, — that I am already wedded in soul, that I have a power of becoming every day wiser and better, and that my education has not bound me about with those cords of error and prejudice with which so many are entangled, — it appears to me that I could be happy under any circumstances. . . . . .

"I intend, so far as I can, to labor six hours a day bodily, spend six in study and writing, devote six to you or society, and sleep six. I think I can make some money each year by writing, and that will prevent the necessity of hard labor on my part. If I know you, some daily occupation will please you, and you shall be your own mistress entirely as regards the quantity. I have so few wants that it will cause little labor to any one to supply them."

January, 1834. "As I consider you already wedded to me in spirit, S——, and as you are entitled to know as much of me, my temper, and disposition as I can teach you, I will give you an extract from my journal of yesterday, for it contains an account of one of those *moods* which from time to time try my courage: — 'I argued this afternoon a cause in the moot court before Judges Wright, King, and Walker. My argument was a poor one, and satisfied neither myself nor any of my hearers. A sense of this troubled me, for, as I had given much time to it, a failure proved my poverty of talent; and though the belief that my mind is not what my friends and myself once thought it makes me the more ready to leave the law, yet a feeling of mental weakness is never pleasant, and it rendered me fretful. I drank tea with Mrs. F——, and, as usual, the ease and comfort amid which

she lives, and which S—— might, but for me, still live in, made the want and the work to which I shall bring her seem doubly hard to bear, and I was more soured than before. I then went to Mrs. ——'s, to a small party; but the sight of Mr. —— brought money matters to my mind, and the future appeared darker and more full of doubt than ever. I could not join in the mirth, and wished to leave, but Mrs. —— was to be cared for, and I remained two hours. I then found that —— was to walk home with her. This added new acid to my temper. Without thinking that she was ignorant of the cause of my stay, I at once set this down as a proof of her dislike to me, and jealousy became my master. I looked upon myself as disliked by some for my temper, and as despised by others for my weakness. I saw nothing but darkness before me, and when I looked back it was to know that I had taken the only being that ever loved me, and the one that I love most dearly, from a position that all might envy, and was about to drag her to a fate that any would shrink from. When —— came home, I was crabbed and unkind; he observed it and was silent. This led me to reflect upon my state of mind, and the causes of it, and before I slept, thank God, I had overcome the fiends that troubled me.' Such, my dear father-confessor, is a faint picture of one of those fits of despair and jealousy which were once of almost daily occurrence, but which now come seldom. Such is a faint picture of the temper which you, my own sweet S ——, must chasten and correct. Now you may understand why I say that you will be my teacher; you do not yield to the demons that trouble me, or rather you are too pure for them to approach."

February, 1834. "The remark you made as to the inadequacy of most young men to be husbands is perfectly true, quite as much so as the one made by me, to which it was a retort. Few of us consider, when we arrive near to years

of manhood, what it is that is needful in order to fill well our places in life. We are educated either to make money or to attain some kind of distinction, but those qualities which are most important in *domestic* life are little cultivated, and those studies which would fit us to be really *good* men are but little pressed upon us. We live on for some years in a dreamy state, fall in love, perhaps, and get married, but without asking soberly and rationally whether we are suited to her we love, or she to us; or whether we are fitted, either of us, to perform our several duties. In short, we act from impulse, and not from principle. And when a young man, before addressing a lady, considers coolly her good qualities and her bad ones, when he bases his attachment upon respect and esteem, instead of mere whim and instinct, he is by many condemned as cold-hearted and calculating. I loved you in a certain sense before I knew enough of you to respect you; but the love I now feel for you, S——, and that which led me to try to gain your affections, was the result of much thought, of a comparison of our respective tempers and dispositions, and of the influence we should have upon each other, and of a conviction that we are better adapted to one another than are most who enter the marriage state, and, in consequence of all this, some of my young friends, I know, look upon me as being at least ultra-philosophic."

February, 1834. "A wedding should be very private, and without any of the parade which has distinguished ——'s. Fashionable parade and solemnity are incompatible; and solemnity I think should certainly be preserved. Then, the admission of the whole town to share in a joy most emphatically private and personal, — or rather to eat our ice-creams and chicken salad, — is horrible; a few picked friends, and an evening of rational enjoyment, would be more proper and pleasant. Again, to receive visits the next day, and have parties given through the succeeding fortnight, is to my mind sacrilege."

February, 1834. "During the past week I made my *début* as public debater. I succeeded better than I anticipated, and in time may be able to make a speech worth listening to; as I am a member of two weekly debating clubs, I shall have opportunity enough. One of them is called the Inquisition; it is composed of the most talented men in town, and at present, to be a member is considered no small honor. I was one of the original subscribers and founders, or otherwise never might have been in it, for, knowing the rule of the society, which is to admit those only who possess undoubted talent, and knowing, too, my own deficiencies, I should never have dared to propose. It is to me a matter of daily surprise and sorrow, to find myself looked upon as possessing powers and information that I know I do not possess. I am sorry to find this favorable opinion more widely spread than I had supposed, — sorry, because, when much is expected of a young man, he is almost certain to disappoint the world. However, I will do my best."

April, 1834. "It is a very difficult thing to tell whether one is liked or disliked, — considered a pleasant or a disagreeable companion. One day, after having heard some one, who to his face is treated as well as I, called a most consummate bore and impertinent varlet, I make up my mind to visit people no more, except just so far as common decency requires. The next day, I come to the conclusion, that such a course would be foolish and wrong; I meet some kind soul, whose cordial manners reassure me, and in I go again. Thus I am alternately thinking myself liked and disliked, shunned and courted; and am unable to make up my mind whether the good people I visit will not wish me in Jericho. Your rule of presuming that all like you does very well for you, my dear S——, for it is evident enough all do like you; I, on the contrary, know that almost every one dislikes me on first acquaintance, and that with many the dislike

strengthens with time. A natural consequence is, that I suspect all, — all but you, my own dear girl, — you I cannot suspect. Nor would I distrust any, indeed, whose hearts were opened to me, for it is not jealousy I feel, but mere uncertainty, and an uncertainty resulting from the best of causes, the knowledge that I do not *deserve* love, respect, or esteem. But enough of this."

May, 1834. "Your happiness, and that of every woman, is much more dependent upon slight matters than a man's can be; and consequently in the little pleasures and arrangements of life it should be my object always to follow your tastes and desires, and not my own, and in doing this I shall sacrifice nothing, so do not fear for me. But we have now to decide upon a matter of real importance to us both; let us in all things act as one, and that we may do so I must be fully acquainted with your views. You will think, my love, I am early introducing you to the cares and troubles of life; but such, S——, is the destiny of mortals, and you must forgive me. My object is to consult your happiness, and do my duty. That done, I shall leave the result to God without fear. My anxiety now arises from a feeling of uncertainty as to what my duty is. I have myself always desired to live in the country, but my friends have opposed it, as they will do now. While it was merely desire on my part, I was unwilling to contend with them; but now it appears that it may be a matter of necessity, and it will be out of my power to respect their wishes. To me, *health*, which I shall possess in the country if anywhere, — *independence*, which I believe any one in health may possess in the country, — and the *power of doing good*, which I think will be more certain to me as a farmer than as a lawyer, — to me these three things are, and ever have been, enough to recommend the fields, independent of the pleasure which I enjoy in nature."

June, 1834. "I have lately been conversing somewhat warmly with a friend of mine, a young man of as high, pure, generous sentiments as any that lives, on various important matters, such as love, distinction, genius, &c. He is in about the same state of mind that I was in three or four years since, but to which I am now the antipodes. Love, to him, is not an attachment based upon knowledge and esteem of the person loved, but a mysterious, supernatural bond of union between the two, which is superior to, and uncontrolled by, the sense of duty, — which must be obeyed, cannot be regulated, and is independent of principle, — in short, real old-fashioned, Byronic *passion*. Now, I have been growing more and more prosaic and matter-of-fact every day, with yet quite enough of romance, however, though —— says I have not a particle, it never having occurred to him that a person may possess what he does not show. I am come to regard the world as an arena in which I have to do two things, — *improve others* and *improve myself*. I look upon myself, upon you, and upon all of us, as capable of improvement, infinitely. 'He that is faithful over a few things shall be ruler over many.' I am not willing to seek power here, simply because I look forward to the time when I shall have worlds at my command. I wish in this life to *fit* myself for that command; and the only way of doing so is to perfect my nature, as far as I can. The highest, the divinest power in the world, is that of love, for by it God governs."

Mr. Perkins was married on the 17th of December, 1834. He had been admitted to the bar during the previous spring, and was at this time engaged in the double duty of professional labors and editing. His prospects in the law were excellent. Greatly admired by the public for his talent as a speaker, which had already been variously manifested through lectures and debates, re-

spected by his elders and legal compeers for the solidity of his attainments, his perspicuity of intellect, and his powers of argument, and closely connected with influential persons in society, who, though advanced in age and social position, made of this brilliant young man an intimate companion and confidential friend, he seemed sure of eminent success. "For two years," says Mr. Walker, "there could not have been a more devoted student. His very first argument, made before the moot court of which I acted as judge, on a question of commercial law, has left such an impression on my mind, that, at the distance of nearly seventeen years, I remember it as one of the most finished and lawyer-like arguments I have ever heard." "He made great proficiency in the study of the law," says also his friend T. Howe, Esq., "and acquired a remarkably clear, strong, and comprehensive knowledge of the great principles of jurisprudence, to which, as a science, he always remained much attached."

"But though," continues Mr. Howe, "he was successful as a beginner, Mr. Perkins remained but a short time in *practice*. This he found to be, in the last degree, distasteful, and so different from the pure, exhilarating, intellectual excitement of the *study*, that he became impressed with such disgust as never afterwards, I think, to do full justice to the profession. His moral standard, though not higher than all should have, was far higher than that of the great majority of his professional associates. They laughed at many of his views as absurd and Quixotic. Much of a young lawyer's business is necessarily of a small, pettifogging sort, where no great principle is involved, and where the feelings and habits from the magistrate downwards are comparatively low.

And it must be confessed, too, that, at this period, the tone and character of the Cincinnati bar were nowise encouraging to a high-minded man. It was under these circumstances that Mr. Perkins determined to quit the profession." "Two reasons mainly influenced him," adds Judge Walker. "In the first place, a sedentary life was prejudicial to his health. But a more weighty reason with him was, that he could not conscientiously do all that was required of a lawyer in order to secure success. And here I may remark, that, of all men with whom I have been intimately acquainted, he was the most scrupulously, the most heroically conscientious." His views are thus fully stated by himself: —

"Dear Sir, — In reply to your inquiry, why I leave my profession, I answer, — 1st, because in a city it is too sedentary and adverse to firm health; 2d, because the drudgery of it is injurious to the intellect; 3d, because the devotion which it requires is greater than I am willing to give to any merely worldly concern, which either does not affect my higher powers or impairs them; and 4th, because the rules of morality by which lawyers are governed do not, in many points, coincide with my own views, and I am not independent enough of my daily labor to enable me to oppose the ways of the profession. Upon this last point alone shall I say any thing.

"The common code among the lawyers with whom I have talked is this, — that they are not called on to refuse to conduct suits, the bringing or resisting of which is clearly wrong on the part of their client; and that their business is to see the law enforced, and not to attend to the equitable operation of that law in certain cases. For instance, one man rents a house of another for a month; when the month is up, the owner wishes to let it to some one else, and the

tenant wishes to retain it, though he has no shadow of right; this tenant goes to a lawyer and states his wish; the lawyer sees that he has no claim, but he appears for him before the justice, and the justice decides against the tenant; his proceedings have, in some point, however, been informal; the lawyer takes advantage of this want of form to remove the case to a higher court, where it may remain undecided for one or two years, during which time the tenant retains possession. In this case, the lawyer, instead of refusing to assist in gaining what he knows to be an unjust claim, uses the law, which was made to prevent injustice, to work injustice; he sees the claim to be wrong in the claimant, he knows that, should he assist the claimant as a *friend*, he would be equally in the wrong, but as a *lawyer* he does right. Now, to my mind, no man can rightfully do as a lawyer what is wrong in him as a man; he cannot by assuming a profession put off God's moral law; and as to his duty being to see the law fulfilled, it is not so if the law is meant to work injustice; nor if, from man's imperfection, it does work injustice in particular cases. His duty is to see the *purpose* of the law, and not its *letter*, fulfilled, and that is JUSTICE.

"It is said, however, that the law must be literally carried out, or it becomes uncertain, and the consequent public injury more than outweighs the private good. This principle should make the judge always respect the law, no matter what evil results from its application, and it may even warrant the lawyer in taking advantage of the technicalities in the progress of a *just* suit, because to neglect them may cause looseness of practice and evil; but it can never authorize him to commence an *unjust* suit, or to bring up technicalities that they may be violated.

"I have spoken of the creed above referred to as common among those lawyers whom I have consulted. Perhaps the expression is too broad, for I do not know that most of the profession hold to it in its bare form, and I do know some who

abhor it; but most of those with whom I have talked approved it, and among them were men of pure character and romantic notions of honor. To me the doctrine seems opposed to all sound morality, and I hope there are those coming forward in the West who will do it away. While men think the course right and Christian, I bring no charge against *them;* we are all too self-deceiving to make that safe, for though their error, as I think it, may result from their interest and non-examination, and so be criminal, it is equally certain that it may not. But against the *creed* that a man may do as a lawyer what would be wrong as a friend and fellow-man, I would enter my protest as strongly as against any criminal and immoral doctrine; nor do I believe the profession will ever exert the influence they should, until they declare this doctrine rank heresy. Their duties, their powers, their privileges, are in themselves noble and Christian; but they are as yet perverted and disgraced by too many, and that without reproof."

Thus freed from the drudgery and temptations of the law, Mr. Perkins devoted himself with new energy to literature. He had already conducted with signal ability the Western Monthly Magazine, and was now engaged as editor of the Evening Chronicle. This paper he purchased in the winter of 1835, and united it with the Cincinnati Mirror, which was then published by William D. Gallagher and Thomas H. Shreve, when, for six months, this very spirited and successful weekly was edited by the three friends conjointly. From Mr. Shreve, whose brilliant wit and elegant taste have for many years enlivened the Louisville Gazette, comes the following brief, yet truthful sketch.

"All the little intimacy I enjoyed with Mr. Perkins was embraced within the years 1834 – 35; and the rec-

ollection of my intercourse with him during that period is among the *treasures* of my memory. He was in the habit of coming into the office early in the morning, and, without any preliminaries, would proceed to his table and write as if he had just stepped out a moment before. It was one of his characteristics, I think, to do what he designed doing *at once*, for he was a true economist of time, and acted while persons generally would be getting ready to act.

"He would frequently turn round and ask my opinion of some subject on which he happened to be writing. A conversation, perhaps a controversy, would ensue. His object was not so much to ascertain my opinions, as to place his own mind in a condition to act efficiently. When our talk was ended, he would resume his writing. It was during our business connection that I was first informed of the unsoundness of his health. I have seen him start up from his table, hastily throw pen and paper aside, strike his breast with his fist, complain of feeling unwell there, and then, drawing his hat or cap down over his eyes, walk off rapidly. At such times I have known him to walk two or three miles, when he would return and resume what he had left unfinished. He would also complain of vertigo, and has often told me that he had eaten no breakfast.

"I am unable to give you any anecdotes or illustrative reminiscences. Had you assigned me the pleasant task of recording my impressions of his character, then I could have written quite as much as you would willingly read. You know, far better than I, that his devotion to *truth* was a leading quality of his nature. His renouncing the practice of the law at the time he did, for the reason that he could not practise it successfully without

indulging in falsehood and deception, I have always regarded as highly honorable to him. How few are like him! And yet at that time he made no professions of religion. He convinced himself that he must renounce either his honesty or his profession, and did not hesitate. He considered it his duty to preserve his soul from the defilement of untruth; and no one who knew him ever supposed that he could be induced to turn his back on what he recognized as his duty.

"I remember well his appearance in the 'Inquisition.' His speeches in that society were always truly admirable. The logic, the wit, the sunny humor, the raillery, were alike irresistible. The same wide resources of mind that he subsequently displayed in the pulpit were exhibited in the Inquisition debates, and we all felt that when we had him as an opponent we had much to fear. I remember, too, his lectures on 'Fishes' and 'Insects' before the Mechanics' Institute. They embodied the most graceful and witching blending together of humor and science I ever listened to. I shall never forget his account of the ant-lion, which convulsed every one present. Had Mr. Perkins devoted himself to humorous literature, he would have stood at the head of American writers in that line. Indeed, as a humorist, original and gentle, he could scarcely be excelled. But so well developed were all the faculties of his mind, that, notwithstanding the prominence of his humor when compared with the humor of others, it only balanced his other faculties."

The habit of mind to which Mr. Shreve so truly refers, of economizing time, and always doing at once what was to be done, enabled Mr. Perkins, amidst the hurry of editorship, to be a most rapidly advancing scholar.

Steadily, and with an easy exercise of thought, which proved how exact was the equilibrium of his powers, he daily added to his stores of varied information. He was systematic, almost unconsciously, and kept memory, observation, imagination, and judgment in perpetually harmonious activity. His rules of study, in so far as he had any, were thus expressed in a letter to a young friend.

"You could scarce ask me a harder question, than the one you now ask, 'What books should a young man read between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four?' It is puzzling to answer such questions, not only because no two persons ought to go through the same course of reading, but because we study, not to heap up so much miscellaneous knowledge, but to learn those things of which we are peculiarly ignorant, and to cultivate those of our faculties which most require it. While, therefore, I may be able to advise *you* very well, knowing you as I do, I am wholly unable to advise your brother; and as to giving hints adapted to all, I would sooner turn quack, and give one dose for all constitutions and all diseases; for I think it better to trifle thus with the body than the soul. But there are some remarks which will apply equally to all persons and all courses, and to some of these I will ask your thought.

"I would first, then, say, never read without an *object*. If you have ever been called on to study with reference to the attainment of some definite end, you will remember that what you thus learned remained with you long after most that you read had been forgotten. Not alone because you went deeply into it at the time, but because it was in your mind so associated and incorporated with many other subjects, that it is easily brought back again in after life. Do not, then, read vaguely and without purpose; know what to expect from your book before you begin it; and at every

step, see what bearing what you have read has upon the points before you. Many men read every thing twice, — once to find out what to read for, and again, to learn what is to be learned. Read, therefore, few very new books, the merits and objects of which you know nothing about; wait till you know whereof the last publication treats, and how it treats it.

"Next, I would advise you to read by *subjects*, not by volumes. I have known many scholars who had never read a book through in their lives, except, of course, those of mere amusement. In this way you get comparatively whole, not fractional views, and both sides of a question; you may thus escape partyism, partiality, and narrow notions.

"In the third place, I would recommend you not to commonplace your reading, but to *think it over*, *digest it*, and, if you have time, reduce your own views, obtained from what you have read, to writing, in a blank book. The thinking may be done while you are walking, waiting tea, sitting over the fire, or in attendance for an unpunctual friend. The secret of writing much and easily consists, I fancy, in sitting down to write with your thoughts already in your mind, instead of fishing in the inkstand for them.

"My fourth piece of advice is, to draw up for yourself a *systematic list* of all the subjects of human knowledge, made as particular as you please. By a glance at this you may see at once how little you know; may refresh your knowledge of your ignorance, and see to what subjects you most need to turn your attention.

"Lastly, I would say, keep by you a *blank book*, arranged as an index, in which you can enter references to those many passages and facts met with daily by a student, which have no immediate connection with the subject of the work in which they are found, and which we so often remember to have seen, but cannot think where.

"I will now call your mind to a question, which every sys-

tematic reader must ask himself, — Shall my reading be confined to one or two subjects until I am thorough in them, or shall it be general and superficial? Most whose advice you would follow would, I think, advise the first; for my own part, I am in favor of the last course. It is true, that superficial knowledge should be avoided where it can be; but to my mind, the true question is this, — Does it best become a being destined for eternity to gain a broad view of all that he can know, though a very imperfect one, or one more narrow and more perfect? If you look into what is said in favor of thorough studies, you will find them upheld, generally, as the means to gain worldly power or distinction; and, when this is not the case, they are contended for by those who have little or no faith in the doctrine, that our studies, habits, and occupations here will affect our fate hereafter. But to me it is clear that all the powers and capacities of the man are more perfectly developed, and brought out in better proportion, by gaining an outline merely of all knowledge within our reach, than by pursuing any one branch of knowledge into all its details; and the ridicule and scorn which have been heaped upon 'smatterers,' though it may properly apply to those who go from subject to subject without purpose and without system, cannot, with justice, fall upon students who go perfectly as far as they go, and stop because they perceive the inutility of going farther. Some one subject, it is true, will become the prominent one in every man's mind, and it is right it should be so, for every man owes it to the world, to extend, in some direction, the circle of knowledge, if it be in his power; but the prominence differs from the entire predominance of one subject. A man may carry his researches in natural or mental philosophy, history, or natural history, beyond the common line, and yet by no means give up other subjects. This has been done by some of the most eminent men in all branches, — Milton, Newton, Locke, Coleridge, Goethe. If you read the works of Coleridge, for

instance, you will find continual references to all branches of natural and political science, and will see that from these he has drawn many of his most admirable illustrations, and gained from them that breadth and unity of thought which must ever distinguish him, despite his many faults; and the great German is a still more striking instance.

"But the habit of general and systematic study is by no means common among either great or small men. We are apt, if lawyers, physicians, or clergymen, to read upon no subject as we should read, except that belonging to our profession, and seldom upon that. Other subjects we take up for amusement, and lay them down again to resume or not as occasion occurs. This I would advise you never to do. If a work on botany or biography falls in your way, do not touch it, unless you see that you can pursue that of which it treats to some purpose; and, above all things, eschew the habit of standing about a library or reading-room, dipping for a moment into this book or that review, and then turning to another.

"Reviews are at times of great use, because they compress knowledge and give references, and also because they excite an interest in subjects that, but for them, we might never approach; but they are, to the student, edged tools, to be used with great caution.

"I would say, then, let your reading be *general*, but by no means *promiscuous or vague*. You may learn enough of nature to have the God of nature always before you, to value all that he has made, and from his works, to learn the many lessons of mercy, faith, love, and courage that they were meant to teach, and yet be what men will call a smatterer; for you need know few names, and may be ignorant of many standard authors. But I should think you far wiser to gain this smattering than to give the time spent in its gain to becoming perfect and thorough in the dates of history, or the minute facts of statistics.

"But, while I advise a large field of study, I beg you to guard against the too current practice of making a very imperfect knowledge of a subject enough, whatever chances may occur for increasing it; I would be content with imperfection, because general perfection is impossible; but be as thorough as you can be, and never think that you know enough of a subject when opportunities offer to increase your knowledge of it. There is an essential difference between the man that is content with a scant view of the whole now, because he hopes to perfect that view hereafter, and the man that is content with it because he cares to know no more.

"One more remark, and I close; in choosing your subjects of study, have your eye ever upon the great truth that should be our guide in every pursuit, and a full, ever-present, ever-influential faith, in which is the beginning, and body, and end of all philosophy, — the truth that we are *immortal spirits*. Having this in view, you will not, as some do, spend years in acquiring knowledge that cannot have any influence, as far as we can see, upon the eternal interests of yourself or others. Having this in view, you will never narrow your reading to the newspapers and magazines of the day; nor yet despise them, for they are your only means of communication with the great mass of your fellows. It is for want of faith in this truth, that the lawyer becomes a mere lawyer, the politician a devotee to the small interests of the time, and the tradesman a bondman of trade. Keep this truth, then, ever before you, by attendance on public worship, by private devotion, by the study of Scripture, by the study of nature, by reflecting upon your own powers, and going over again in thought your past life, in the opportunities and changes of which you may see the hand of God schooling you for the future, as clearly as you see it in the stars of night, the clouds of noonday, or the plan and formation of your own body."

But pecuniary embarrassments, — the frequent fate of literary men, especially in a new country, — and yet more the failure of health, once more compelled Mr. Perkins to turn his thoughts towards a country life. In the summer of 1835, he for a time proposed to seek a residence in Fayal, but at length determined to join some highly esteemed friends in forming an establishment for mining, milling, and manufacturing at Pomeroy, on the Ohio. Extracts from letters to various friends will give a vivid picture of his inward and outward state during the process of this experiment.

Cincinnati, February, 1835. "I said my prospects in a worldly way were dark. My publisher last week failed, leaving me unpaid for all my labors since August, and cutting off at once more than half my anticipated revenue. However, I have much confidence in success somehow. By success, I mean, in keeping above starvation; farther than that I never look. S—— has done much, and is daily doing more to improve me. She is herself an embodiment of simple cheerfulness and confiding love, and into my intellectual selfishness throws a light and heat which never were known there before. In her I have a never-failing spring of joy. . . . . .

"In the country I shall have more time for literature than here, and I shall use it; if I have any power to do good to others, and support myself in part, by what is always a pleasant employment, most assuredly I shall exercise it. To some it may seem to betoken a grovelling spirit to go quietly into the country and sit down there contented, — and my own kith and kin may raise an outcry; but I am of a different way of thinking."

May, 1835. "For myself I should like nothing so well

as to go quietly back to Lancaster or Northampton, and there spend the remainder of my days in silence. I love action, but it is action on a small scale. I hate chicanery, diplomacy, and every vile weed of the sort. Time was when literary ambition was a powerful stimulant with me; but another, and I trust a more correct view of life, and the wherefore we live, has, in a great measure, strangled this reaching after I know not what, and I am come to the conclusion, that the happiest man in this world is he that has but one great object in view, — no, two I should say, — self-improvement, and the improvement of his fellows. I do not mean mere improvement of the *mind*, but of all the improvabilities of our nature. The ambitious man, the money-hunter, and all those whose end is on this planet, are chasing, as I think, an *ignis fatuus;* they misunderstand the great instinct of human nature, which is a desire continually to rise, to improve, to be perfect. Therefore would I willingly sit down in any place, where health could be mine, and means of doing good and receiving good accessible, and live and die as little known and cared for by the world as now, — though but a few years since such a future would have seemed an earthly hell."

June, 1835. "I know but too well the misery of unsatisfied ambition. Plants, we are told, will force themselves from darkness into sunshine, and the instinct of the human vegetable to do the same thing is as strong. The love of power — of which I take the love of renown to be but an offshoot — is common to the whole human family; and more, it is, I believe, the peculiar privilege which distinguishes human beings from other creatures. It is in fact the most God-tending, if not God-like, faculty of our nature, but, like every principle, it may go too far. The whole secret of true success is to regulate it. He that makes notoriety the end at which he aims will assuredly suffer, because he does

not direct this principle aright. But the man who guides its action in accordance with his reason and his conscience will gain all the objects of his ambition, and gain them without one pang. . . . . I have gone into this sermon, because I have been in very much the same state of mind that you are in now, if I judge aright; and when so, was much assisted by the suggestions of a friend. In like manner I would aid you if I could, simply by leading you to reflect upon the true end for which we are created, and placed among the countless means that surround us in this really beautiful and bright world, — upon true eminence, and the true way of gaining it. It is a matter of surely great import, but there are very few, even among thinking men, who ever get clear ideas on the subject. I hope you will pardon my dryness, and not think me meddling."

July, 1835. "It is a curious matter to me to trace the manner in which I have been led through commerce, law, and almost divinity, to the life that I have coveted from my earliest days, that of a farmer. I have always felt that a hand, of which I knew nothing, that of Providence, was carrying me to and fro upon the face of the land, and I am now more fully convinced than ever that such is the case. To a certain extent, my fortunes are in my own hand, for it is character that gives character to circumstances; but I am in a far greater degree dependent upon circumstances. Had I not curbed the strong tendency toward being notable that once was in me, such a change as the present one would have made my spirit fret and kick, till mayhap it would have kicked away this underpinning of a body, and fallen into chaos. As it is, all seems in my favor. My chief want at the time of my advent to this valley of the West — the want of a wife — has been supplied, and had I searched the world, I do not think I could have found one better suited to me and my future situation. In her I have

a *model* — it is a strong word, but she deserves it — of love, faith, and disinterested activity, from which if I failed to learn, the very stones would hiss at me. A cold pattern of right-doing I might be insensible to, but a warm-hearted, living woman, who may often *do* wrong but always *feels* right, no one can resist."

August, 1835. "For myself, I am inclining more and more to silence and a domestic life. I have been editor long enough to be abused, ridiculed, reviled, and eulogized; and the trials of my temper, patience, and vanity have not, I trust, been profitless. But the notoriety in which some so much delight is to me a most comfortless thing; and though I shall continue to write, if I can find publishers, I do not wish to remain a professed literary man, for I have neither talent nor learning to support the character decently. The truth is, that the influence of two or three women has womanized me, and I am much more of a *heart-ist* and less of a *head-ex* than I was a year or two ago. I am more and more of the opinion, that a man of small ability does more good and fulfils his purpose better by unseen, private influence, — by loving others and serving those he loves, and in every thing raising his standard and himself, — than he does by a solitary, speculative, writing career, though much may be done also in the way of writing. Hereafter, I wish to publish nothing that will not, in my estimation, do GOOD; I want to have that object definitely before me in all I write, and to have support from other sources. My wife is admirably suited to my character in this respect. She lives in receiving and doing good; love — not to me alone, but to all about her — is the breath of her life. This youthfulness of character, this childlikeness, is the very antipode of my own semi-artificial nature; and by living with her, I have had my character ripped up, and am now making it over again in a new fashion, — *double-breasted*, and with a larger skirt."

Pomeroy, June, 1836. "And where, you ask, is Pomeroy? Look at the map, and you will find that it is in Meigs County, Ohio, six miles southwest from Chester, upon the river, just where it bends to the north. In this embryo town of Pomeroy, in the only finished and decent house in said town-to-be, I am staying with the Romulus of the place, S. W. Pomeroy, once of Brighton. In the neighbourhood of this dwelling, known as Butternut Cottage, are a saw-mill and a few houses; half a mile above it is another small settlement, and between the two I am about building a house, and overseeing the building of a mill for a company, of which mill, when built, I shall be agent and factotum. Our house will stand scarcely a stone's throw from the Ohio, upon a knoll at the foot of a high cliff and hill, the place being known in the history of Pomeroy as the 'Cedar Cliff.' Our plantation will contain nearly two acres, reclaimed for the purpose, from the original forest. Should you wonder at the extent of my farm, know, thou dweller in the desert, that, in this civilized part of the world, land is worth $500 per acre, though five years since fifty cents would have been thought a fair price. The cause of this rise in value, and the cause of my coming hither, and the cause of the town-to-be, is, that this is a coal region, and steam-mills require coal. Here, then, after all my changes, am I, I trust, settled as a gardener and a miller; and when I look back on my past life, I cannot but wonder at the path by which I have been led to this long-sought point. Had I been placed where I am now originally, I should probably soon have regretted that I had not been in trade to grow rich, or in a profession or a literary life to become known; but it has been so arranged that I have learned how to value all these things before coming to my goal. *Now*, a quiet life of simple pleasures and hard work is to my *taste* what it is to my *reason*."

June, 1836. "At quarrying stone we come on poorly. The stones are poor, the masons poorer; and were we not in extremity, I would not employ them. But, though the 'Old Serpent' send twenty hard Harts and hard rocks to annoy me, he shall not win the battle, nor move one hair of my patience. I am too well, strong, and content with whatever befalls, to willingly believe his Satanic Majesty can use me up more than I have used up the rocks."

"As to the name of our estate, let it be as you please. 'Cedar Cliffs' is pretty enough, but rather too high-sounding, and false, besides. Now, if I had remained a lawyer, I should not mind lying, but I don't think it becoming a miller. The commonness of 'Grapery' is the very recommendation of the name to me; for, being but a common place, and having but commonplace owners, I think a commonplace name most suitable. As for 'Rock Dale,' I would as soon call it 'Rock Cod,' which would be much more appropriate, as we shall have cod-*fish*, but 'devil a bit' of a *dale*. Upon the whole, I think the name had better remain in suspense for a time."

July, 1836. "I came to Ohio dreaming of a wife, a quiet home by the river, a small estate, a mill, — it is true, while at sea, I dreamt for hours of being a mill-owner in Ohio, — some literary name, and a library. It has pleased the Shaper of our fortunes to give me — at least in near prospect — all that I wished, and more, for I never dreamt of you, nor of a country life with the society we may have here. But above all, in my visions for the future I never looked forward to so great a change of character as you have wrought in me; may God bless you for it!"

"The worst of the business, however, is the deception, want of punctuality, and want of care, among workmen. I

have avoided much trouble by my constant presence and inspection, otherwise few things would be done well. What a mistake it is to get out of humor about matters; I have a teamster working for me that has not been good-humored one moment since he came; he 's always in a passion, 'darning,' and 'swowing,' and 'by Gosh-ing,' and would be worth some money to a large dealer in bonny-clapper, he looks so perennially sour. I pity such people, for I once belonged to the same class."

July, 1836. "It seems as if Satan had mustered strongly to disquiet me. My stone-mason is laid up, and my teamster is on his back; the horses have the distemper, and the work that should be cannot be done; then —— steps down last evening, and says that he should not be much surprised if the knoll on which I am building should one day slip or settle into the hollow, and our house be 'knocked into a cocked hat.' Hurrying to my labors again, a man tells me the river is rising rapidly, and will sweep my 100,000 shingles to New Orleans before morning; and, to comfort me under these prospects, I can look back upon — what think you? — a half-quarrel with —— in the afternoon! It happened thus. When the mill was finished, he was to have the masons, but as he had made no preparation for them, and I wanted some few stone to finish our cellar, I took them for a day. Well, in the afternoon —— came up to where we were working, and asked me, with abruptness, 'when I should be done hauling stone.' It was the first salutation. I said, I suppose, with still greater abruptness, but without the least consciousness of it, 'When I get enough.' This gave offence, as I soon saw, and he was departing in anger; but I took his arm, led him into the shade, and half laughed, half reasoned him into good-humor again. This adventure taught me to beware of my own bad humors, and to think of the characters of those I have to deal with. . . . . .

"But, despite all the Enemy's endeavours, I am little moved. What God wills, be it the destruction of all our plans and hopes here, or whatever it be, to that I think I can resign myself, though it may cost a struggle to do so. As regards ——, I was to blame, but I redeemed my error by a sacrifice of my pride, and that was all I could do. . . . . .

"Mr. B——'s letter I was very glad to receive, and shall write him again whenever I have leisure; but even in that there was one trial in what he says touching my writing for the Examiner, and Mr. W——'s opinion. It pained me, because *I know* that Mr. B——'s estimate of my intellect and character is very wrong, and wholly exaggerated, and in his warm praise of me to others I hear what will raise expectations that must be disappointed."

August, 1836. "I have become badly poisoned, probably with ivy, in clearing up our place. Yesterday morning the humor broke out more or less all over me, and from that time to this I have been really in agony from the intolerable itching of face, hands, and body. Dr. —— has prescribed an ointment of lard and sugar of lead, with which agreeable mixture I am now well basted. The worst of the matter is, that I have some twenty men to be looked to and directed, and am forced to hobble to and fro, feeling as if I were one vast mosquito-bite. I am glad, however, my dear wife, that you are not with me; you could do nothing for me; I am fidgety and cross, and I should probably poison you. Before you read this it will all be over, a matter of history to be talked of and laughed at. Even now, while in full virulence, I can improve it to my good, and cultivate patience and resignation as readily, and in as rank a *soil*, as I hope by and by to cultivate melons and cucumbers in."

Pomeroy, September, 1837. "Our worldly walkings and workings here have produced no fruit but certain potatoes

and cauliflowers, together with a small modicum of wisdom. Some four thousand silver dollars have dwindled, under the united influence of bad times and worse management, to four hundred, paper currency, ragged and very greasy. Our house — just built here, under the shade of sugar-maples and oaks, with the Ohio a few hundred feet before us, and the mighty sand-cliffs, that whisk us back into past eternity, behind — we are forced to sell at half cost; and having but just unpacked and settled, as we thought, must pack up again and take up our march for another corner of the 'Garden of Eden,' as we think it best to call this earth, in order that she may have no cause of quarrel. Whither we shall go is somewhat uncertain, but most probably on to a small farm of ten to twenty acres, somewhere in the vicinity of Cincinnati, there to raise potatoes and fruit-trees, and write articles that might as well not be written.

"I have always had a standard with respect to daily employments, that I have been trying, so far without success, to live up to. I want hard bodily labor enough to keep me in health; enough of business to exercise my order, activity, and perceptive powers, and leisure enough for reading and writing to keep me from petrifying into a thorough man of business. Having weak eyes yet, I am forced to find daylight enough for all these things, and this, as society is now constituted, is no easy matter. In coming here I thought I had attained my end, but bad advice as to cost of building, bad management on my own part, and somewhat unlooked for mishaps, have disappointed me. I now propose to try the experiment on a smaller scale, content myself with a log-cabin, literally, and make a bold push for independence on an income of $ 150 per annum! Such is a chart of my proposed course in a worldly way.

"Spiritually, I fear I have done scarce as well as in business. I have met some hard rubs, and my skin was too thin to stand them. However, I believe, all things consid-

ered, that both my outer and inner tumbles of the year past will help me in finally gaining the prize I am after, and that more speedily and certainly than an easier journey would have done. A great deal of latent selfishness still pervades my frame, and it wants a heavy pressure to force it out; and if that which has been on me has sometimes expelled it in explosive quantities, still so much of it is gone, which is a great comfort."

Returning to Cincinnati for the winter of 1837 – 38, Mr. Perkins at once set about fulfilling the humble plan sketched briefly in the last letter. He bought a few acres of ground, which seemed to present a good site for a nursery, on the Hamilton road, about six miles from Cincinnati, and made arrangements for building a cottage of dimensions as moderate as his hopes. Meanwhile, he occupied himself in visiting the schools, lecturing, preparing articles for magazines, and arranging a volume for publication. "I have just been writing," he says, "an essay on the new views of Zöology, which make the whole animated world one, and attempt to demonstrate its laws, as Newton demonstrated those of the inanimate world. The subject is a most interesting one. I propose, also, to publish two volumes, one containing the 'Constitutional Opinions of Judge Marshall,' the other 'Reminiscences of the St. Domingo Insurrection,' by my father, who was there during the whole. These I shall get printed when I go on to the eastward to learn my new business, the management of fruit-trees. By means of these works I hope, at least, to pay our way on and back, if nothing more. They may serve as an introduction, too, to such acquaintances as will hereafter enable me to earn something by my pen, for though

the hands may feed, the head must clothe myself and my wife, and we shall henceforth walk attired, not in silks and velvets, but in folio and foolscap."

Accordingly, in the spring of 1838, he returned to Brookline to superintend these publications, and to become for a few months pupil of his father, who was one of the most enthusiastic, scientific, and successful horticulturists in New England. In regard to his volume of "Marshall's Constitutional Opinions," he had the great satisfaction of receiving from Judge Story the following high tribute of praise: — "The list of cases is very full and perfect; the general plan is judicious and appropriate; the abstracts are accurate and satisfactory, clear, and exactly such as can be easily comprehended by unprofessional as well as professional readers." Notwithstanding this strong recommendation, however, and the general approval of his plan by leading jurists, he met with considerable difficulty in finding a publisher. The "Reminiscences of St. Domingo" was begun and half written, and proved to be admirably graphic and interesting, but owing to the untimely appearance of another work on the same topic, which seemed to forestall the market, it was unfortunately laid aside. His leisure hours he then devoted to an article on Carlyle's French Revolution, for the New York Review. "What a Mirabeau-like book it is," he says, "pock-marked, shaggy-haired, monstrous, original, yet alive from top to toe. You are against me, it seems, in not thinking its style affected, that is, assumed. I trust you are right, for an eruption on the skin is apt to be a sign of inward disease. But to my mind, the evidence that Carlyle adopted his peculiar form of speech because he thought it would tell, is very strong. At any rate, I fear that

his example will lead many to put on with malice aforethought a similar phraseology. Yet essentially the book is, according to Continental rules of criticism, a high work of art."

In November, 1848, Mr. Perkins returned to the West; and it was now that our intimate friendship was renewed once more by daily intercourse, — for, mainly owing to his solicitations and the hope of having his sympathy and aid, I had accepted an invitation to minister to the First Congregational Society of Cincinnati, and had already entered upon my work. The day after his arrival we walked out to Cheviot to visit his snug little cottage and his nursery-grounds, which he was anxious to put in trim for the next year's operations. It was one of the serenest days of the Indian summer, and silvery lustre suffused the heavens and softly flooded hill and valley. On our return we left the highway, and, striking to the south, reached an open grove on the southerly slope of a range of heights commanding the valley of the Queen City; and here, as we lay under the ancient trees, amid the unbroken stillness, with the plain outspread beneath us, teeming with creative industry, he told me of his life in this new world. It was a beautiful romance of reality, and I saw at once how a sensitive yet strong nature, nipped, as it were, by spring frosts, and dwarfed by eastern winds, had shot up and leafed and blossomed under more genial skies. The sternness, silence, listless indifference, which, on each visit of my cousin to Boston, I had observed gradually obscuring his manner like a fog, were now melted away into sunny sweetness.

He talked of the Great West, of its immeasurable

physical resources, from the prairies and oak-openings of Illinois and Michigan to the cypress swamps and vast savannahs of Louisiana and Arkansas, with majestic rivers from the Alleghanies on the one hand, and the Rocky Mountains on the other, rolling their accumulated waters through its midst, — its surface verdant and prolific inexhaustibly with a loamy soil, deposited by ages upon ages, and underlaid from end to end by coal, lime, iron, and various metals ; he talked of Fulton and Fitch, and the magic might of steam, by whose agency every watercourse was made, like a giant genius, a bearer of burdens and a swift express in ceaseless industrial interchange, and at whose touch the agricultural and mineral resources of the land were transmuted to manufactured wealth ; he talked of the pulse of emigration, which from surcharged Europe was pouring in an immense population to be reoxygenated in these great lungs, intermingled with fresh elements, and thence returned to renovate Christendom by hope, and liberty, and love ; he talked of the possible and probable future of this grand empire of united freemen, and of the responsibilities devolving on this generation, which was inevitably moulding a long future by the character of its institutions, manners, creeds, and worship ; he talked of the danger of mercenary inhumanity and earthly-minded politics amid such stimulants to selfish indulgence, of the temptations of lawless democracy freed from traditionary restraints and sanctions, and of the urgent need that every person of principle and power should consecrate his best energies to the introduction of Social Equality, Popular Education, Christian Brotherhood, and, above all, Spiritual-Mindedness ; and as he talked, it appeared how filled he was with grateful joy, yet solemn awe, in the consciousness that it was his priv-

ilege to be a fellow-worker in the very *heart* of this chosen nation.

Day by day, as I met my friend in society and public meetings, observed him in his relations to others, and talked with them about him, it became evident how high was the position which — quite unawares — he really occupied among his fellow-citizens. Nothing could have been more unpretending than his manner, as in slouched cap, carelessly-tied neckcloth, loose rough frock, Kentucky-jean pantaloons, and stout boots, which bore traces of long excursions through mud or dust, he exchanged off-hand greetings as he swept along the street,* or, with the slight alterations in attire demanded by merest neatness, entered with gracious demureness the crowded circles of society, or the quiet houses of friends. Wherever he might be, with a poor man on the corner, at committee-meetings for business, or in a "Semicolon" party, he was always himself, and quite unique in his singular blending of dignity and diffidence, of firm self-reliance and habitually modest estimates, of essential respect for all and utter disregard of conventional distinctions, of decision and reverence. A spirit of earnest intelligence, of downright good-sense, of interest in great aims and indifference to trifles, seemed to spread out from him, and clothe him with an air of quiet power. He took naturally, and as of right, the attitude of brotherly kindness towards high and low, learned and ignorant, men and women, young and old, and met all on the

* A humorous friend, while speaking of the striking contrast between Mr. Perkins's fine ideal head and his common dress and manner, thus, with quaint fidelity, described his style of walking: — "His head looked as if it was above minding the legs; and the legs looked as if they did not care whether the head minded them or not."

broad table-land of manly truth. This unaffected integrity and characteristic single-mindedness it plainly was that gave him such a hold over others. They bestowed more regard on him, because personally he asked for none; they relied upon his opinion, because it seemed rather wisdom, than he, that spoke; they obeyed his counsel, because he never laid down the law, but turned all inward upon their own convictions; they loved him for his kindly considerateness of others; they honored him because he was so humble; and it was a lesson on the inspiring influence of genuine good-will to see how, for the time being, he fashioned those around after the likeness of his own sincerity.

It was a pleasant stimulus, too, to observe his versatile ability, and easy promptitude on most diverse occasions. Always he seemed equally self-possessed and present-minded. Whether it was to tell a story to a group of children, to bear a part with grave jocularity in some play of wit with sprightly girls, to discuss among peers the current topics of the day, to consult with elders and influential persons on matters of moment, to examine or exhort a common school, to unfold by conversation some profound principle in religious meetings, or to address a public assembly, he seemed perfectly ready. His information was well arranged and accessible, his memory quick and sure, his powers of discrimination and combination duly harmonized, his imagination vivid, his judgment in equipoise, his feelings governed. He took the average tone of those around him, and by easy gradations raised them to the level of his own thought, neither dizzying his hearers by flights of enthusiasm, nor letting attention creep in commonplaces; he had a soberness of ideality, that never daz-

zled, yet threw a brightened radiance on every theme; he could be earnest without extravagance; he used, unconsciously, a rare skill in clear statements; he had a forefeeling of changing moods in his auditors, and knew how by gentle humor to soften asperities, by lively sallies to expose inconsistencies, or by rapid digressions to glide past difficult points; and finally, in private talk or public speech, he instinctively regarded limits, and felt where and how to stop. This consummate balance of inward faculty, tact in management, and self-centred power, admirably fitted him for leadership; and wherever he was, he led.

It appeared to be a sad waste of spiritual capital, that, at his period of life, Mr. Perkins should retire from active life, though doubtless there were considerations of health and of pecuniary subsistence which made his horticultural plan otherwise expedient. But it seemed as if he was just the man for Cincinnati, and Cincinnati just the place for him. His training had been so various and his spiritual discipline so searching; his very external failures had so wrought out his inward triumphs; his principles were so clear, and his aims so high; there was such a fund of rich life lying latent in him, and waiting only fit occasion for service of God and man, — that one could not feel reconciled to his comparatively burying his talent in the ground. All who knew him were of the same opinion. Circumstances beyond his own control had planted him in Cincinnati; his finest tendencies had taken root there and gathered nutriment; — why should he be transplanted just as the fruit had formed beneath the blossom, and was ready to ripen? He *must* be made to stay. But how?

Providentially the way opened, — the very way which

of all others he would have preferred, though he had never premeditated entering upon such a course. It had just been determined by some of the most philanthropic members of the First Congregational Society, chief among whom were Messrs. John C. Vaughan, Charles Stetson, and William Greene, to establish in Cincinnati a Ministry at Large, and partly by contributions among themselves, partly by aid from the American Unitarian Association, a small sum had been raised for the purpose. Learning that Mr. C. P. Cranch, who, in the absence of a fit agent, had accepted for a few weeks this charitable office, was compelled to return to the East and resume his professional duties, we consulted whether this would not be a suitable post for Mr. Perkins. That his comprehensive views of society, sagacity, business habits, benevolence, and practical piety qualified him for such a function, was clear; and also that the confidence felt in him by his fellow-citizens generally would give him a vantage-ground for introducing a novel plan. Would this ministry among the poor accord with his own convictions of duty? We could but make the proposal. "I remember well the day," says Mr. Vaughan, "when Mr. Perkins came into my office and said that he would undertake the Ministry at Large. He was truly eloquent; I never heard him more so, than when he spoke of the dignity of the station and the greatness of the work. 'Gladly will I *consecrate my life* to this ministry,' was his expression. And he did take hold of it with a wisdom and energy which have already done much for Cincinnati, and have been the means of quickening there a spirit of humanity that can never die."

It was in the winter of 1838 – 39 that Mr. Perkins entered on his MINISTRY TO THE POOR, and from that time till his death he was a living centre of charitable action in Cincinnati, from whose often unseen, yet efficient, influence flowed forth an exhaustless stream of wise beneficence. His first work was to become informed of the moral and social condition of the city, which he did by thorough personal explorations; and he immediately made up his mind that only by some united action, embracing all religious sects and political parties, could the reform and prevention of pauperism be insured. To this point, thenceforth, he directed his efforts, — first forming a visiting committee among the Unitarian society and those who were willing to coöperate with them, — then attempting a system of district visitation for the whole city and suburbs, — and finally, successfully organizing the Relief Union. At his entrance on his duties he found an energetic fellow-laborer in the Episcopal City Missionary, Rev. Alfred Blake, as well as in the Secretary of the Charitable Intelligence Office, Mr. A. Spiller; but afterward he toiled on very much alone, feeling himself hindered by sectarian jealousies among the clergy, though often cordially furthered by the laity, until he met with the devoted agent of the Relief Union, Mr. A. L. Bushnell.

How comprehensive were Mr. Perkins's aims in this ministry will appear in part from a letter written in the early spring of 1839, and from the Report of the Charitable Intelligence Office, which follow: —

"The mantle of Minister at Large has fallen upon me, and in this vocation I hope somewhat to realize that usefulness to which you allude as the crowning gift of man. The

field is wide and undug; my spade is dull and weak, but by care it may loosen the hard soil, or turn over that which the frosts of misfortune have already mellowed. Pauperism, Poverty, Infidelity, Vice, Crime, — these are five well-armed and most determined demons to war with, — true children of the world, the flesh, and the Devil, which, jockey-like, cross and recross their breeds for ever, to keep up the health of disease, and the life of death. Against these keen and bold warriors I am opening my works slowly and with care, and by the time you come back may have brought a gun or two to bear.

"By the time you come back, I say; for, in spite of all things, I think you will come back sooner or later. Come! we will see if we cannot muster men of talent, knowledge, wisdom, genius, and goodness here, enough to keep the city from putrefying. Bring back your cultivation, power, learning, and enthusiasm, and join us; we will form an 'Antiseptic Society'; you shall be spice, and I will be common salt, and —— saltpetre, and —— charcoal.

"Two hundred years hence, men will lift their hands over the blindness and fanaticism of our time, as we raise ours in wonder and horror over the persecution of the Quakers, and the burning of all heretics. It is very hard to realize that one is living at midnight instead of noonday; amidst darkness and not light; and yet I suppose that, prone as we are to think all knowledge and wisdom and power at our mercy now, we are no more at the end of Christian civilization than our fathers were when they first put on breeches of untanned skin. Look at the railroad, the calculating machine, the new style of engraving with sunlight,— when will such material changes cease? And for moral and social changes, are we not likely to upset all the old-world notions? Such desperate locofocos never were dipped in brimstone as the *best* of us — a few of you travelled gentry alone excepted — are becoming. It would make

your hair turn snow-white to hear the Radicalism that of a Thursday evening, in our vestry-room, makes the Unitarian church rock to its foundations!"

"Six months having passed since the 'Charitable Intelligence Office' was first opened, the subscribers think it proper to make some report of their doings to those who have so liberally given to them for the relief of the suffering. They would also take this opportunity of calling the minds of their fellow-citizens to the great subject of Pauperism.

"Few persons in America, very few in the West, yet realize how important this subject of Pauperism may become in a very short time. Its evils, physical and moral, are more or less known to all readers; but who is there that feels deeply the need of immediate and energetic action to prevent the rapid spread of those evils, here, in Cincinnati, or elsewhere in our rich and prosperous valley? And yet there is, at this moment, a very strong band of true paupers in this community, — a circle of them extending through the whole city, from Fulton to Mill Creek. And this circle, the high-school of vice and crime, spreads daily, as all rottenness does, and will lead to undreamed of troubles and expenses, unless dealt with at once. Every man in Cincinnati is bound to help in stopping the growth of pauperism; the man of property, because his houses and goods are endangered by it; the man of family, rich or poor, because it threatens with ruin his sons and daughters; the friend of education, because it is the deadliest foe to knowledge and labor; the Christian, because it is one of Satan's chief nets to catch souls with.

"Pauperism does not yet exist among us *widely*, as in England, Ireland, and Switzerland; but it does exist among us *deeply*, and in a very bad form. Scenes of more wretchedness and more depravity cannot be met with, we fear, in any land, than may be found now and then in Cincinnati

even, young and healthy as the society in the main is here! Very many children, more than any of us know of, are learning daily the lessons of iniquity in our midst, and teaching them to the children of happier birth in the great seminary of the street. It is a strange and a dreadful thing, but one of no unfrequent occurrence, to hear from boys and girls of ten and twelve, and even of six and seven, accounts, drawn from nature, of every evil practice, from simple drunken revelry down to theft and bloodshed.

"To aid in diminishing, or at any rate in withstanding the growth of pauperism, was our purpose in opening our office. We did not and do not wish to cause more *alms-giving*, for we are convinced that enough, if not too much, already exists in Cincinnati. The liberality of our citizens has shone out brightly during the past winter; through societies and through individuals, very large amounts have been given to the poor, and in general with very good judgment, so far as we are aware. Our aim and wish is to *combine alms-giving with measures calculated to diminish the necessity of alms-giving; to relieve the suffering, even of the idle and vicious; but at the same time to remove the causes of suffering.*

"It is plain that, to relieve the poor effectually, we must do away the causes of the poverty; to give an idle and wasteful family a barrel of flour will not provide them with bread for more than a few weeks, and if in habits of intemperance, much of it will be sold at half price for whiskey. But by any means do away the habit of waste, idleness, and drinking, and you truly relieve that family. In order, however, to do any thing toward curing evil habits, it is necessary to become well acquainted with those having them, to see them frequently, and to keep up a continued connection with them. As charity is often given, — by chance visiting, a little here and a little there, no permanent relations being established between the giver and the

receivers, — no opportunity is allowed for the exertion of that influence which may do away the causes of poverty. Nay, such charity too often weakens the feeling of independence, leads the receiver to look to others for support, and, as the same kind hand is not again extended, causes applications to others, the habits of begging, deceit, imposition, and evil.

"One great purpose which we have in view is, therefore, to establish permanent relations with those whom we assist, to become so acquainted with them as to prevent deception, to continue to assist and advise them the year round, and to bring them within those educational and religious influences by which alone their dependence can be prevented from producing evil results.

"We also wish to assist those in need by finding *work* for them; and whenever we can do this, we deem it a far better charity than any form of alms-giving. We would, indeed, ask the friends of right, and all kind hearts, to economize last of all in these hard times by taking their work from the poor. One dollar paid for work done is worth two given; better, then, give nothing, than do your own work and give every week. We would indeed ask how the Christian can justly economize by taking the means of support from a fellow man or woman, instead of giving up some of his or her own luxuries? Is it right, just, to use our comforts, and withdraw our work from those who need it, when times require that we must give up those comforts, or do our own work? It may at first be thought too much to require men to abandon their comforts for the sake of their neighbours; but if a man's neighbour is drowning, is he justified in letting him drown because he must plunge into cold water to save him? If a man's neighbour is starving, is he justified in letting him starve because he must give up coffee or wear homespun in order to save him?

"Our two chief objects have been, therefore, first to form such connections with the poor as will enable us, in some

degree at least, to withdraw them and their children from evil associations, and to combine immediate physical relief with continued moral relief; and second, to find those in need employment. We hope, also, that our office may be the means of uniting those engaged in benevolent action, and, through such a union, of preventing a portion of that imposition which now discourages so many who would otherwise be foremost in kind works.

"We have since October received contributions from seventy-two sources, mostly without solicitation. To all of these we would now return thanks in the name of those who have been relieved through their contributions. We have received money, flour, clothing, groceries of all kinds, wood, coal, books, bread, &c., &c. The names of the individual givers we do not publish, as we do not suppose any of them to desire it. To the sewing-societies, who have kept our wardrobe filled; to the choir and people of the New Jerusalem Temple, from whose concert we received one hundred and thirty-eight dollars; to the directors of the ball at the Theatre, from which we received fifty dollars; and to those merchants on Main Street, who sent us a Christmas gift of forty-six dollars, we may refer without impropriety, and would thank them for their kindness.

"These various contributions have been distributed among two hundred and sixteen families; some of whom have received very slight assistance, while others have been helped through the winter. Wood or coal has been sent to about seventy families, to several of them many times. Clothing has been given to more than one hundred. One hundred and sixteen pairs of shoes have been given, mostly to children to enable them to go to school. The rent of twenty or twenty-five families has been paid in whole or in part. Flour, potatoes, tea, coffee, candles, soap, rice, sugar, and many other articles, have been provided for nearly two hundred families.

"All the families assisted have been visited by us, with a few exceptions where they were brought to us by friends who had visited them. To none of them has money been given, the articles needed being always supplied.

"In addition to the above, we have paid about one hundred and eighty dollars for such purposes as the following: nursing the sick, sending deaf and dumb and blind children to Columbus, sending poor families to their relatives, &c., &c.

"Thus, during the past winter, we have tried in some degree to attain our ends. One of us (Mr. Blake) will soon leave the city, the other will remain, and attempt in the course of the coming summer so to systematize our information that he may be enabled next winter to act more effectually; and hoping by that time to bring about a more perfect union among the friends of the poor, he trusts with their aid to be able next year to do far more good than we have been able to do during the present.

"The office, during the summer, (i. e. from May 1st to October 1st,) will be open from 12 A. M. to 1 P. M. every day. The tenant wishes it to be considered free to all friends of the poor, city missionaries, &c., *at all hours*, for all purposes of a general nature, and would invite all such to use it freely.

"JAMES H. PERKINS,
ALFRED BLAKE.

"*April* 14*th*, 1840."

The liberality, open-handed, though discreet, which Mr. Perkins manifested throughout his ministry can never be fitly described, for it was known only to his beneficiaries. But in a letter to his wife, confessing his inability to make or hoard wealth, with a few touches he portrays what every friend knew to be his characteristic, as exhibited in daily walks. "Heaven grant I may always have the health to work with and for you, dear

S.; for I am a poor hand, — and I am thankful it is so, — a very poor hand, at making money. I say I am thankful, because I would not for the wealth of the world have my mind cramped and narrowed down to the dimensions of a money-maker's. May the same spirit ever be mine that now is, — a spirit that desires nothing more than independence of others; and, while that is secured, is willing to divide its last dollar with a neighbour. This is my *instinct*, and therefore I can claim no particle of merit for my prodigality, as some would call it; but I trust the instinct will remain." And after his death, one of his grateful friends thus wrote: — "One word I would add on my pecuniary indebtedness to Mr. Perkins, although, in his great kindness, he has repeatedly told me 'not to think of it.' I find in my memoranda a balance of $63.92 due to him. He was truly the good Samaritan to me; he found me buried by many misfortunes, at a season of destitution, with seven small children to support; and whilst unable to procure me any remunerative employment, he invited me with a brotherly unction 'to call on him and he would share with me'! The mere money may yet be repaid, — the *heart's obligations, never!*" Finally, Mr. Bushnell thus bears his affectionate testimony to the devoted labors of his friend: — "Previous to my connection with Mr. Perkins in the Relief Union, my acquaintance with him had been only by reputation, as a distinguished scholar, philanthropist, and preacher. But when I became associated with him in this great and good work of Christian charity and benevolence, — when I witnessed his self-denying labors and efforts among the poor, the friendless, and the wretched, — my previous esteem and high regard were increased almost to veneration. I loved his very

step, as I heard it approaching, and his voice to me was music. Never had I witnessed a more perfect exemplification of Gospel benevolence as explained in the New Testament by our great Pattern and Guide, than in the character of Mr. Perkins."

The Cincinnati Columbian well sums up the history of his benevolent labors : —

"In the early years of his clerical career, Mr. Perkins acted in a manner as Minister at Large for the city, in which capacity he visited personally among the poor and needy in all parts of the town, and became the almoner of many of the good of all religious persuasions. While engaged in these duties, his early business training came opportunely to his aid. He opened an office, in which he kept a register of the names of all applicants for either work or assistance, and, before dispensing to them the charities with which he was intrusted, visited them at the places of their residence, and ascertained whatever he could as to their circumstances and characters. He rarely gave money, except in small amounts for the immediate relief of hunger or sickness. He distributed clothing only where there was real nakedness, to shut out cold for the time, or ease the sense of manifest shame. He gave out food where he found it was needed to stop the gnawings of hunger, but only in limited quantities, as necessity demanded. LABOR was his gift, whenever it would be accepted by the needy and could be properly performed, and in order to supply this, he finally opened a regular intelligence office, from which he supplied widows with needle-work, servants with places, and day-laborers with such employment as he could obtain for them.

"Out of this beginning a few years afterwards grew that comprehensive charity, the *Cincinnati Relief Union*, of which Mr. Perkins was President from its organization to the time of his death. His experience as a visitor among

the poor and the degraded had taught him the necessity of an association such as this; and he worked with all his might and all his patience to build it up, to sustain it, and to make it useful in finding out and relieving virtuous want. In his last sermon to his congregation, — preached the Sabbath before his death, — Mr. Perkins presented anew the claims of this benevolent society, and gave notice that it was then in the immediate want of funds. He stated that it was of the first necessity that its excellent agent should be retained in his place, without whom its plans of relief would come to naught. He said that, for the period of the next three months, which would be the hardest part of the winter upon the poor, this would require but $125. And this sum, he remarked, he should be pleased to have his congregation assist him to raise; but whether they assisted or not, it *should be* raised, for he had determined to retain the agent for this length of time, if it had to be done out of means of his own.

"It was chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Perkins, engaged with a few kindred spirits, that the condition of the county jails of Ohio was investigated and reported upon several years ago, and some improvements effected in their sanitary regulations. And to his wisdom and perseverance is this community indebted, as much at least as to those of any other man, for the scheme of Houses of Refuge and Correction, which are soon to commence their useful services, and also of the house for the confinement and employment of juvenile offenders, now nearly erected, two miles north of the city.

"But there have been few projects of a wise, Christian benevolence, indeed, in this city, for the past twelve or fifteen years, that have not had the aid of his intellect, his heart, and his physical labor. To thousands of cheerless hearts he has carried the warmth of his own soul; to thousands of dark abodes, the light of hope and religion. He

has ministered to the sick and sorrowing; he has fed the hungry, and clothed the naked; he has visited the widow and the orphan in their affliction."

What is here said in regard to Mr. Perkins's services in promoting prison reform is strictly true; for many friends must remember the private influences which, in 1838, gave the first impulse to that movement in Cincinnati and Ohio. Judges Lane, Este, and Reid, Mayor Spencer, Messrs. William Greene and J. C. Vaughan of the legal profession, and Messrs. Phillips, Martin, and other energetic and benevolent men among the mechanics, took the lead in it; meetings were called, laws drafted, presented, and passed; plans were set on foot for inspecting the county prisons, and erecting new buildings on an improved model; and finally, though the plans adopted fell far short of Mr. Perkins's ideal, the work of converting the hells of convict torture into purgatories at least of penitence was fairly begun. During the protracted efforts needed to keep alive public attention, to collect funds, and direct legislative action, Mr. Perkins used every occasion to promote this cause of just humanity. He did not make himself prominent, but, as was his habit, acted through others; yet very much owing to his wise suggestions and patient exertions were these great measures successfully carried through.

His views in regard to prison discipline and the reformation of the young may be learned in part from the following paper: —

"In the month of December, 1838, a meeting of the mechanics of Cincinnati was called at the Court-House, to consider the present system pursued in Ohio with regard to the labor of penitentiary convicts. This system is known

as the 'Farming System,' and is marked by this feature, — that the labor of the convicts is let out by the State to contractors, who pay so much a day for every man's labor; by means of this labor they make any articles they please at much less cost than the common manufacturer, as they pay less than half the usual wages, and therefore are enabled to undersell the common manufacturer. At the meeting held in pursuance of the call above referred to, it was stated, that these contractors pursued the plan of producing articles of quite limited consumption, of which they could obtain the monopoly by underselling the regular producers, and so command the market. In this way, it was said, more than one manufacturer had been ruined, and the mechanics were called on to remonstrate against so unjust a system.

"Late in the next month another meeting was called upon the same subject; strong resolutions were passed, and a memorial prepared to present to the Legislature; and the general penitentiary system being brought into discussion incidentally, the meeting was adjourned, and a committee chosen to report upon the propriety of teaching mechanical labors in the penitentiary *upon any system.* The resolutions offered by this committee were discussed during several successive Saturday evenings, and the whole subject of prison discipline was thrown open. In the course of these discussions the following report was made: —

"'In old times, when a man wronged society he was killed, whipped, maimed, branded, or exposed in the pillory. Punishment was then looked on as, in a great degree, vengeance. In the course of time the views of punishment changed, and man came to think that criminals should suffer in order that society might be protected, not that it might be avenged. Thinking thus, and believing the whipping and exposure then practised to be little calculated to protect society or help the criminal, the Friends or Quakers of Pennsylvania proposed to substitute imprisonment in the

place of death and other direct bodily inflictions. The first movement of those excellent men on this subject was about the beginning of the Revolution, during the very years in which John Howard began his labors of mercy; but owing to the condition of the United Colonies at that time, nothing was done, and even after the Revolution, and before the adoption of the Constitution, three years passed before those who wished to call the public eye to the state of the criminal law succeeded in doing so; they did succeed at last, however, and in 1786 a reform began in Pennsylvania, by which the old code of stripes and torture was done away. From Pennsylvania Ohio borrowed the great features of her criminal laws, and to that we owe it that her statute-book is not defaced by provisions which still stain those of many of her sister States. In Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, the use of the pillory, the whip, and the maiming-knife were authorized by law as late as 1833; and in Delaware at that time poisoning was punished by a fine of ten dollars, an hour's exhibition in the pillory, sixty stripes well laid on, four years in prison, and public sale into slavery for fourteen years.* But in Pennsylvania, as we have said, reform began in 1786, and the penitentiary system was commenced by the establishment of the Walnut Street prison. The idea in founding this prison seems to have been this, — to protect society by confining the criminal, and to reform as far as possible the criminal himself, so that he might not be criminal again as soon as free. The idea we think a noble and true one, uniting policy and benevolence; but the execution of it was most faulty, for numbers were placed together, and unrestrained communion allowed. The consequence of this was, that the young and comparatively innocent were utterly depraved by intimate connection with the

* Beaumont and De Tocqueville on the Penitentiary System of the United States. Trans., p. 16.

vile and hardened. It was hoped that this consequence might be avoided by classifying the prisoners, placing together those of equal criminality; but this was soon proved to be impracticable, for there was no guage by which to know the souls of men. Some, also, were placed in solitary confinement, but they were left unemployed. The Pennsylvania system, with all its defects, was copied in 1797 by New York and New Jersey, and soon after by Massachusetts, Connecticut, and all the other States; the old punishments fell into disuse, and the State prisons were looked to with hope and joy. But it was soon clear that they would never bring about a millennium; indeed, there was every reason to think that they were schools of vice, producing evil, and little or nothing else.

"'This state of things led to new efforts in 1816 and 1817. In the former year the Auburn prison was begun in New York; in this, prisoners were to be placed two in each cell, and those who were worst were to be confined in solitude without work. In 1817 Pennsylvania undertook the penitentiary at Pittsburg, where each prisoner was to be confined in solitude without work. Both of these prisons failed of success; that at Pittsburg, because so built as to enable the prisoners to converse with perfect freedom, though not seeing one another; that at Auburn, because, where two were put together, as much, or more, evil ensued as if twenty had been, and those who were placed in solitary confinement without work sickened, became insane, and committed suicide.

"'Two modes of imprisonment had now been tried, —

"'1. That by which many were placed together, to work in common and communicate freely.

"'2. That by which each was placed by himself in idleness.

"'Both had failed. These failures led to the adoption of two new systems; that known as the Auburn, because tried there first, after the failure just spoken of; the other known as the Philadelphia system.

"'The Auburn plan arose in 1824, but who originated it is not certainly known. Its two great features are solitary confinement at night, and labor in common, but without communication through the day. The Philadelphia system is marked by solitary confinement day and night, with labor. This went into operation in 1829.

"'Such is an outline of the history of the American penitentiary system, and this history has shown two things most clearly; the one, that prisoners must not communicate, and the other, that they must be kept employed. Should it be asked whether there has been any change effected by stopping communication between prisoners, and keeping them at labor, we answer, the change has been very great. In the Walnut Street prison in Philadelphia, such was the discipline, that, when the first sermon was preached there, it was thought needful to draw up the prisoners in a solid column in front of the preacher, by whose side was a loaded cannon, and a man with a lighted match.* Under the new system at Singsing, a thousand men work unfettered at an open quarry, with but thirty keepers to control them.† In the old Philadelphia prison, the keeper kept spirits to sell to the convicts. Under the new system, water and coffee alone are ever used by them. In the Massachusetts State prison, so late as 1825, the prisoners were leagued with rogues without, from whom they received bank-bills which they altered from 1's to 10's, and from 2's to 20's. They also made false keys for their comrades without, and divided the profits.‡ Nor is the influence of the new system less marked, by the fact that, whereas under the old form a third to a quarter of those who left the prison returned again, under the new not more than one twelfth or fifteenth part come back.§ In

* Ch. Ex., III. 207.

† Beaumont and De Tocqueville, p. 26.

‡ Ch. Ex, III. 210.

§ N. Y. Report, 1828, p. 62. — Ch. Ex., March, 1839.

New York, some years since, pains were taken to trace a number of those who had left Auburn, and from one hundred and sixty who were traced, one hundred and twelve had become good citizens, and only twenty-six remained decidedly untrustworthy.*

"'But the great good of the new system is this, that it prevents the young, who are led into crime, from becoming utterly ruined while in confinement. Leaving this point, however, for the present, we turn to the inquiry, What species of labor shall the convict be employed on? Keeping in mind that one great end is to prevent the convict from becoming criminal again when free, we answer that it must be, if possible, a species that will support him when he leaves prison, and also one that will not necessarily bring him often into connection with other freed criminals; for it is found that most of those who go back to prison a second time have fallen in with fellow-convicts while at large.

"'Useless labor, such as that of the treadmill, is therefore to be rejected, — for it will not feed him. Stone-breaking, and employments which cause a wandering life, and which are liable to be monopolized by convicts, are also objectionable; more than half the new criminals have led such wandering lives, and the collecting into bands of those known to each other as criminals is much to be feared.

"'The professions we think out of the question, because the professional man more than any other asks for confidence, and none would confide either life or property to those fresh from prison. We might employ one of whom we know nothing good to make us a pair of shoes, though we should not employ him as a physician or attorney.

"'We find, then, but two classes of labor to which the convict can devote himself, the agricultural and the mechanical. Were it possible to employ him in agriculture while a pris-

* N. Y. Report, 1838, pp. 70, 72.

oner, we should think it by far the best life for him to lead, it being found that the freed prisoner who goes into the country is far less likely to return to prison than the one who goes to the city. Nor do we say that the prisoner cannot be employed in agriculture, though we see no means by which he may be.

"'In every branch of mechanical labor, however, he may easily be taught: and having learned any one, he may live thereby when free, may reach a respectability which the stone-breaker never can, and will not be thrown into many temptations, and with many associates, that the wandering day-laborer cannot avoid.

"'But our friends, the mechanics, say your State-prison competition will ruin us, and your freed convicts will disgrace and demoralize us. To this we answer by asking, if the mechanics of Ohio would fear the competition of any other five hundred men. Were it proposed to save five hundred young men from idleness, vice, and the penitentiary by making them mechanics, would our shoemakers, carpenters, and blacksmiths ask that it should not be done, because the competition would be ruinous? We cannot for a moment think they would, and yet these five hundred now in prison are no more than they were when out of prison. The truth is, that the competition of five or seven hundred men scattered over the whole field of mechanical labor would not be felt in Ohio, *were the products of their labor sold at market prices.* The fear of competition arises from the contracting system at present in vogue.

"'As respects disgrace to, and injury to the morals of, the mechanics, we think they will see the danger to be little. No man in this country can be honored or disgraced but by his own acts: neither blood, nor wealth, nor profession should or need determine the honor or disgrace of an American; by his own worth, and that only, must he stand.

"'Believing both the objections urged against teaching the

convict mechanical trades to be unsound, we are of opinion that he may be taught them with propriety and safety. At the same time, we see the difficulties connected with this matter, for who will employ the freed criminal ? We see great inducements to deception, and many dangers to the public, from the suspicion with which he is always, and necessarily, regarded. But we do not see the danger less in one direction than another from this source ; and the experience of the Auburn prison is in favor of the teaching of mechanical labors.

"'In closing this report, we would refer to three points of deep interest to our community.

"'One is the best means of enabling the freed convict to get a livelihood. Should the State give him employment ? Should it give or lease him land ? On this point we have nothing to offer.

"'The second point is the propriety of having houses where those arrested on suspicion, and witnesses who cannot give security for their appearance, may be detained. Such houses of detention are common in Europe, but the first ever built in this country has but just gone into operation : it is in New York. The propriety of such places, and the impropriety of sending suspected persons to jail, are clear : more than a fifth part of those arrested are not convicted.

"'The third point referred to is one which we would particularly ask attention to : it is the need we have of a HOUSE OF REFUGE, to which all *boys* and *girls* violating the law may be sent, there to be educated, reformed, and made worthy of society, and saved from a life of sin.

"'The first institutions of this kind were founded in Germany, by individuals, about 1813 ; in 1825, one was formed in New York by a society ; Boston founded one in 1826, and Philadelphia in 1828. Fourteen years of experience have proved these institutions to be most valuable. In them boys and girls of from seven to twenty-one and eighteen are

received and truly *reformed*; fifty in a hundred among those who have left them are known to be industrious and upright, — not five of whom would have been saved from crimes and ruin in any other way, so far as can be judged.

"'The call for such a House of Refuge in Cincinnati must be known to all those who are acquainted with the number of offences committed here by the young, and we most earnestly hope that this meeting will see fit to adopt measures to have the subject fully discussed and presented to the public.

"'As a condensed view of the opinions contained in this report, we offer the following resolutions.

"'1st. *Resolved*, That, if the convict can be employed in agricultural labor, it is desirable that he should be.

"'2d. *Resolved*, That the free mechanic need not fear the competition of the prisoner, provided the State do her duty; and need not fear disgrace or moral injury, provided he do his own duty.

"'3d. *Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting a House of Refuge for young criminals is much needed in Cincinnati, and that the public should be invited to consider the propriety of founding one.

"'4th. *Resolved*, That, for the purpose last named, a committee of nine be appointed to prepare a report and resolutions, and to call a meeting when and where they see good.'

"The question of prison discipline from first to last is of very deep interest and importance to us all, and the fact that most of those engaged in the discussions already mentioned were mechanics is most cheering. If such men will take hold of such questions in earnest, and, instead of suffering lawyers and political aspirants to use them as puffing-posts and party machinery, will consider and settle them soberly and calmly, we may hope for a political regeneration, almost.

"The question of prison discipline involves, —

"1st. That of confining and trying persons suspected.

How should they be tried? Publicly or privately? How should they be confined? Surely not as those convicted are. And yet, in most of our jails, suspected men, and boys, and women may be found, whose accommodations will not compare with those of the convict. In Baltimore, within the year, the jail-prisoners *had neither beds nor changes of clothing.* And where is the jail that is what it should be? Here in Cincinnati we now have a 'chain-gang'; an improvement upon the horrors of crowded rooms and idleness, perhaps, but generally destructive of the criminal who is put upon it. Why do we not have labor in secret, as at so many of the Eastern prisons? and why no House of Arrest for merely suspected persons?

"2d. The question involves that of treating the young, of houses of refuge or schools of moral reform. Upon this we say nothing now, meaning soon to give a whole paper to it.

"3d. We have the question of employing grown convicts in agriculture. Could the State own several farms with a penitentiary on each? Could men be kept at such work in silence and safety? This question is full of interest, and full of difficulty.

"4th. The great problem of penitentiary discipline comes before us; namely, to provide for the employment of the released convicts. To look at the present system, one would say that ninety-nine out of one hundred released convicts would be criminal again,— *must* be criminal again. The man leaves the prison; a suit of clothes, five dollars, and plenty of advice are given him, and what else has he? His limbs, his good resolves, his wish to live honestly. True, but he is known at Columbus as a convict, and no one will employ him, and he can scarce reach any other place where he would not be suspected and forced to deceive, without resorting to wrong means of support. The released convict is most truly a *criminal in the market;* the first buyer that

offers, the first rogue that will give him bread in exchange for evil deeds, may buy him cheap, for he must sell himself or starve. The great problem *for us of this day* to solve is, then, we think, this, — How may the freed convict be employed so as to relieve him of the necessity of deception and crime, and enable him to redeem his character?

"Is this plan feasible? Take of the prisoner's earnings enough to buy a small tract of land, put him upon that when free, and let him clear and cultivate it if he will, on these terms, — that it shall be his if he remains on it and cultivates it for ten years, and if he do not, that it shall then remain the property of the State.

"That some plan must be adopted is clear, if we wish the penitentiary system to work reformation of life, and unless that be brought about, the public is most poorly protected."

Warm as was Mr. Perkins's private sympathy for the suffering, the tempted, and debased, and faithful as he was in personal ministrations of benevolence, it would be doing injustice to his aims not to view these labors in connection with his principles of CHRISTIAN STATESMANSHIP, in the largest sense of those words. The prevention and relief of Pauperism, the reform of Criminals, were to him but branches of the living tree of Religious Policy. And in order to present his profound and broad convictions of social duty, — which were held not in theory only, but practically fulfilled, — it is right to quote freely from his writings. Shall not the day soon come, when, in all our communities, leaders, parties, and people shall be governed by like sublime, yet rational, aspirations for a heaven on earth?

1836. "WASHINGTON. — Where lay the greatness of

George Washington? Men of every land, speakers of every tongue, have united in his praise, and declared him indeed a GREAT MAN: why was this? Not because of his victories; few dream of placing him, as a soldier, with Napoleon: not because he was wiser, as a statesman, than all others; Burke was more philosophic, — Fox far more eloquent, — Pitt had more energy and resource, — Canning more learning; and yet Washington was a greater man than either. Yea, when the star of our freedom burned but faintly, and the most hoping hushed their fears, — even then, when, if taken, George Washington might have been hung as a rebel, — he was a greater man than any of those we have named. And why? Because the MAN and his greatness, differ wholly from the Soldier, or the Statesman, and their greatness. The person who, as a warrior, a politician, a writer, an orator, is greatest in the land, may, as a man, be among the least. The *trade* of life, that wherein most that are marked *are* marked, requires one power, or one class of powers, full and great; but the great *man* is he whose powers are all full, — who eminently lacks nothing in the outline of his character, — who, as a whole, most resembles God. That one may be a great Lawyer, and yet break half the laws of God, we all know; but, if he does break those laws, he is not a great Man; for he lacks much in the outline of his character; he does not resemble God. As a lawyer, a being of this world, a worm that may die to-morrow, a being without nobility of sentiment or purity of purpose, he is great; as a living soul, with capacities fitted for an eternal life, he is small and poor. Which is of most import, the lawyer or the man? Which is looked up to by the instinct of nature and the word of God? All know, if all do not say, the man; and where, as in Washington, greatness as a man has been made prominent, and produced vast effects, the world unite in placing it before all professional greatness. George Washington, then, was peculiarly

great, because he was great throughout. Moreover, he was professionally great, mainly because of his greatness as a man. It was not his military genius that made him master of our forces; he had not, in the French war, shown genius, but he had shown courage, coolness, modesty, diligence, self-reliance, humanity, and many other qualities which belong to the great man, be his calling what it will. And through our war, it was not the commander, but the man, George Washington, that carried us. Had his virtues been less known, and his character as a man less relied upon, the army would have melted like ice; and unity of purpose, council, and action would have been impossible. And as a statesman the same thing is true; he had nothing of the mere politician, learned in human weakness and folly, — nothing of the professed diplomatist, who would use men as puppets, — in him. He sat in the council as a man dealing with men. It was not the wisdom of books, of experience, or the promptings of genius, that guided him; it was the honest, heaven-born excellence of his own heart, more than a match for all the arts of a Talleyrand."

1836. "AGRARIANISM. — There is an outcry of 'Agrarianism' abroad, and everywhere we see the workingmen, or more properly the hand-working men, gathering numbers into parties. What do these things mean? and why are they?

"By Agrarianism we understand sometimes a disposition, and sometimes a system, that would attack the present rights of property. Not content with forbidding the law to aid individuals in the acquisition of wealth, it would make it strip them of their present possessions, and prevent future acquisition.

"The folly and iniquity of such a system need not be pointed out. That the right to the accumulations of industry, constituting riches, is the same with the right to the first

fruits of industry, which form the daily bread of the daily laborer, is self-evident. There never has been, and never can be, an agrarian community. Those Roman laws from which we take the name, related, not to private property, but to the public domain, as Niebuhr and Savigny have fully shown; and the attempt of the French madmen was, as a schoolboy might have prophesied, an entire failure. Were all men good Christians, there might be an approach made to that ideal state of society where none shall be very rich, and none poverty-stricken; but even an approximation to this state must result from individual principle, not public law.

"A perception of these truths has prevented any important *direct* manifestation of a levelling spirit in our land, but indirectly the jealousy of wealth among us is fully visible. Without being the advocate of either party, we cannot but see in the support given by the people to the administration, while warring upon the United States Bank, an evidence of this jealousy. The war, then, is already begun; and, unless the cause of this jealousy is removed, it will go on slowly, but certainly, till republicanism crumbles into anarchy.

"And what is its cause?

"In every erroneous system there is a germ of truth. No creed, however monstrous, but rests upon some reality. The error, like the fiery beard of the comet, may flame from the horizon to the zenith, and fill the eye of the looker-on, but somewhere there is an unseen nucleus. We believe it to be so with regard to agrarianism; we believe the general feeling, not that the rights of industry should be destroyed, but that something is wrong with regard to wealth, to have its origin in the misty perception of a great truth, and of the general disregard of it. We believe that in one point, at least, the state of society in our country is opposed to republicanism, and that this opposition is the parent of that

feeling of which we have spoken; a feeling far more widespread than most of us suppose, swaying many who would shrink from an open attack upon property.

"The great truth referred to may be stated in the language of Miss Sedgwick, in her most admirable little work, 'Home': — 'Talent and worth are the only eternal grounds of distinction. It will be our own fault, if in our land society, as well as government, is not organized upon a new foundation. Knowledge and goodness, these make degrees in heaven, and they must be the graduating scale of a true democracy.' The disregard of these truths we look upon as not only keeping us back in our national growth, but as also forming the root of the great prevalent hostility to property; and for this cause, that property, in the place of knowledge and goodness, is made too much the graduating scale of our democracy. This the moneyless democrat perceives; he feels himself wronged, and, to do away that wrong, inclines to, if he does not, join that party which would destroy the cause of wrong-doing, — wealth.

"That point in our social condition, then, (to repeat in another form what we last said,) which we think at variance with republicanism no less than Christianity, is the moral rank and influence given to mere wealth, but due to talent, education, and character. A dim perception of this variance we look on as giving rise to the common feeling that something is wrong, as well as to the wish of the agrarian to cure this wrong by the equalization of property.

"But some one may say, that wealth is desired for the luxuries and bodily comforts it brings, and not for the rank and influence given its possessor.

"As this objection strikes at the root of our whole argument, we must consider it at some length.

"Let the reader look back over his own personal experience, and then inquire whether, among the money-seekers whom he has known, the mass have been moved to labor

by the hope of better food or raiment, as a means of simple sensual gratification, or in the expectation that known wealth, costly clothes, and fine houses would increase their influence and standing. We would ask him to say, from his own observation, if the bodily comforts of the rich exceed those of the independent hand-worker. Do they not rather fall short of his? That there are some, mostly belonging to the dissolute and needy, that desire money as a means to sensual pleasure, is undoubted; and probably no poor man passes through life without wishing for wealth, as giving luxuries; but we are speaking now of the great mass, and of the permanent object for which they labor, not of a momentary impulse.

"Again, if a man of wealth were thrown into a community of true Christians, with whom wealth was no passport to rank and influence, would he value his riches? or would a poorer man of the world envy him there, as he would in the world?

"Again, why is there so much pomp and display made with money? Why are not the rich content to have warm and pleasant houses, and soft clothes, and to eat and drink in privacy? Is it not because they wish to have their wealth known and recognized? And why is this, but for the respect they know will be paid to it?

"There is a fact also connected with the hostility to wealth in our country, which may give us some light; it is this, — the opposition to the rich is not made by all those not rich, but by the hand-working men, as we have called them. But there are two distinct classes beside the wealthy; one consists of these hand-workers, and the other of clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and writers, many of whom are much poorer, and live in a much less luxurious state, than those mechanics who lead the working party. But this second class have no hostility to wealth, and, with the exception of a few discontented spirits, feel no jealousy of it. Why is

this? It is because a poor lawyer or physician ranks higher than a printer of equal education, talent, character, and good-breeding; his opinion is listened to, and has weight; the leaders of fashion speak with him, and the first men in the community receive him socially as an equal. But the printer has equally within him the love of influence; and when he sees one richer than himself in gold, but poorer in all knowledge and excellence, received with favor where he dares not venture, he feels wronged; he feels that he is degraded, while the other merits degradation. Reason, republicanism, Christianity, all assure him that mere money can give no man a claim to respect; but finding that it does give that claim with the world, he either goes into business to become rich himself, or joins one of the professions (which are consequently crowded), or cries out upon this false talisman that so witches men's eyes.

"And in England, at this moment, against whom goes the battle? Against the aristocracy, who claim rank and power, and not against the bankers of London. Or if the rich man is abhorred, it is the one that parades his wealth, and lays claim to distinction and standing, — that has his chariot and outriders, his box at the opera, and his princely park for the summer, — and not the old West Indian, that drinks his two bottles of Madeira, and smokes his cigar among the dusky piles of Bishopsgate Street. Each may have his million, but he is envied to whom the world looks up, and not he that enjoys himself in a corner.

"And in France, during both revolutions, the starving and mad mob, while engaged in sacking palaces, and destroying the marks of rank, refused to take the booty that lay about them.

"A consideration of these things convinces us that wealth is desired and envied by strong and energetic men, not as a means to sensual pleasure, but as giving a claim to moral influence and standing.

"We now come to the inquiry, why this is not a just claim, or why it is opposed to republicanism.

"The idea of a republic is, that men shall be esteemed according to their merit. Under other forms of government, birth, wealth, or even physical power, may form the standard of rank; in a republic none of these can have weight in themselves. Among savages, physical power is meritorious; in their view, the best hunter and warrior is the best man. Among the semi-civilized, where education exists, but is not general, birth is a half-guarantee of a good education as well as good blood. And when you come one step nearer our present condition, wealth affords probable evidence of industry, care, and moral habits, and is respected, not for itself, but as proving them. But in the perfectly civilized state it is not evidence of these things; neither does birth guarantee superiority of education; and brute strength ceases to be merit, save in the eyes of the brutish. A new standard is now erected, — intellectual power and culture, and moral character. Such is the law of republicanism and the Christian religion, as applied to social rank. The preëminence of wealth is also anti-republican, because in a republic the mass rule, but in no land can the mass be wealthy. Wherever civilization prevails, however, the love of influence is the ruling passion. If, therefore, wealth have preëminence, the mass will be against it; but the end of government is peace, whereas a republic where wealth gives influence leads to war; the two things are therefore in opposition.

"And what is the mistake which shuts out the great class of hand-working men from cultivated society?

"It is this: manual labor is taken as evidence of a want of education at least, while wealth and intellectual labor are received as proofs of the contrary.

"In this statement we believe the cause of the whole difficulty will be found. Because in Europe bodily labor,

ignorance, and vulgarity have gone so much together, we think them blood relations, and suppose the presence of the first cannot but bring in the two last. Instead of asking whether this printer or that cabinet-maker is as well educated and behaved, possesses as much talent and as high a character, as the lawyer or physician next door, we take it for granted that he does not, though every body knows that free schools, manual-labor colleges, and mechanics' institutes are giving our mechanics all needful learning; and as to manners, we doubt much if the court-house be a better school than the workshop. The presumption against farmers is going by, in consequence of the good sense of many young men of family and wealth, who have taken the plough into their own hands; but against mechanics the prejudice remains as of old.

"We have now pointed to the spot in our social condition where we think there is something at variance with republicanism. I have shown in what that variance is, and why it is; we now come to the question, Can it be remedied?

"The evil is, that an undue rank is assigned to wealth; and also, that an undue importance is assigned to employments; to both of which this common characteristic belongs, — that by the mass the profession or occupation is too much thought of, the individual too little.

"With respect to these evils, one of three courses must be adopted; they must either be left to run, as many would say, their natural course, — though we do not think the sins of artificial life ought to be thus put upon poor nature; or wealth must be equalized; or men must be taught not to respect mere wealth or place, but to consider the intellect, education, and character of each individual, known by examination, and not by inference from his business, as giving him a claim to social influence and standing.

"Which course should be adopted?

"If we take the first, civil war and anarchy are almost certain, for there may as truly be a civil war in the halls of legislation as the fields of battle. If we adopt the second course, we but take the shorter path to the same point, anarchy. How is it if we take the third? Wealth will neither be desired nor envied then as now; education and character, both attainable by all in this land, will be the things to which the ambition of all will be directed; the cry of agrarianism will die away; the professions will no longer be crowded by incompetent deserters from the mechanic arts; and well-behaved, well-mannered mechanics will rank everywhere as highly as equally deserving men of whatever station.

"But how can the influence of wealth be done away, and merit be made the standard of rank.

"It can never be done entirely, but we may approximate to it in many ways, and indeed are now doing so.

"To say that the spread of Christian feeling and principle among men will tend to the desired object, is but another form of saying that Christianity opposes the prevalent worship of Mammon; and yet there are many that would oppose what they thought a wrong in the commonwealth, but never think of opposing it by religion. Very few, it is to be feared, see that the best principles of policy are wrapped up in the teachings of Jesus; and very few, by making these teachings known in their remote consequences, would hope to heal the sores of a state. But we believe all good and statesmanlike and substantial policy to be based upon, and flow logically from, the grand principles of human nature, and its guide, the Book of Life. A dissemination, then, of Christian truth, a thorough and unsectarian development and application of this truth to every individual as a man, a citizen, and one member of a family, we believe to lie at the root of all reformation.

"Next to this in importance, we place the spread of education by manual-labor schools, where the laborer may be

instructed and yet not cease to be a laborer. The line now drawn between educated men and workingmen must be done away; the farmer and mechanic must be educated; by which we mean, not only that they must read, write, and cipher, but that they must attain to those ends to the reaching which those things are means. Education is not only to fit men to buy and sell without being cheated; it looks farther than this life and its profits. Education, in this sense, may and must be given to the industrious and enterprising of our nation; those whose misdirected, but honest, energy now threatens the rights of property, would then stand its friends.

"In the third place, we look to the efforts of the educated men in our republic. By their teachings, through the press, from the pulpit, the bar, the desk of the lyceum, they must fit this people for freedom, — Christian freedom, — pure republicanism, — when money will have no power except that which is its own, the power of buying so much labor or the results of so much labor. The reformation of feeling with regard to wealth, if it begin at all, must begin with those who have the same rank and influence with the wealthy. They are to blame if the present unwholesome state of things continues. They must first become freemen, and then break the chains of others. And they not only must teach, but practise; they must receive and respect the printer, of good manners and character, while they turn from the rich gambler, or the time-serving attorney. They must be willing to become themselves hewers of wood and drawers of water. Already is this done to some extent in the country, and the more it is done, the better for religion and the republic; a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and one man of educated and disinterested talent may give tone and standing to a great class. If the Russian Peter is to be honored because he became a shipwright for the mercantile welfare of his people, how much more deserving that

man who gives up present rank for the eternal and all-embracing good of those about him!

"We come, then, to these conclusions, that the respect now paid mere wealth, and the prejudice yet existing in favor of some and against other occupations, are opposed to republicanism; that the elements of warfare of necessity exist among us, our social condition being in these respects at variance with our political condition; that this variance is to be done away, not by taking from the rich the wealth that is theirs, but by keeping from that wealth the respect which is our own, and also by examining the claims of individuals to social rank, instead of judging, on the principles of other ages and lands, respecting whole classes; and lastly, that the great means to be used in this good work are the spread and development of Christianity, the thorough education of the leading spirits of all occupations and professions, the continual teaching of those now educated and influential, together with the practice by them of receiving as equals individuals from all lines of life, and also of bringing up to agricultural and mechanical pursuits many whose birth, wealth, and education would, on present principles, place them in the professions.

"To effect any thing in this great work, there must be the action of very many, and those strong and well-knit, minds. In the West, where society was born republican, where the farmer and mechanic may be always independent, where manual-labor schools are growing up rapidly, and where the prejudices of Europe have less force than elsewhere, we hope to see the experiment tried; here, if anywhere, we think it must succeed. A republican government, based upon a republican state of society, the world has never yet seen; before fifty years have passed, we trust that something like it may be the strength and glory of this great valley."

1837. "DANGERS OF THE WEST. — When Anthony Wayne forced from the Indians of the Northwest the treaty of 1795, this vast territory was thrown open to all that chose to flock hither. And who would naturally seek the wilderness? Not men of wealth, not men of high mental culture, but the enterprising and energetic poor: the shrewd New-Englander, the saving German, the warm-hearted but impoverished Virginian, — all that would gain bread or wealth, that would mend or make fortunes. The men of the West were therefore money-seekers; they knew and cared little for the elegances of life, and the voice of the Muses was as little to their taste as the whoop of the savage; even History was not listened to if she told of any thing prior to 1775.

"The character thus formed has since varied, but not radically changed. The West is still the land of promise to the needy, and men still come here to mend or make fortunes. Although the people are intelligent, although education is everywhere countenanced, although many men of refinement and polish have arisen there, yet is the mass bent upon gain. And even education, warmly and generously as it is supported, is half in the pay of Mammon; boys are educated rather to 'do well in the world,' than to become good men, and sincere Christians; and reading, writing, and ciphering are very much insisted on, because one cannot 'get along' without them, while a cheerful temper and forgiving spirit, and a tongue that hates deceit, are very excellent things, but by no means so important as arithmetic.

"Now there are two classes of money-seekers in the world. The first seek it as a means to some good end; this end furnishes their motive, and in gaining wealth they are developing their best powers. The second class seek wealth as the means to some end of doubtful propriety, or merely as itself an end; they seek it, too, with a spirit of intense devotion; it is ever in their thoughts, and in every thing influ-

ences their conduct. These men are narrowing and deadening their best powers; they lose sight of their immortal destiny, and, however Christian in profession, are practically unbelievers. To this class the mass of money-seekers everywhere, and in all time, belong.

"If this be so, then national wealth, although the cause of that civilization which is without, may be the destroying poison of that civilization which is of the spirit, and which alone is of value. To a Roman, it was a good argument against wealth, that it brought in luxury and national weakness; but to a Christian, there is a far more weighty cause for distrusting it; it is the individual moral torpor which it brings about. For us to have canals, and railroads, and mines, and to be devoid, as a people, of spiritual purity and spiritual strength, is to sell, not our birthright, but our souls themselves, for a mess of pottage. No truth spoken by the Truth-sayer is more practical, than that we cannot serve God and Mammon; and it should teach us, that whatever tends to increase and perpetuate among us the race of mere money-seekers tends inevitably to unchristianize us; and let us never be so short-sighted as to think that a people can be great, when the individuals composing it are spiritually wanting. The material riches of the universe could never raise from the dust a nation of dead souls.

"It is true that many men, and many statesmen, and many philosophers too, do not recognize that connection between the individual and the state which seems to us so important. They think that because the nation, as one, can be rich, powerful, and influential, while it cannot be spiritually-minded, therefore wealth and power are the only things in which the nation is concerned. But if it be a truism that the nation exists only for the good of those composing it, it exists of course for their highest good, and whatever is at enmity with that highest good must be at enmity with the true good of the state, for it is opposed to that for which the

state exists. But the intense spirit of gain, which fills a money-seeking community, is opposed to the highest good of the members of that community, for the essence of it is selfishness, and in its exercise the nobler powers of the soul are never called into action. However valuable, then, wealth may be when gained, it can never outweigh the evil attending its gain, when pursued in the spirit so prevalent in a new and growing country; and however heterodox the opinion, we have no doubt it were better for our railroads to be destroyed, our mineral wealth annihilated, and our soil impoverished, than for the present respect and appetite for money to increase, or even to remain where it is now. The present influence of riches is the predominance of the material over the spiritual; it is the sign of disease; and it is with grief that we feel that the means for spiritual growth which mechanical philosophy, wonderful natural abundance, and free institutions have given us, have not, thus far, been duly improved. It is with grief that we feel the noblest talents and purest characters of our country so enwrapped in merely worldly good, giving over all spiritual concerns to the clergy, and living six days in the seven as if Christianity was to them what the ancient mythology was to the philosophers, a bawble to amuse the multitude with; as if they knew of no moral vision that looks beyond this life, and immortality were a dream.

"If what we have said be correct, the people of the West have among them, naturally and inevitably, a dreadful foe to their best good; it has been born among them; it is their misfortune that it is in their households, not their fault, but it will be their fault if it be suffered to remain. Every patriot and every philanthropist is bound to assist in the destruction of this foe to humanity and to republicanism: to humanity, because the love of money deadens all of humanity that is not perishable; and to republicanism, because, while wealth is so sought and so reverenced, the poor will

envy and war against the rich. The mass must ever be poor, and, while riches are held out as the criterion of influence, that mass must be at variance with the few, so that an aristocracy of birth would scarce be more anti-republican than the existing aristocracy of long purses.

"But in the West, not only is wealth sought, but it is sought very generally in the worst of ways, by speculation. Whether speculation be first-cousin to gambling or no, we care not; one thing is certain, that the effect on the mind and character is the same, whether our fortune depend on a chance turn of a die, or an equally chance turn of the money or produce. It is folly to say, that all commercial and agricultural operations are affected by chance, for if this authorizes speculation, it authorizes gambling. The minds of a speculating people must be affected, and affected injuriously, by their business.

"The men of the West, then, have to contend, first, with a prevalent spirit of mere money-making, and second, with a disposition to make it short-hand; both these things are natural products of their soil, but, like many productions of a rank soil, are themselves rank poisons.

"Again, the West was born democratic; it did not feel or fight its way from loyalty to independence, but began in the faith that all men are born free and equal, — a faith well suited to a race of pioneers. One result of this faith has been, that the principle of reverence has grown weak this side the mountains, while the sense of self-dependence, and, as a common consequence, of contempt for all that is opposed to self, has grown strong. This is an evil; not a political, but an individual evil; not an evil that proves democracy unsuited for us, but one that proves it faulty. It is an evil because no principle of action leads more continually to improvement than a mistrust of ourselves, and a due reverence for others, and other things than those that we have; while contempt, based more upon self-esteem than

the demerits of what we contemn, is the mortal foe of advancement, and the very opposite of Christianity. It is better to revere what is in itself contemptible than to despise what is in itself venerable, and imperfect beings must err on one side or the other. One tendency of democratic institutions, then, upon individuals, is to unchristianize them, by destroying Christian humility and elevating Satanic pride, and the evil results of this tendency we see daily in our public halls no less than in our private kitchens. We see everywhere what is called self-respect, but what is too often in one station unholy self-reliance, in another, assumption and impertinence, and but very seldom that spirit of Christ which men call cowardice and mean-spiritedness.

"There is another evil coming from democratic institutions. As all can vote, and all be chosen to office, political rank and politics generally assume an undue stand in our minds. We soon mistake means for ends, and sacrifice great good to gain, what, at the best, can but lead to that good which we give up. The end of the state is to serve best the higbest good of its members; but in our anxiety to have some man brought forward, or some measures carried, we injure our own minds, and mislead all whom we influence, by a devotion to our object wholly out of proportion to its value. If as much had been said, thought, and written about subjects of lasting importance, within ten years, as has been said about the United States Bank, the character of the people might have been almost changed; but the mechanic lays down his hammer to read politics, the farmer quits his plough to talk politics; the merchant leaves his books half posted to demonstrate the folly of the veto, or the wisdom of the deposit removal; even the quiet student forsakes his books to follow this Jack-a-lantern. What if all the women should turn politicians? We should be shocked, because their characters, we know, must suffer by the turmoil and dust. And are men so different that theirs will not suffer?

What is an electioneering clergyman worth? How well does he fit himself to lead in the way to heaven? And shall we not follow our leader? Or are we of other clay than he? No; the truth is, that the great interest felt in politics by the mass of a democracy injures every soul in that mass, for it is an absorbing, selfish, earthly, unspiritual interest; and being such, it is an evil; it is opposed to the end of government, and political freedom is no equivalent for moral degradation. The slave of the Russian autocrat may be more fortunate in his chains than we in our freedom, if we use that freedom wrongly; and we do use it wrongly, when we *devote* ourselves to politics. But let us be understood. We are friends, not foes, to democracy; we speak of its evils, its common and almost certain evils; but even with these evils, we prefer it to any other form, with its evils. So of wealth; there are evils attending its accumulation, and all facilities to its accumulation, but it is in itself a blessing; and though, if it could not be separated from those evils, we should rather our lands were poor than rich, yet we believe it can be; we believe that men may grow rich, and yet not be mere money-seekers; and we believe, too, that they can live in a democracy, and yet be humble and give to politics but their due.

"While, therefore, we are in favor of the democratic system for this country and people, we cannot but see the dangers of the system; we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that our freedom makes us estimate liberty too often as an end rather than a means, nor our ears to the flattery poured out upon the mob by those who forget all but petty self-advancement. Our independence should be used to provide means for the growth and perfection of our people in character and spirit, or it is of little value. But it is not so used; there is no hiding the truth, that we are pre-eminently a physical and worldly people. Our common pursuits, our literature, our education, are all worldly.

Practical men and practical teaching and practical truths are all the cry, and by these things we mean men and truths fitted for this globe and this body, as though, when the last day comes, the sincere Christian, whose life has been one of toil and temptation, and who has borne all and done all, not for wealth or notoriety, but for the good of others and his own spiritual purity, would not be found vastly more practical than the richest merchants or most influential statesmen.

"In the love of wealth as an end, in the disposition to seek that wealth by speculation, in the self-dependent spirit resulting from political equality, and in the great interest taken in politics by all classes, we believe may be found the roots of most of the peculiar dangers of this country, and in particular of the West. Against those dangers all are bound to act, at least those that look for an immortality. And how can they act? By education, — the education of the young, and the education of the adult. By placing in the true light the value of wealth, national power, political notoriety, and political influence, as compared with a warm, open, pure heart, and a fair, inquiring, unsectarian mind.

"We need not cease to be merchants, because while trading we should keep justice and kindness more in view than mere gain; because we must regard the influence of every act upon others and ourselves as immortal beings, rather than the net cash profits of it. We need not quit politics because we must think of the eternal interests of those we affect more than our own immediate good. Washington was a man of business and a politician, and yet ceased not to be a Christian in every act, and the same is true of John Jay and John Marshall.

"It is a very commonplace truth, to be sure, that a man should be pure and kind, but it is not a very commonplace practice; nor do we believe that there is among teachers, writers, or influential men generally, any thing like a full comprehension of the tendency to antagonism which exists

between business and politics, and Christian duty. It is not that immorality, or that selfishness even, is apt to result from trade, speculation, and partyism, but that an unsound, over-anxious, worldly mind comes from them. Those powers which we call spiritual, because they refer to a future of pure spiritual existence, are unused by the common man of the world; he cares nothing for the ideal, the perfect, the poetic; that natural longing for these things, which exists, more or less developed, in every soul, has been pointed to the money-heap, the political office, or the niche of literary fame, and seeks in seeking them to be satisfied; it asked for bread and has been given a stone. In this truth may be found the explanation of all the complaints of the emptiness of riches, fame, and power; the very instinct that leads men to seek these things is that which should guide them to the true object, a Christian life. He that said to her of Samaria, 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst,' can alone quench that thirst for happiness, for power, for the infinite and eternal, and all the efforts of others can but hew out broken cisterns that will hold no water.

"These foes to the true civilization are to be met, I have said, by education; not by learning to cipher to the rule of three, but by a spiritual and religious education, — one that will lead men to change, not only their means, but their ends, of life."

1837. "PROSPECTS OF THE WEST. — We hear daily of the Great West. In what is the West great? What do men mean by this phrase? Some mean that we have vast plains and prairies, and giant forests, — lakes of sea extent, and rivers which an English tourist is said to have pointed to as truly great for a new country. Others mean that our soil grows much corn, cotton, hemp; many swine and oxen; and holds stores of coal, iron, lead, and salt. A third calls

the West great, because it will be the home of many men, will exert a vast influence over this land and the world, and may one day be the centre of learning, and wealth, and might. But there is a sense in which the West will be, though it is not now, great; a sense little dwelt upon, and worthy, we think, of some thought and remark. The West will be great, because it will be the seat of a new PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY, social, moral, political, religious, and literary. In this broad vale, where society was born republican and Christian, we may, with the eye of faith, look to see a CHRISTIAN REPUBLICANISM shaping and moulding all things.

"And what is a Christian Republicanism? It is not, in social life, a want of caste, and absence of rank; for as surely as one star differeth from another star in glory, so surely will those of varying tastes, powers, and habits walk apart from one another. In the hour of turmoil, the great deep may be broken up, and society, storm-shaken and chaotic, be devoid of all order and beauty; but when stillness comes back, the laws of social are as certain as those of mineral crystallization, and every layer, one above the other, will return to its place, silently, but surely. It is not, in politics, the absence of place, power, patronage; it is not that democracy which would, by rotation in office, place in the chair any and every man, nor that which would bestow office as a reward. It would, on the contrary, forbid the mass to hold place; it would silence him that shouted aloud of his services, and asked to be paid in power.

"The great idea, — as Coleridge would call it, — the great *informing idea* of republicanism is, not that distinctions, and ranks, and privileges are to be abolished, but that MERIT shall take the place of BIRTH, WEALTH, and PROWESS, and become the basis of an aristocracy; and *Christian* republicanism makes Christ the judge of merit.

"What is merit? It is genius, learning, experience, and, above all, character. It is whatever Christianity and the

good sense of the time may make it. Merit was the basis of the European aristocracy, at a time when might of arm was merit. The error, the fatal error, was to make that which can belong but to the man descend, as an heirloom, to his sons; in that hour the true principle of rank was lost sight of.

"We wish upon this point to be clear. We therefore again say, that to us republicanism does not oppose differences of rank; it does not teach that men are born equal, or are ever equal; it does not level, for to level is ever to lower. No, it leaves those that are high there, and seeks to raise others to them; it differs from other forms of government in this, and only this, that its standard of height, its principle of classification, is wide of theirs.

"The true republican, then, will not seek to believe, or to make those about him believe, that he and they *are* as good as any; his desire and struggle will be to make himself and his fellows as good, not only as others, but as the oracle within tells him they should be. When a place is to be filled, he will vote, speak, write, for the man best fitted for it. He will revere the wise, and good, and aged, as men of a rank above his own; he will look up to them; they will be, in his eyes, nobles. But you will say this is so already. We reply, to some extent it is; the mass *feel*, though they do not *see*, the idea we have spoken of; they cry aloud, 'All men are equal,' and bow to thousands; their acts mock their words daily, — and why? Because they do not think of inequality, unless in fortune, birth, and education; they mean to say, when they speak of all men being born equal, that no man, merely because of the condition of his fathers, is high; nor is, for any thing he may have himself done, entitled to other than the natural and certain results thereof. For instance, the son of Daniel Webster has not, because of his father's stand, a claim to any preëminence himself; nor, having equal merit with his father, can he

claim to give more votes than others, or receive a support from the state. But he can and will claim to exert a greater moral and intellectual influence than others, to stand higher and be more respected than others. And nature guarantees his claim, *for republicanism is the order of nature;* the aristocracy of a republic is the aristocracy of nature. It is an error to think a patriarchal government resembles a monarchy; the father rules on the ground of *merit*, not of birth; he rules on the true republican ground, and so does the sachem of the Indian tribe. And each of nature's governors, each and all, rule on the score of merit, — merit measured by the unenlightened sense, while with us, as we have before said, the judge of merit should and *must* be Him that inhabiteth eternity.

"This Christian republicanism we hope will one day abide in the West; it is the social and political philosophy which is to become the marked faith of this land. Old in theory, it will, applied to practice, be new; and though it must ever come short of the point of perfection, much, very much, may be done towards its growth and power; and much is doing even now, while we write.

"And a new religious philosophy is to spring up here; not a new system of religious faith and rite, but new principles of religious thought, feeling, word, and action. Unitarianism we do not hope nor wish to see the one creed here; identity of doctrine God never meant should be, for he gave us our minds, and placed us where we are; by the last he made us Christians rather than Turks, and by the first he made us Calvinists, Methodists, or Unitarians. Until the original and broad differences between men are done away, the same proofs, arguments, appeals, will affect them differently; and there is as little chance of their agreeing as there is that the herdsman of Bukharia will become Christian. He may be made so, and the strong bonds of temper and training may be rent, and far-sundered sectarians be united;

but such a union will not be general. One man is *born* a Socinian, another a Calvinist, a third a disciple of Emanuel Swedenborg. And never in this valley may the Sabbath smile upon a dead uniformity! Long may the follower of the Genevan here pour forth his unwritten prayer! Long may the clergyman of the Episcopal Church lose himself in the beauty and devotion of his most beautiful service, the Roman Catholic, in his vast cathedral, speak the words of truth and wisdom to those who, of all, most need them, the Methodist seek God in the wilderness, and the Baptist call aloud to him from the water-courses! We would not blot out one church, nor take from any the faith which forms his staff.

"The religious *ideas* which we hope may become the life of faith here are those of the Reformation, as they were in the breast of Luther when passion slept, and the strong voice of his own good and right sense spake out. Freedom from naked authority; toleration in heart as well as act; modesty, hope, faith, in doctrine and demeanour; appeals to the reason — not the understanding which rejects mysteries that reason receives, but the true reason which takes hold on the mysterious moral, as on the mathematical truth, and believes — rather than passion and prejudice; — these form the central points of that philosophy which, old in the world of thought, is yet unknown in the world of feeling and action; but which we trust may find a dwelling upon our plains, and walk unfettered among the green pastures, and by the still waters, of the West.

"Next, as to the literature which we hope may reign here, even before this age is closed; and which must, in a measure, precede the social, political, and religious principles to which we have pointed. What is the literature of an age and country? It is the mass of written wisdom and folly which has been created and chosen out to bear upon and mould the mind of that age and place. It consists of the

school manuals of the grown-up children; it is one means by which they educate themselves; and in this age is a very important means. The philosophy of a literature is formed by the general principles in harmony with which it is built up. The great ideas which we look to see govern literature in the West are, in the abstract, aged, and, alas! feeble also; but, in practice, are little known. They flow from the object and influence of literature, as given in the above definition; they regard writings as means, more or less mighty, to influence for good or evil all to whom they go; and of course look with a keen regard at all who write. Under their rule, even their foes would not be forced to silence; for that would be indeed to do evil that good might come; but all enemies would be won away from enmity. Is the literature of this age and land created and governed by the philosophy we speak of? When Byron's poetry runs afar on before Southey and Wordsworth; when Bulwer and D'Israeli are re-read more often than Edgeworth, and perhaps Scott; when novels too nerveless to live a poor month overthrow history, poetry, science, — is the literature of this age fitted to raise the age? We fear not; and if the time does go on, and not back, it is, we think, despite the leading literature. But all truth, whether of time, place, and act, as in history and science; of character and nature, as in poetry and fiction; or of abstract thought, as in ethics, — all can and should be so chosen and given as to work good. In all lands there is, at this time, a wish, an effort, to have such a literature; but nowhere do we think it can be looked for with so much hope as in the centre of this country.

"Having now very briefly sketched *what* the peculiar philosophy of the West will be, we proceed to say *why* we believe it will be so.

"In Europe, society grew from barbarism to civilization; and the shreds and tatters of barbarism are about it to this day. Upon our Atlantic coast, society was born republican,

grew up semi-aristocratic, if not in name in spirit, and was at maturity once more thrown back to its first state. In South America it began in aristocracy yet more rotten; and to this day is unsound. Now, upon the state and health of society depends the character of politics, religion, and literature, as truly as the state and health of society depend upon them; it is action and reaction for ever.

"But in the West, as we have said before, society was born republican; it first saw the light when the great ideas which we think are to find a home here were strongly spoken and written, though very little acted upon. The peculiar philosophy to which we have before referred was therefore from the first the philosophy of this section in a greater degree than of any other section or country.

"This, then, gives us good reason to say that here we may look for the more full development, not in theory, but in practice, of this philosophy, for as yet it is not fully developed; and, indeed, strong antagonist principles have been seen among us, and our dangers are equal to our privileges.

"Another reason which leads us to hope much from the West is the enthusiasm of the Western character. Enthusiasm is a virtue; a virtue much wanting in the New England character, and which not unfrequently runs into a vice at the South. At the West we find a medium; the warmth of one zone has combined well with the cool judgment of the other; and while there is enough of the former to produce great changes, and changes based upon abstract truth, and aloof from mere worldly interest, we think there is good sense enough growing up among us to keep such changes from excess.

"A third peculiarity of the West is, that men from all lands, with all manner of prejudices, habits, and modes of action, meet here; and the result of their meeting is, so to neutralize one another as to leave us open, unbiased, as a people unprejudiced; and therefore better ground for

the growth of good or evil seed than any whose modes and characters were fixed and stony.

"A fourth reason is, that in the West there has been of necessity much independence heretofore, and that independence, and consequent individuality, still continue. Men and women think more for themselves, are less under the influence of authority; they are not all of one growth, made after one pattern. In most lands, before the minds of the mass came to act upon politics and religion, they had lost their first individual freedom; here they have not to the same degree. These are our chief reasons for thinking that the philosophy or great principles of social and political eminence, of religious thought and action, and literary prominence, will *be* here what thousands have said they *ought to be* everywhere, but what they have not been anywhere. And if they are, — if the West shall make merit the test of rank, and grant rank to merit; if those great and influential doctrines of Christianity, which all revere, should find a home here; if free, fair inquiry, and spiritual toleration and charity, shall dwell here; and if our literature shall aid in the growth, and the strength, and the support of these principles, — then will the West, of a truth, be great. And be it remembered, that whether all this shall or shall not be depends upon the educated, influential writers, speakers, and actors of the West; upon their backs is the burden, and, if true to their duty, they will not faint under it. Theirs is the burden, and theirs will be the honor of success, or the disgrace of failure; — of failure, for failure may come. There are many and great dangers about us; these, at some future time, we shall attempt to point out. Not that they are hidden, but custom blinds us to them; and, indeed, what many look on as our safeguards, we fear may prove the source of our downfall."

1837. "MASSES *vs.* INDIVIDUALS. — There is a tendency

at the present day to attach too much importance to masses of men, and too little to the persons forming those masses. The good of the race, of the nation, of the state, of the city, of the circle, is talked of and made too prominent; it hides the good of the men, women, and children as individuals, having wants and interests beyond those which they possess as members of the various masses just named. We lose sight of the plain truths, that the mass has interests only because its members, taken separately, have them; and that they have also others, as simple individuals. We see that what is for the good of the whole is for the good of each part; but fail to notice that that is not the *only* good belonging to each part. The effect of this mode of viewing the subject is, that too many of us spend our lives in speculating about the advance of the species, and seeking to contribute thereto; or in reflecting upon the state of the nation, its wants and defects, and how to remedy them. We look at our neighbour as a man and a republican, and seek, in both capacities, to enlighten and advance him; but as an individual, having an individual character, temperament, and education, — prejudices peculiar to himself, and powers and knowledge also peculiar to himself, — we do not see him, and do not seek to improve and develop him. Indeed, it is very probable we may look upon ourselves as merely members of the race, the nation, the party, and the church to which we belong, and fail to discover that we have peculiarities, good and bad, that should be nourished or rooted out; and thus the most important part of self-education is neglected, and we go down to the grave, our capacities but half developed, our failings but half cured.

"Again: — Not only do we act too little upon others, in *their* individual capacities, but also too little as individuals ourselves. We come to them as members of some mass; we join societies, in order to do good; and our separate influence, though it does and must exist, is too little noted and

relied upon. 'A corporation,' says the law, 'has no soul'; and men of business tell us it is true; for corporations, though just, are not merciful; the outer rule of right binds them, but they have no rule of mercy within. Something of this same soullessness belongs to all masses and societies; and when a society performs an act, it does often but half the good an individual would have done by the same act. For instance, a poor man is helped by a society, — his want is supplied; but there is no fellow, no one person, to whom his heart springs; his gratitude is like that which thousands feel to their theoretic God; but go yourself for yourself, and aid that man, and you give food, not to the body alone, but to the soul, and the good you do is tenfold that done by the unthanked giver. Or, ask the mechanic whose mind has been, by turns, lifted by the tracts of the Society of Useful Knowledge, and the little volumes of Harriet Martineau, what difference of effect they produced, and you will find him to the individual teacher grateful; but the society is an abstraction, — a thing, not a person; he values the gift, but the giver has no nook in his heart; his intellect has been raised by what he read, but his moral nature has not been advanced by what he felt.

"Now, we hold all institutions of every kind to be but *means* to this one END, — *the full development of each individual in the community.* Banks, corporations, governments, all are means, — and means to this end. But the end is lost sight of. We argue about the policy of this measure, and the policy of that measure, but seldom attempt to trace out the ultimate influence of policies and measures upon the souls, the intellects, and hearts of our neighbours, A, B, and C. A boy is educated to be a lawyer, merchant, mechanic, or what not; but is seldom taught to make each and every employment of life conduce to his individual growth in excellence. As a member of society, he is taught to walk in this or the other path; but as a child of God, for whose

good society exists, he is not taught to walk. From the pulpit he is appealed to, as an individual; but where is it impressed upon him, that in every relation, in every situation, in every conceivable condition, he is, and must act as, an individual?

"Let us not be misunderstood. We do not wish men to act always with reference to their individual *interests*; but with reference to their individual *duties, interests, and aims.*"

September, 1837. "There is one great truth, which must be the root of vital action in this country,— that, under free institutions, reform must come, not from government or societies, but from individuals. Dr. Channing has illustrated and enforced this truth in many ways, but every day makes me more aware how little it is apprehended. With regard to the present currency question, for instance, it seems to be thought by those about me, that legislation can prevent such earthquake shocks of bankruptcy as those of last year. In a despotism, the action of government might prevent them; but is it not one of the most essential distinctions of a free nation, that government does not exercise control in such matters? So it seems to me. A national bank could not have prevented the catastrophe; it did not in 1824 – 25; it has not now in England. Even if our federal government had the power of creating a paper currency, irredeemable (as was that of England, till lately), it could not affect the matter greatly; the proportion of bills of exchange to currency, in a commercial country, is ten to one, and whenever individual cupidity is excited, individual credit will be locked up in forms that, for the time, annihilate it, and a terrible crisis must follow, not because the one of currency is gone only, but because nine of the ten of credit are gone also. No legislation can prevent this, and nothing but individual principle and wisdom can. Mr. Van Buren is right, to my thinking, when he says that a commercial overthrow which

affects London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, Alexandria, and Ispahan, could not have been caused or prevented by United States Banks.

"Upon the currency question, as one of political economy, I have seen nothing that satisfied me. I am little able to judge, but my impression is that the present administration, in their general idea of opposition to a currency resting on the faith of corporations, are right. If we go beyond gold and silver to a representative of them, it seems to me that nothing but a nation should make the representative for itself; the whole, as existing in the government, should alone have the power of making money, that is, issuing paper.

"On this and similar questions, I take more interest daily, although so little of a party politician as to be uncertain to which party I most incline. Indeed, I think every man that claims to think ought to follow Dr. Channing's example, and come forward in print or conversation, as his gifts may be, to assist in the well-keeping of the general mind in politics; and this not only because of the immense results, immediate and ulterior, of every great political movement, such as the annexation of Texas to the Union, but also because the most efficient form of national education must, for a long time, be through politics. Self-government is, and will be, a passion with the people, as military glory was with the French, — through that is the readiest access to their head and heart; those that read on nothing else, argue on nothing else, and study nothing else, read, discuss, and study politics. Make them, on that point, honest, far-sighted, spiritually-minded, and you make them so throughout.

"In your views as to the true condition of society *as it should be*, I most cordially agree. The cause why so many have failed to inspire on a large scale what succeeded with a few, was, I think, what I have referred to, — they relied too much on the effect of masses, — on government,

on rules, on creeds. One great point in the Unitarian faith is, that it speaks to you and me, not to a church. I don't believe religious corporations have souls any more than lay ones have, and spiritual truths fall dead on their ears. That something like a democratic, or — to use the true term — a Christian, state of society is to exist in this country, I devoutly believe. In the West there is much to favor the idea that *here* will be the main seat of this society, and I should not think the chance lessened if, for ten or twenty years to come, infidelity should increase here; — the night is darkest and coldest just before daybreak."

1838. "ASSOCIATIONS, A VITAL FORM OF SOCIAL ACTION. — In the physical world about us, we see forces of two wholly different kinds, namely, vital forces and mechanical forces; and, in accordance with this distinction, divide bodies into vital and mechanical. The difference alluded to is seen broadly in the difference which exists between a draught-horse and a locomotive engine. It is seen also in the difference between the warming of the horse's blood, and the heating of the water in the locomotive's boiler; or, again, in the difference between the movement of the horse's limbs, considered as levers, and the action of the muscles which give play to those limbs.

"This distinction, so familiar and plain in the material world, is true also of the mental and moral worlds. Thus, the common processes of arithmetic are mechanical, — so entirely mechanical, that Mr. Babbage has made his calculating engine, which is not only far more accurate than man, but is also far more profound, and has succeeded in puzzling even the genius of its inventor. But while this engine is thus mighty in mere calculation, the elements of which are *given* it, it is unable to *select* the elements necessary to the most simple process; there must come in the vital calculator, man. In music we see the same thing; by no very

complex process, the various notes may be combined to an indefinite extent, and every combination be, more or less, a melody. This may be done by wheels and pulleys, or by the mind acting mechanically: in truth, the most common form of musical composition is but a mechanical re-combination of the elements derived from old tunes, and might be as well done by an engine as by a mind. But not so with the melodies of the great Italians; not so with the harmonies of Handel and Beethoven. These men acted vitally in their compositions, and no machine, mental or material, can do what they did. In poetry, the rhyme and verse are usually merely mechanical; and all are aware how much of what we call poetry is called so because it has rhyme and verse. But the true poet is no machine; his very verse is alive: he does not count his fingers for his numbers; they, with the sentiments they embody, flow from his soul, —

> 'Spring to their task with energy divine,
> Laugh, weep, command, and live in every line.'

So, too, in painting, statuary, and architecture, we find those who, with mere mechanical industry, recompose pictures, statues, and buildings, from the materials about them, and those who truly create figures, faces, groups, and columns. The Greeks acted vitally when they built the Parthenon and the temple of Apollo near Miletus, and our ancestors acted vitally when from the Druid forest-trees they caught the idea of the great cathedrals of England and France; but we act mechanically, when, from fragments of these several buildings, we try to recompose a consistent whole, placing Gothic spires and Saxon towers over Grecian porticos.

"The power which acts vitally we call genius; that which acts mechanically we call talent. The man of talent will *construct* a most excellent lecture, address, sermon, or any thing else which can be constructed. But when the hour of earnest debate comes, and from the very centre of the spirit a word is needed to restrain, to compel, to calm, or to

rouse, then the voice of the man of talent is unheard, for construction will not do; not only a living, but a life-giving, power is called for; and while a thousand history-quarriers and masters of logic are as if dumb, some son of genius, who can create, lifts his prophetic tone, and the whole world follows him.

"And in character we recognize the same distinction. He whose virtues result from calculated happiness, here or hereafter, — who walks by an external law, instead of an internal faith, — who moulds his moral nature, as a potter the clay, — is a mechanical moralist, and has not yet learned the vital truth of Christianity. Utilitarianism, in every form, whether in the orthodox churchman, Paley, or the atheistic jurisprudent, Bentham, is mechanical, — inconsistent with what is called, in technical, but true terms, vital piety. The life of the Christian will be true, because truth is his life, not because truth will buy bread and cloth. Luther was alive, and so was Fénelon, his opposite in faith and spirit, as it would seem at first. Erasmus was, morally, a piece of clock-work, and so, in a great measure, was Benjamin Franklin.

"But the difference between vital and mechanical action does not stop with individuals. Many social movements belong to each class. Thus, in the French Revolution, the great outbreak was vital, but the constitutions of that time were mechanical, and could not work or last. So in this country the republican form is living; but in Mexico it is a mere dead image, moulded after our living form, and there it is powerless.

"But society, which lies behind all governments and social arrangements, and of which they are but the outer skin, is always living. If the skin die, it sloughs off, and a new one comes.

"It would seem, indeed, as if it were meant that society, like the silk-worm, should grow toward the perfect state, not

gradually and happily, but by fits and starts, with painful moultings, struggles, and sickness nigh unto death. To certain periods seem to be given institutions fitting for the time, but not growing as the body within grows, and so succeeds a season of revolution: not only forms of government, which are commonly the least vital parts of society, change, but social organization throughout changes; aristocracies cease, democracies come in, or democracies cease and despotisms rise.

"Thus, in its day, the feudal system was the vital form of social arrangement; but the day went by; the feudal system was no longer what the spirit of society called for; it was as the second skin of the silk-worm approaching its third state; it grew dry and hard, it no longer yielded, as of old, to the motions of the body within, but cramped it and cut it with its inflexible wrinkles, until at length the expansion of the social juices cracked the hard case, and the great worm was left to struggle out of its prison. This moulting is not yet through.

"Meanwhile, as it would appear, society demands, or rather produces unconsciously, many new forms to replace the old ones, which are nearly or wholly done away with in some parts of the world. It is one of these new forms of social action that I am now about to speak of.

"In all times and lands, it is noticeable that men have not acted individually. Even those individuals whose great powers have enabled them to do the most have acted through bodies of men, classes, and castes. Thus, in Oriental lands, a priesthood ruled; in Greece, a faction; in Rome, a patrician order; in feudal Europe, a church and an aristocracy. When Peter the Hermit roused Europe, he acted upon classes; when Hildebrand laid his grasp upon temporalities, he acted through his influence upon orders; when Luther effected the Reformation, he relied upon the common interests of many. The Church and the aristocracy were,

in the Middle Ages, strong enough to produce any result they wished. They were the true product of the time, and suited the time. Had a temperance reform been then needed, the Church would have wrought it. Had abolition been called for, the Church would have effected it. Had it been necessary to withstand democracy and revolution, the Church and the nobles would both have helped in the good work. Even now, in England, the reliance of the Tory party is upon the Church and the House of Lords; to them men look in the great warfare of conservatism with chartism and socialism. Now all this is right, and while we look the truth fairly in the eye, and see that we, in these United States, have no church, in the sense in which Rome and England have, and cannot, of course, rely upon a church, let us not sneer at the Oxford divines and their followers, who see no hope in this dark day of our mother country, save through the might of church authority, — save through the denial of the doctrines of individual judgment, which have followed the Reformation.

"But here the progress of democracy has been much greater than in Europe, though the tendency of all Christendom has been to give up classes, and corporate bodies of every kind, and to come to simple, direct individualism. In our government, we recognize only individuals, at least among whites; and in social life, the constant effort is to do away the castes produced by difference of fortune, education, and taste. The motto upon the flag of America should be, 'Every man for himself.' Such is the spirit of our land, as seen in our institutions, in our literature, in our religious condition, in our political contests, — for it is this antagonism to all corporations, all privileged bodies, and castes of every kind, which lies at the root even of the present political struggle.

"We have, then, in the United States a curious condition of things; no recognized orders, and no church, and yet much

of the same desire for action in masses which has always existed, and which must exist until ignorance and vice cease from the earth. One result of this condition of things has been the production of voluntary associations to an immense extent. I look, therefore, upon the system of associated effort, now so general, as a true and vital production of our times; by means of this system we strive to supply the want of a church and an aristocracy. It is a NEW FORM *of social development;* not a mere *mechanical* contrivance, which cannot last, but a true LIVING MODE OF ACTION on the part of society.

"From this point of view, all associated effort becomes highly interesting, and worthy of careful examination. Like other living things, it is liable to decease, and, with other earthly things, it will in time pass away, but still, like all that has life, it is God's work, and should be reverently dealt with.

"Three forms of *associated literary effort* are seen in our day.

"First, that which seeks to increase results by a division of labor. This is seen in our reviews, to which dozens of persons contribute, whereas, in the last century, Johnson, Addison, and Steele wrote their periodicals almost unaided. It is seen in the encyclopædias, to which contributors are counted by fifties, while, in the great works of that kind published a hundred years since, a few did nearly all the labor. We have now even a History of England, written by a dozen different hands; while libraries innumerable, the result of joint labors, flow from the press.

"The second class of societies consists of those who gather numbers, in order, by numbers, to affect the minds of men, as well as to act more efficiently for some one object. Such are the temperance, abolition, and various educational societies.

"The third class consists of those which aim to unite

men by acquaintance, common interests, and brotherly sympathy; not for any one especial object, but for the wide purpose of banding together in the cause of learning and religion those throughout the whole country whose minds and hearts are free to take an interest in such things.

"Religious faith is the basis of all social and all individual good. But religious faith will no more rest on authority in this land. Think of it what we may, individual opinion, and not the decision of a church, must give us our religion. There is something in this application of individualism to religion which is startling and terrible; and no wonder that many are looking to Rome again, as to the single beacon-fire which still stands above this heaving sea of opinion, doubt, and denial, — the Eddystone of the ocean of religious controversy. To us it appears they look in vain; that beacon-fire, to which the world once owed its escape from shipwreck, is doomed, as we think, to extinction, though the very storm which will overwhelm it at last may for the time make it burn the brighter. To us it seems that the whole course of things is toward the overthrow of authority, and the fullest reception of the doctrine of the Reformation. Where, then, is our safety? Upon what can our religious faith rest in this land? It must be upon the extension of intelligence and virtue, and upon the influence of true and good men over the ignorant and low.

"Through schools, through lectures, through the press, by professional labors, intelligence, reverence for what is venerable, respect for what is GOOD, love for what is *beautiful*, must be spread abroad. And who can do it? The Educated Men; and they only by concert and union. The writers of our country must feel themselves called on to work for their country and mankind. Literature must cease to be an amusement, a mere pastime, an ornamental thing, a luxury; it must lose its lightness and become serious, for by it are to be worked out serious results. Books have be-

come our pulpits, and newspapers our shrines for daily resort; if at those shrines we worship Mammon or Lucifer, and not the true God, woe, woe to us and to our country.

"I cannot think it a dream, then, that in our land religion must depend upon the diffusion of truth and goodness, mainly through the medium of associated action.

"Man, weak and sinful as he is, cannot possess even truth without making poison from it, as he makes whiskey from corn, — the water of death from the staff of life. In his hands freedom is distilled over into libertinism, and unshackled thought ferments, and becomes skepticism and atheism. Can this be prevented? Will external authority, political and ecclesiastical, prevent it? We think history proves it will not; we believe it, at any rate, hopeless to control by authority, in our time and in the United States. We see no course open for escape, except unwearied toil on the part of those who see our dangers, to spread, *first*, Christian faith, and *second*, thorough learning.

"To aid in spreading these, we believe God has given birth to the associated efforts of the day; we look upon them as *vital forms of organization*, destined, in connection with the scattered fragments of the Church, and the labors of individual men, to supply for a season the place of that united and truly Catholic Church, which, in God's own good time, may bring into one fold again the scattered sheep of our Saviour."

1849. "Free Institutions. We believe one half the world are puzzled by political views, because they have never been led to examine the self-evident, commonplace truths on which the science of the statesman, like that of the astronomer, rests.

"One such truth we take to be this, — that by free institutions we are to understand, not those of a representative democracy and no others, but whatever institutions are *best*

suited to secure FREEDOM to any given nation. A constitution like that of the United States, if given to Russia, would cease to be free in its character, because it would (at least in all probability) lead to utter anarchy, and consequent individual slavery of mind, and heart, and soul. The institutions of England, for England, are in the main as truly free as those of our land are for us. The representative democracy of France at this moment secures less freedom than the aristocratic monarchy of Great Britain.

"Again, the whole subject of freedom and free institutions is too commonly regarded entirely from an Athenian or Roman point of view, not from that which Christianity offers to us. Our speculations are pagan in their basis, and pagan in their results. It is generally the aim of our efforts for freedom to secure our own rights, but not so to place ourselves as to be able to secure the rights of all, and do our own duty to all. The great Christian doctrine, that liberty comes through obedience, that the whole value of liberty lies in its enabling us to be more and more obedient, and that whatever institutions favor the growth of a spirit of obedience to God are most truly free, — this great doctrine is unheeded, or denounced as slavish and degrading.

"Whence came that pithy motto which has been so often dwelt upon of late years, 'Our country, right or wrong'? It came from pagan patriotism. It was the very essence of Spartan and Roman virtue. But such patriotism is not farther removed from Christianity than is the intense individualism which asks at every moment, What are my rights? and seldom or never, What are the rights of my neighbour? And yet, by free institutions most men understand such as will give this very spirit of selfishness the fullest play, and count whatever would lead or would compel them to respect the claims of other men as so much liberty lost, so much conservatism and toryism left amid the freedom they enjoy. How can we explain the Red Republicanism of educated men

in France? How the strong reactionary spirit? They are both, we believe, born of the same practical infidelity, — twins of February, 1848. France, with all her Pope-restoring, is torn and ruled by those who are filled with heathen ideas; and hence the danger of her position, the impossibility of solving the problem of her politics.

"Nor is it far different, we fear, in Germany or Italy. The monarchs of Prussia, Austria, and Naples, in their vacillating careers, have been moved by no spirit of love for their subjects, no thought of the rights of the people over whom God has placed them; neither have those people, burgesses or proletaries, been more considerate of the claims of their sovereigns, or those of their fellow-subjects. The spirit which was present to so great an extent in the leaders of our Revolution, in Washington, Jay, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, — the spirit of Christian justice, the spirit which urged them to seek the good of all, to secure the rights of all, — is unknown, it would seem, in these European revolutions. That spirit has enabled us to approach true freedom; without it, we could never have done so. When our Revolution was in progress, the problem of our future was comparatively simple, because God's truth was in the midst of its movers; the problem offered by Europe is complicated and dark beyond expression, because in its heart are working human selfishness and human passion, and not God's truth.

"At the outset, then, of an inquiry into the nature of free institutions, we should call to mind these old truths: — that those governments are truly free which secure the freedom of the people living under them; that freedom lies, not in the absence of restraint, but in the power of obedience to God, in the power of doing our duty toward all men, and granting their just claims; and that free institutions are impossible among a heathen people, so that liberty in Rome now, if Rome be practically pagan, is as much out of the question as it was in the time of Tully.

"These, we say, are old truths, and yet we well know that many will not admit them. At the risk of being very tedious, therefore, we offer a few illustrations.

"When we speak of civil freedom, and free governments, it is always understood that we speak of something to be desired. But the liberty which is desirable for any man, really good for him, is not absolute liberty, freedom from all law, human and divine; — it is, plainly, relative liberty, freedom from all that cripples him, hinders his true growth, from all that keeps him down or drags him down. But the amount of freedom which is good for the man is bad for the boy; that which helps the Briton may prove the ruin of the Spaniard or the Sicilian. What is true liberty for one people, therefore, may be licentiousness for another; and those institutions which are the source of life to the former may be the means of bringing death to the latter. But if by free institutions we mean something desirable, and if no institutions can be absolutely free, how can we hesitate to give the title to those which best secure the liberties of the nation to which they belong, and to refuse it to such as lead to popular tyranny, the despotism of a demagogue, the dragging down and holding down of countless human souls, even though these things be done by a representative democracy, or a democracy pure and direct?

"But if the only freedom worth having or talking about is that relative liberty which is befitting the condition of the person or the nation, — if we are none the less free, when fetterless and at large, because the might of gravity binds us to the earth, and by its very bond enables us to move, to turn, to stand, to be free, instead of driving like leaves before the wind, slaves to the mightiest impulse, — is it not clear that the highest freedom we can attain to is obedience to God's will, obedience to the centre of spiritual gravitation?

"What is the essence of slavery? Is it not the power of

a fellow-man over us, by which our intellectual and spiritual progress is deadened or destroyed? Let us be satisfied, that to be absolutely under another's bidding will secure our progress most effectually in every thing that belongs to mind, heart, and soul, — in all that links us to eternity, — and such submission would cease to be slavery, or slavery would cease to be hateful. But no progress is possible without submission to the Infinite One; in obedience to him lies the source of all growth; his 'service,' therefore, in the beautiful language of the English Church, 'is perfect freedom.' But we cannot serve God if we fail to fulfil our duty towards all men, and their just claims on us. These things granted, — and they are but Christian truisms, — it is the simplest corollary that freedom and free institutions are impossible where paganism rules, even though it be in the capital of Christendom itself.

"But these commonplaces are not the only ones which lie at the foundation of a just understanding of the nature of free institutions, and a neglect of which, because so simple and self-evident, hinders or makes useless all our inquiries. It is never to be forgotten, for example, that governments, that political systems, are powerless by themselves to set a people free, or even to secure freedom when it has been obtained; but that in conjunction with social arrangements, educational and religious institutions, and the inborn character of a people, governments become of immense importance; all the other agents being comparatively uninfluential so long as the political system is adverse to Christian liberty. A just estimate of this mutual support which Social institutions lend to Political, and Political to Social, would prevent the exaggerations of the Associationists on the one side, and those of their blind opponents on the other. No representative democracy could enable a nation to live in freedom if the family were abolished, property made insecure, or religion utterly neglected by the state. But the home may

remain unviolated, the earnings of the citizen untouched, and Heaven be appealed to hourly, and yet the influence of a despotism like that of Turkey or Russia shall prove fatal in countless ways to the true liberty of heart and soul. Nay, it is not despotism alone which may prove thus fatal. The aristocratic spirit of England exerts upon thousands an enslaving power; the ultra democracy of Athens was as deadly as the tyranny of the Cæsars; and even in our own pattern land, and with a government which, for us, and upon the whole, is as good as man has yet attained, — even with us, despite of homes, and property, and religion, the popular element of our political condition, acting through the press and public opinion, strips multitudes of the freedom which they nominally enjoy.

"True views in relation to the connection which exists between Social and Political arrangements are, in our day, peculiarly needed. The masses of men have never sufficiently understood the worthlessness of laws and rulers to secure freedom when the system of society was adverse to its existence. Even now, the suffering millions of the British empire look to Parliament for that which Parliament can never bestow; trust to free trade as in itself a specific for the evils which spring from ignorance, vice, and selfishness; and almost hope to put an end to the potato-rot by the ballot-box. How constant is the outcry against the English government because it does not destroy the miseries of Ireland! and yet the main portion of those miseries England can no more do away by legislation, than she can legislate away the clouds which so often threaten her harvests. In our own country, even with the wide diffusion of knowledge which has taken place, and which has turned countless minds to the influence of social arrangements without making them converts to any of the schools of reform, — even in these United States men look to the election of a president or a senator with a vague hope that the triumph of one

party or the other, as their own views incline, will bring about results which can follow only upon social changes. The poor but ambitious mechanic, galled by the undue influence of wealth, trusts that the success of some anti-bank candidate will do away the inequality which poisons his life, and turns with contempt from the Christian, who would bring all classes together without regard to property, upon the ground of equal excellence and intelligence, as from an ineffectual dreamer, whose impracticable schemes will never remove the mischief they aim to destroy.

"But while, on the one hand, the multitude have too little comprehended the vast influence of social institutions upon politics and individual freedom, there is, on the other side, a growing body of thinking and enthusiastic men, who are disposed to underrate the power of political systems, and care too little for the machinery of government. To them the limits of the veto power, the theory of representation, the tenure of judicial offices, the mode of choosing judges, and a hundred similar questions, are matters of no moment. Social reform, land reform, absorb all their energies. They are not, what we wish the ultraists on either side would become, at once men of to-day and of the future; advocates for some small, but most needful reformation, and at the same time prophets of, and pleaders for, a reformation which shall go to the root of existing evils, and prepare the way for the second coming of our Lord.

"At the threshold, then, of our inquiry, we would keep clearly in mind, *first*, that those are free governments which secure the whole spiritual freedom of the persons living under them; *secondly*, that the essence of freedom is a complete capability of serving God and man; *thirdly*, that free institutions must rest on Christian, and not pagan, ideas of liberty; *fourthly*, that no political institutions of themselves, unconnected with social, educational, and religious appliances, can regenerate a state; and *fifthly*, that no so-

cial, educational, and religious changes, of themselves, unconnected with political reforms, are able to accomplish what is desired by us all.

"There is another thought, almost as simple and self-evident as the above, which meets us at the outset of our examination. It is, that true freedom, being the capability of serving God and man, is *not a mere negative thing*, the absence of slavery. Most men regard the perfection of free institutions as lying in the fact, that they leave every man in a great measure to do as he pleases; they neither hinder him nor help him; they are free institutions because they are, practically, no institutions at all. But to us it seems that a truly free government will have its *positive* as well as its negative side. It not only will not hinder, but it will help. It is not freedom to be let alone; *laissez faire* is not the motto of Christian liberty. The common saying, that the best government is that in which there is the least legislation, appears to us an entire fallacy. We do not want bad laws, despotic whims, or popular caprices; but we do need an abundance of good laws, whereby those things may be done which can be done only by a nation, — laws to secure the advance of the higher and less material interests which the individual in his selfishness so constantly neglects. We may trust every man to manage in a great degree his own commercial, agricultural, worldly matters; the *laissez faire* of the French merchants was sensible advice, for the children of this world are wise in their generation. But art, science, literature, education, religion, — these things need constant aid, countenance, support, from the nation. There are, then, when we come to discuss free institutions, these two questions: — What will hinder true freedom? What will advance and increase it? In the discussion of these two inquiries, were they dealt with in an exhaustive manner, every topic, we conceive, would be taken up which Grimke, Brougham, De Tocqueville, or any other writer, has consid-

ered, and taken up under relations that would make it far more intelligible than it can be when out of its natural and vital connection, just where chance brings us upon it.

"We have neither space nor inclination to pursue the consideration of these queries; but is it not plain that, with the Christian idea of freedom before us, we at once dispose of the first topic which suggests itself, namely, What are the adverse influences of despotism, constitutional monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and anarchy? Dispose of it, we mean, by instantly rejecting the despotism and the anarchy, as being deadly to 'the complete capability of serving God and man,' which we have assumed as the essence of freedom; and by accepting monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, as being, each for some state of society, some point of national progress, fitted to help, not deaden, this service of our Maker and our brother. If we are asked, Why accept them? we answer, because in England, as she has been and is, and in these United States, we see these three institutions upholding, securing, and forwarding the freedom that comes from on high."

1849. "Representatives and Constituents. — The people of the United States exercise a direct power, through the almost universal reception of the doctrine that the representative is bound by the instructions of his constituents. But it is a most vital question, whether such a power ought to be recognized by a statesman, or approved by a political philosopher. Out of fashion as it is, we believe in the view which makes the representative something much more than an agent. The essence of representation, to our minds, lies not in its convenience, — in the fact that, while all the millions of a land cannot meet and deliberate, some hundreds, who shall be the channels through which the wishes of the millions may pass, can so come together; but it lies in this, that the people of a neighbourhood can select their wisest

and best man, and do it with great certainty, while they cannot judge of details of statesmanship with any certainty at all. The wise and good man, being chosen, becomes, not the agent of those who chose him, but their representative; he stands in their place, and is independent of them and the world. We may be told that good and wise men are not selected, but violent, noisy partisans; and why? Because of this very doctrine of instructions; or rather, because of that overruling vanity and folly from which this doctrine springs. 'Measures, not men,' has become in practice the American motto, and no one can estimate the evil that has followed its adoption. Were the directly opposite assumed, it would be far wiser, — to think *only* of the men we elect, and nothing of the questions they are to determine. But this, we know, cannot be done. Into the ground of our estimate of a man's wisdom and capacity enters our knowledge of his views on certain great subjects; and we reject him as a representative, if he vitally differs from ourselves upon them. But this is a wholly different thing from dictating to him, after he is chosen, how he shall vote on the points in reference to which he, in all human probability, knows a hundred times more than any member of the majority that undertakes to instruct him. The idea that the law-maker is to obey orders causes us to send blockheads to our legislatures; and having blockheads, instruction, indeed, becomes needful. Could we return to the doctrine of those who wrote the Federalist, — could we make our public men leaders, instead of servants, of the people, — we should have more heroes, and fewer demagogues and flunkies, among the honorables of the land.

"The 'divine right' of the man of vast intellect and upright character to rule us is too little recognized. A Washington, a Jay, a Marshall, has a God-given power to claim our obedience. Carlyle's principle of hero-worship, within limits revealed to every man's conscience, we believe

in, though we cannot accept *his* heroes. But the opposite principle, of worshipping the most available, moulding the common clay into an idol, and bowing down to it, we utterly detest. We can sympathize, with all our dislike of his principles, in the election of a Jackson, but never in that of a Polk."

1849. "SOCIALISM. — The question as to the *true relations of* CAPITAL and WORK is the great question of the coming fifty years. No other, in our estimation, approaches it in importance. The Christian religion has worked wonders in the world, but miracles remain to be wrought. There have been mighty changes for the better in the relations between the rich and poor, since the Son of God made himself known by slow degrees to the minds and hearts of our ancestors. But after all these changes, we see only the more clearly, that the state of society depicted so vividly in 'Mary Barton,' a state which is coming nearer to us of the Western world with every day that passes, is not the condition of mankind which even a kind and just pagan would have approved, far less that which Jesus would have instituted. There must be, either by individuals in the *existing organization*, or by individuals uniting to *organize a* NEW SOCIETY, a far deeper application of self-denial, self-sacrifice, and obedience to the dictates of Christianity in the arrangements of trade and of manufactures, or the evils which now threaten England will envelop every portion of the globe which is physically progressive. Mr. Macaulay and others may demonstrate, by figures and tables, that the laboring classes are far better off now than they were in the time of Charles the Second; but his tables omit one vital element, — the idea of comfort and well-being which men have now, as compared with the idea of 1680. He whose views are high, whose tastes are refined, whose ambition and eternal nature are awakened, is tried, degraded, ruined, by the very same

life which would help and improve the tasteless, ignorant, sensual clown. In our age education, some degree of refinement, and, above all, the conception of rising in the world, are familiar to every man; but the physical independence and well-being of the laborer do not improve as fast as the requisitions of his immortal nature under the culture we give him."

This last-quoted passage, from the North American Review,* is but a part of the testimony which, amidst the present world-wide struggle between Industrial Feudalism and Organized Industry, Mr. Perkins felt prompted to bear, — and to bear, too, through the organ which addresses itself most authoritatively to the conservative classes of the United States. How far he had gone in asserting the claims of Socialism to respect may be inferred from the following explanatory note of the Editor, the publication of which is due to the memory of Mr. Perkins.

"Your article placed me in a dilemma. I had already written and printed in the forthcoming North American Review an article on 'French Ideas of Democracy and a Community of Goods,' which is as conservative as yours is — what shall I call it? — reformatory, progressive, radical. Yet I am persuaded that we both think much alike about social and political affairs, as we augur nothing but evil from institutions that are not based on Christianity. The proof of this fundamental similarity of doctrine under superficial differences is, that far the larger portion of the two articles can stand side by side in the same number without any danger to the reputation of the Review for consistency. But the whole could not thus stand, and I did not wish to

* For October, 1849, pp. 468, 469.

sacrifice the whole because opinions were expressed or implied in certain parts which I could not accept. I have concluded to take what seemed to be a middle course, and the best that was possible under the circumstances. Instead of sentencing the whole either to the press or the flames, I have printed nineteen twentieths of it, and burnt the other twentieth. I did not feel at liberty to put words into your mouth, but I thought you would prefer to say to the world a portion of what you thought, rather than to keep silence altogether. Your praise of the Tribune newspaper, a sentence or two in your remarks on the judiciary, and the concluding portion of what you wrote about the doctrines of the Associationists, are left out. The rest is printed as you wrote it, except that the want of space obliged me to leave out two of the extracts, and, in order that the article might not come abruptly to a close, I was forced to add a couple of sentences in place of your peroration, which I had left out. What is expressed in those sentences I have no doubt that you will agree to.

"But these points cannot be fully discussed in a letter. I have written thus much only to excuse myself for the omission of portions of your article. Your first purpose was to gratify Judge Grimke by a complimentary article on his work in the North American Review; and this end is secured by the appearance of the article in its present shape. On other points, I fear, an amicable difference of opinion must always exist between us. My instincts, as well as my reflections and studies, tend strongly to Conservatism, or Toryism, as some would call it, while your natural bias is towards radical reform. Yet we have both the same end in view, and in our choice of means we both rely upon moral and religious culture. You would try some form of Communism, in order that men might act out their Christianity more fully towards each other; while I believe that they must first become thoroughly Christian in their hearts and lives before any

scheme of Communism is practicable. When all evil passions are eradicated, when not only envy, hatred, and malice, but indolence and emulation and the love of exclusive possessions, are done away, men can live and work together like brothers, without the presence of those incentives which now maintain their activity. When they become as pure as the earliest converts to Christianity were, they can live together as those converts did, though even in *that* band were found an Ananias and a Sapphira." *

I shall leave the duty of explaining Mr. Perkins's relations to Socialism to our mutual friend, Benjamin Urner, whose high integrity in every walk of life gives weight to his words.

"*Cincinnati, July* 7, 1850. You wish to learn from me what were the relations of our late friend, James H. Perkins, to the Social Reform movement; how far he inclined towards Phalansterian, and how far towards Christian Socialism; whether his preaching turned much upon that class of topics; and if, in his philanthropic movements, and in his proposed new religious society, he seemed to aim ultimately at a practical social organization, &c., &c.

"I think I can confidently state, that Mr. Perkins was a Christian socialist, as I understand that term to be used by most writers. He certainly could not be classed as belonging to any distinct and well-defined *school* of socialists that has hitherto existed. He was neither a Communist nor a Phalansterian; but his discourses and lectures of late years turned mainly upon social reformatory topics. The substitution of coöperation in industry and commerce for competition was a very favorite idea of his, as a means of bringing men's daily lives into conformity with the requirements of Christianity;

* Dated Cambridge, September 1st, 1849.

and that was, I think, the only distinct socialist idea to which he had attained. The miseries and sufferings of his fellow-men, the evils of poverty and pauperism, and the vices and crimes thence resulting, seemed to be constantly present to his mind, and hence his interest in social reform movements. He held the belief, that there must exist a social science, but he did not believe that it had yet been discovered. Some six or seven years since, he delivered several lectures on Sunday evenings, from his pulpit, on Owen and Fourier, and their social theories, with the view of inducing his hearers to study and investigate the social question. He gave Fourier the credit of truthfulness, sincerity, earnest devotion of a long life to the good of his race, and the possession of profound genius; but he considered his theory fallacious, as being founded upon the, to him, erroneous doctrine of the essential goodness of human nature. Granting that fundamental premise to be true, he thought Fourier's system was profoundly plausible. 'According to the views of man held by Fourier, man wants the baker and the butcher; but according to my view, he is sick and wants the doctor.' So he expressed himself. Some three years since, Mr. Perkins called on me and inquired as to a fund which he had heard was being made up for the purchase of the writings of Fourier and of his disciples, for circulation among inquirers, and contributed to that fund voluntarily, and encouraged that object as one highly useful. When Mr. Allen was announced, in February, 1848, as having arrived here for the purpose of lecturing upon Association, 'Mr. Perkins made the occasion the subject of his discourse on Sunday morning from his pulpit, and urged his hearers to attend that gentleman's lectures, and to study the problem of socialism. He also joined Mr. Allen in his course, and delivered one lecture himself, in which he treated what he called the *common-sense* view of Association and Social Reform. These two discourses or lectures were reported and published here in

the Morning Herald, and I think they were republished in the Harbinger. In the constitution of the Relief Union of this city, — an organization coextensive with the city, for the purpose of relieving the destitute poor of the city, without reference to sect or class, of which society Mr. Perkins may be said to be the father, — in that constitution, as prepared by him, is introduced a provision for stated regular meetings to be held by the society, for the discussion of the socialist question, 'Whether it be possible to abolish pauperism, and if so, by what means; or, if impossible, whether some mode of relieving the poor could not be devised better than that of alms-giving.' And in his published discourse, setting forth his principles, objects, and plans of proceeding for the proposed new religious society, he also made provision for the same purpose.

"I remember hearing him make the remark, in a conversation some three or four years since, that the Fourierists seemed to him to be animated by a more self-sacrificing, humanitary, and Christian spirit than any class of men of that time. Of the universal prevalence of selfishness, social evils and imperfections, he was very sensibly conscious; and of the hopeless inefficiency of all existing political and religious organizations as means to a higher and truer state of man, he was also convinced. Of men's 'pietizing' on Sunday, and yielding themselves up to selfish tendencies during the week, he thought and felt as all truly enlightened men now do. For a great change in the state of man, individual and collective, he ardently aspired. But he had no consistent philosophic views as to the method of effecting the change. In the Phalansterian doctrines of passional attraction, of a divine social code, in harmony and adaptation to which man's soul is constituted and impassioned, of the possibility of so coördinating each human being to his fellows, to nature, and to God, as that universal integral development, universal unity, and harmony shall result, in

the absence of restraints and constraints of reason, — in this he did not believe. He seemed to cling rather to the common idea, that, in the formation of human virtue and the true Christian character, a conflict between duty and inclination is necessary. He seemed to trust in no method for effecting a change in the condition and well-being of mankind, such as he hoped for and conceived to be possible, other than that of persuading men to do rightly. We may know what right conduct is, unerringly, from the teachings of Christ; and to bring men's lives into conformity with the life of Christ, the means is an appeal to their conscience. This means having been in operation for many centuries, without resulting in the desired change, he hoped for success in future, not by the adoption of new means, but by a more vigorous and better systematized application of the old. In short, he was not a *social philosopher*, but a *Christian philanthropist*, who sympathized with socialism because it is in sympathy with his Christian philanthropy.

"Mr. Perkins frequently spoke of the inadequate compensation which many classes of laborers receive, particularly women, and argued that it was the Christian duty of employers and of purchasers to pay what the necessities of the employed required, not what their necessities compelled them to accept; and according to this rule he, I believe, practised. I remember selling him a ream of writing-paper, and naming the common price, but stating that the manufacturer for whose account I sold it authorized me to dispose of it for a less sum rather than miss making sales. Mr. Perkins insisted on paying the higher price, as probably the more just one. A more conscientious man it would probably be difficult to find than Mr. Perkins. He was, I believe, very reluctant to go in opposition to what he knew was pleasing to his intimate friends; but when he was convinced that duty required it, he could act with heroic disregard of their ill-founded prejudices. An occasion of this

kind occurs to me, which I will mention. The socialists and reformers in Cincinnati, on the occasion of Fourier's birthday, in April, 1848, celebrated the progress of socialism, as manifested by the French Revolution of February. A committee for the invitation of guests to the festival was raised, and Mr. Perkins was requested to give his name and services as one of that committee. He promptly acceded to the request, and invitations were accepted and responded to, which would have been treated with no respect had not his name been connected with them. By this act he became in a degree identified with 'Fourierism,' and persons who before could not hear the word mentioned with patience now began to think that socialism could not be so very bad after all."

The deliberateness of judgment, moderation, extreme caution, yet independence in obeying his mature convictions of duty, which characterized Mr. Perkins in the advocacy of socialism, were yet more distinctly manifested in regard to our great national problem, the *limitation and removal of slavery*. But here again my friend, so far as possible, shall be his own interpreter. The passages already given from his letters while in the West Indies will show how early in life his indignant disgust was excited against the institution of slavery; and the following extracts will prove how ready he was at all times, calmly, yet unflinchingly, to uphold what he saw to be the right. The remarks in relation to fugitive slaves are of special interest at a moment when so many prominent political aspirants have slipped on the leash of the slave power, and have volunteered as catchpolls.

1836. "SLAVE EDUCATION.—The so-called friends of

the negro may be divided into two great classes, — those who look on him as a brute, and those who think him a man. If the former wish him free, it is that he may have more yam, hominy, and sleep; the latter would break his chains, because the enchained man can never properly perfect the powers that belong to him as a man. One of the first class, after a visit to slave lands, will often defend slavery, because the African has better feed and a wider sty than the English and German peasants. Should one of the second class go with him, he would think of the palsied intellect, the strangled affections, the broken sense of right, and the entire moral stupor, that are scarce separable from slavery, however kind and Christian the slave-owner. The first would say, 'The slave is happy; he wants no more than he has'; the last would think, 'How miserable this man, that he *knows* not even his degradation!'

"To those who belong to the class of animalists, and who regard freedom as a means to present enjoyment merely, this paper is not addressed. We cannot go so far back, at present, as to discuss the question with them. We would now speak to those who believe the negro to be *in kind* A MAN, who believe freedom to be invaluable as a means to intellectual and moral improvement, and who believe it every man's duty to assist those properly within his influence to improvement, and therefore to freedom. To all such we state but a truism, when we say that, if to the slave present freedom would be the means of improvement, present freedom is his right; but if, in consequence of his unfitness to use freedom aright, or because of laws that degrade the free blacks, present freedom would not be a means whereby he may improve, that then it is not his right, nor is his master, by any principle, bound to free him.

"To the little child, present freedom would not be a means of improvement, and he is kept under restraint; to the idiot and insane man it would not be, and we confine

them, even when not likely to injure others; we confine them for their own sake.

"But though the parent does right to restrain his son, being a child, what would we think of him should he do nothing to fit his son to become free? Though he that has charge of a lunatic is not only just, but kind, when he binds his patient even with fetters of iron, if need be, how unjust and inhuman would all think him, should he use no exertion to restore the poor wretch to reason! And what is the slave? He is a little child, needing restraint, needing punishment, but more than all needing *education*. He is a man void of sense, whose limbs it may be needful to fetter, that he may be cured of his disease, and fitted to serve and to advance himself.

"If the negro be in kind a man; if man be immortal, and destined ever to advance in intellectual and moral perfectness; if to this advancement freedom of will and self-dependence be essential; and if it be every man's duty to assist his fellows, — then it must be that the negro, however degraded and unworthy *now* to be free, still has the right, not to liberty, but to that *process which will fit him for liberty*; and it must also be the duty of all that can influence him to urge their influence to this end; it must be that the slave-owner is bound to educate him, — that those who can influence the slave-holder are bound to enforce this duty.

"In this faith we speak, not as abolitionists, not as agitators, not as wishing to excite in any passion or unkind feeling, but as Christians, who think the African a man, having the privileges of a man, and, above all, the privilege of improvement. We are for *ulterior freedom* and *immediate action* that will fit for freedom. Were we now in New England, however, even this opinion we should think it unwise to publish; but standing as we do, upon the limits of the Slave States, and knowing that, of the little circle our voice will reach, many are slave-holders, we speak with

more boldness than if afar off; for we have no fear that calm argument addressed to the slave-holders, and published in a Slave State, will be mistaken by any for agitation. But while we say this, we would dissent wholly from the doctrine that slavery is a mere *political* question. It is, and the laws of all Europe and America relative to the slave-trade recognize it as being, a MORAL question, in which every man, as a man, is interested. The means by which slavery shall be done away in any State belong to politics and that State; the propriety and duty of doing it away belong to morals and the race.

"We are, as we have said, for an education which will fit the slave for freedom. By this we do not mean that he should learn at once to read and write; that he should study geography, grammar, and arithmetic. No; the education which the bondman needs is that of the *character*, — that which will govern action. A judicious father educates his son by teaching him to restrain his impulses, to seek his best interests, to follow the path of duty; little by little he lifts him to manhood, giving him one right after another, and ever-increasing freedom, until imperceptibly all restraint is done away. In many of the West India Islands the British government acted on this system; it forbade excessive punishment; it gave the slave a right to prosecute his master; it appointed 'protectors of the slave'; it gave every slave so much time, so much land, a day to sell the produce, and a right to carry it to market, — the proceeds were all his own. Many of the planters carried on a continued traffic with their own slaves, and paid them daily for eggs, poultry, and fruit. In this way the slave learned to respect the rights of others, in order that they might respect his; he learned to labor for his own good, and to love labor, so directed; he found it needful to restrain his impulses, and adopt *principles* of action; self-dependence, foresight, and forethought became familiar to him; he saw the value of justice, of confidence,

of morality; his moral powers were developed; he became more and more a man, and more and more fitted for perfect liberty; and when, upon the 1st of August, 1834, the slaves of Antigua, where there were fifteen to every white man, were made absolutely free, what was the consequence? Neither bloodshed nor tumult, but a continuance, and even increase, of prosperity; the slaves had become men, and like men acted and labored.

"Such was the effect of governmental education; but that of the individual slave-owner may do infinitely more. An instance of very thorough and effectual education of this kind came to our knowledge some years since. A gentleman in Cuba was called upon to take charge of a plantation upon which were three or four hundred negroes of a notoriously bad character. His resort was at once to the whip, and he soon distinguished himself by his severity. But having observed the absence of all proper feeling in the slaves, and rightly supposing this to be in a great measure the cause of their misbehaviour, he set about a reform. First, he made them acquainted with their rights under the Spanish law, and also with his rights; he gave them warning that he should punish them if they interfered with his, and showed them how to obtain redress if he meddled with theirs. He next made known to them a code of laws for the estate, giving them rights not given by the law of the island. By this code he made it penal for any white man to insult or violate the wife or daughter of any slave; to take property from any; to strike any, unless with the appointed instrument of punishment, and, except in urgent cases, after a trial before him; the women were governed by female drivers, and punished only by women; theft, adultery, and other crimes among the slaves themselves were punished severely; every morning, like an Eastern sovereign, he held court, heard all complaints, received the evidence of all parties, and did justice as he best might. Punishment, by

this system, became inevitable, and was recognized as justice, and not revenge. By pursuing this system thoroughly, by placing confidence in those that deserved it, and by never deceiving them himself, he in a few years brought his refractory blacks to such a state, that the whip was abandoned; the desire to gain the good opinion of, and to stand fair with, their fellows made all work cheerfully; and a friend who visited the plantation two years since told us he had seen a slave faint in the field, rather than be supposed desirous of 'shirking.' Indeed, so strong was the feeling of duty among the slaves, that a rebellious one was put down at once by his fellows; he could not withstand the public opinion among them.

"Any one acquainted with the course pursued by Fellenberg in the education of the low and vicious of Switzerland, will recognize the system we have just sketched as being essentially the same; in both cases the result was successful.

"But, alas! there are few like Fellenberg, and fewer, perhaps, like the planter of whom we have spoken. The main hope for the education of the slaves rests upon the legislatures of the Slave-holding States. Let them take measures to learn exactly what has been the result of protective measures in other slave lands; let them, from the experience of others, satisfy themselves that it is sound policy, as well as Christian duty, to elevate the enslaved black, and we may then have some faint hope of seeing the bond go free; but we cannot discern even a ray of hope in any other direction.

"As, by the supposition, all fear of trouble and bloodshed from the mode of emancipation proposed will be done away, the only objection remaining to the freedom of the black is this, that he will become our fellow in all things, which will not be agreeable. To this we need only say, if you are satisfied it is your *duty* to free the slave when fit for freedom, it is needless to talk of possible results, however disagreea-

ble: if his freedom will end in doing MORE MORAL WRONG than it cures, keep him enslaved, but do not, to offset the commands of *duty*, present the dictates of *taste*. Or the objection may assume this form. If the black be set free, however quiet, he will at last drive the white from the country by outworking him, by getting the capital into his own hands, for the white cannot, in Southern lands, compete with him. To this we answer, that it is yet doubtful if the white cannot compete everywhere with the negro, and very far from being true, that the best hand-laborer will have the most capital; intellect does much more than brute power to accumulate wealth; and, indeed, were all the premises of the objection true, what Christian man could urge it as a fair conclusion, that slavery ought still to exist? The premises, in substance, allege that God has fitted the *negro* only to live in Southern countries by fair means; the conclusion is, that therefore foul means should be used to enable the white to live there. To the man that thinks slavery no WRONG, the argument may be irresistible; to those whom we speak to, it must be without force.

"From what has been said, if we have spoken clearly, it will be seen that we believe in Gradual Emancipation, not, however, meaning by that term what is usually meant. We do not believe it expedient or right to free the slaves by instalments, — so many one year, and so many the next. The laws of Slave States, touching free blacks, prevent freedom from becoming a means of improvement. Nor have we any greater faith in setting free a generation of 'pickaninies,' the children of slaves, and of necessity undergoing no course of parental education that would fit them to act like freemen. These kinds of gradual emancipation give liberty, but strip it of its main power, its true value. But let a course of legislation, acting upon the whole slave population, and fitted to raise the character of that multitude, be persisted in; let those that sway public opinion give their weight, not only to

humanity, but to the plan pursued by the Cuba planter; let the religious and moral not only *think*, but *feel*, on this subject, and we may then have the hope of seeing the slaves, father and child, old and young, all brought to that point when all may be made free, uninfluenced by the degrading laws that Slave States feel bound to pass respecting free negroes. They may be made free, not necessarily to vote and to govern, — that is no essential point of freedom; nor to mix socially, and intermarry, with the white, — how that shall be must depend on the will of the whites; but free to use their will, intellect, conscience; free to learn the truth; free to worship God, and to grow toward that perfection for which, if they be indeed men as we are, God has fitted them.

"To the man that denies the negro to be possessed of the same powers with himself, our argument can have no weight; to the man that has no faith in eternity and an eternal growth, it can have none; to him that thinks it no duty of his to aid his fellows, it can have none; and lastly, to him with whom worldly interest is almighty, it can have none, — and alas! how many, and how many *honest men too*, do these classes contain! But if there be any who think it their duty and high privilege to help others in their onward progress, and if they number the black among those others, they will, we feel assured, see that the law which binds the father to educate the son which God giveth him binds also the slave-owner to educate the child that is born his slave. How he may best be educated is a question of expediency; what we would urge is the propriety and policy of action by the slave-holders to ascertain what mode is the best, and of *immediate* action."

1837. "THE PROPOSAL TO ANNEX TEXAS TO THE UNITED STATES. — The question is fairly before the people, Shall we take Texas into our confederacy?

"To the Slave States this question will be vital; not in the sense in which the advocates of annexation would use that term, but in this sense, — if Texas be received, it will be either with the stipulation on both sides that slavery shall never exist there, or without that stipulation. If the Slave States agree to such an exclusion, they will give the Free States a pledge of true abolition principles, which will wholly change the relations of the two. If they refuse, they will take a step that can mean but this: — 'We wish to see slavery continued, extended, and created,' — and the inevitable result must be DISUNION.

"It is useless to hide the truth; it is useless to doubt that the moral feeling of the world will compel the North to *separate* from a country which, from motives of worldly expediency, dares to countenance the abstract right of man to enslave man. When the South defends slave-holding by stating the impossibility of setting her slaves free, she uses an argument that the world can understand, and that, with open brow, may be pleaded before the throne of God; but if, to increase, or keep, political power, she takes one step towards the increase of slavery, or the extension of it within her limits, it must be with a face turned earthward, and a cheek burning with shame at her own want of moral courage, or else with full defiance of man and God, and a brazen front, which it needs no prophet to foretell will soon be scathed by the lightnings of the Almighty.

"The South has said that she was opposed to the introduction of slavery, and the world has believed her. If such be the truth, she can use but one argument in favor of receiving Texas, slavery being permitted therein. It is this, — I have been placed where I am by others, and what they did I agree to have been anti-Christian; but, being where I am, I shall be ruined in all worldly matters unless I now repeat their act, — that is, do myself what I consider anti-Christian.

"It needs no argument to show that this is precisely the reasoning of the cutthroat who has been ruined by the good luck or knavery of another, — the reasoning of the man that burns your house because his father has left him destitute, or so arranged matters that he will soon be ruined unless he burns it.

"Where would the man, who, in these times, should attempt to save his property by fraud and wrong-doing, be more scorned than at the South? And will the South go and do likewise?

"But if, despite all that has been said to the contrary, the Slave-holding States at last join with Governor McDuffie in thinking this peculiar institution their chief blessing, security, and stronghold, — what then? CAN THE DEAD AND THE LIVING BE ONE?

"We care not to point to any other view of this question. If it should be agreed that Texas, if admitted, shall be a Free State, — a thing not to be hoped, — vast obstacles still remain to her coming among us; but for the present we must consider her as about to be, if received, a Slave State.

"One word farther. We trust the South will not identify opposition to the proposed annexation with advocacy of abolition. The last is, to the slave-holder, an unjust interference with his rights; but who can dispute the right of all to discuss the admission of Texas among us? Who will have enough of despotic blood in his veins to deny the right of all to discuss this question in every point of view? The North is, almost to a man, opposed to the propositions of McDuffie's defence of slavery; to admit Texas, a Slave State, would be either to agree in them, or to commit an acknowledged crime. With the North, then, we do not think the question one to be discussed. With the South, the alternative is this, — to gain some small present power, but defy the world, and wholly alienate the North; or to stand politically where she now does, and with a far higher claim

to the sympathy and respect of both Christendom and her fellows, than at present; for let her refuse to aid in extending slavery, and her gain in *moral* would far exceed her loss in *political* influence."

1837. "UNITED STATES LAW RESPECTING FUGITIVE SLAVES. — The groundwork of all law in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin is the ORDINANCE OF 1787; by an express provision of which, nothing therein contained could be altered but by the consent both of the original States and of the people of the Territory, since divided into the several parts above named.

"This Ordinance established as a fundamental law entire and unqualified freedom, but contained this stipulation, that fugitives from labor into the Territory from the *original* States might be reclaimed. Soon after, the Federal Constitution was formed, which contained a stipulation that fugitives from labor, from *any* State into any other, might be reclaimed. On this point, then, the Ordinance and Constitution differed; the former confining the right of reclaiming fugitives to the *original* States, the latter extending it to *all*.

"But in the formation of the Constitution no part of the Northwest Territory had any voice, and of course, by the provision of the Ordinance, nothing therein was superseded by the Constitution. On this ground it is contended, that no fugitive from labor, unless from one of the original States, can be now reclaimed in Ohio.* But we do not think this argument valid; for, when the original States passed the Constitution, they thereby agreed to extend the stipulation of the Ordinance respecting fugitives from labor to all the States; and when the citizens of Ohio applied for admission among the United States, under the Constitution, they

* Speech of S. P. Chase before the Court of Common Pleas of Hamilton County, Ohio, March 11, 1837.

virtually agreed on their part to take that instrument in place of the Ordinance, whenever the two were at variance. We have, therefore, both parties agreeing to the extension of the stipulation of the Ordinance to all the States.

"But there is another provision of this Ordinance bearing upon the question before us; it is that which guarantees to the inhabitants of the Territory, for ever, the trial by jury (Art. 2); and which also says, that no man shall be deprived of his liberty or property but by the judgment of his peers, or the law of the land. As there is nothing in the United States Constitution which conflicts with this provision, it still retains whatever force it originally had. And what was that? The first part of the provision is unqualified, and under it we are either entitled to a trial by jury in all cases, or the law may deprive us of it in all cases; and by the last, the law of the land may substitute what it sees fit, instead of a judgment by one's peers. That this provision does not entitle us to trial by jury always was, in substance, decided by the Supreme Court of Ohio (5 O. R. 133), when they held that the law might appoint other means to determine rights of property, though the State Constitution says (Art. 8, § 8), 'that the right of trial by jury shall be inviolate.'

"We fear, therefore, that the United States law cannot be held to violate the letter of the Ordinance, in the construction that would be put upon it by any of our courts; and must now turn to the Federal Constitution, and examine the law in question by that.

"The words of the stipulation contained in our national instrument are these: — 'No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor shall be due.'

"The first question is, whether, under this provision, Congress have a right to pass any law on the subject. The legislative power of that body is derived either from express provisions, as in the section preceding the one just quoted, where it is authorized by general laws to prescribe the manner in which the public acts and records of one State may be proved in another; or from the general provision empowering it to make all laws that shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the powers vested by the Constitution in the government of the United States. (Art. 1.) Now, with respect to fugitives from labor, there is certainly no express provision; and it is equally certain, that the clause above given vests no power in the government of the United States. How, then, can Congress legislate on the subject? Is there any power bestowed on the general government, to carry which into execution requires a law to be passed affecting fugitives from labor? If the precedent relied on by the court in this case have any weight, it must be because it has gone upon the ground that there was some such power; as in those well-known cases where concurrence of opinion has settled the constitutionality of some point, it has been upon the basis that some power directly given the government could not be carried into execution without the law then under debate; that is, the opinion settled, not the existence of a power, but the necessity of a certain law to carry into execution a power plainly given. Now, if any court can find a power so given, which cannot be carried into execution without a law touching fugitives from labor, it may use, as the United States court has done, the doctrine of precedent from continued legislation, but not otherwise. The clause of the Constitution above cited does not, as we conceive, give such a power, nor does it need either a Federal or State law in order to be operative; for the claimant might seize the person claimed as now, and the question of ownership be as

fully tried as at present, upon a writ of *habeas corpus;* and the claimant proving his claim might take his slave, under the Constitution, without any law.

"*Such a gift of power, then, cannot, we think, be found; and we hold it, therefore, demonstrable, that Congress have no right, under the Constitution, to legislate on this subject.* (Chase's Speech, pp. 19, 20, 21.)

"This view is supported by the provision respecting public records, already referred to. Both of the first two sections of the fourth article are to determine relations between States; the first says that full faith shall be given in each State to the public records of all others, and authorizes Congress to regulate by law the proof and effect of such records. Would Congress have had this power without this express authority? No one can think it. Well, the second section says, first, that the citizens of each State shall have the privileges of citizens in all the States; next, that a person flying from a State where he is charged with crime to another, shall be delivered up to the executive of the State whence he fled; and last, that no person bound to service in one State shall fly to another, and by any law thereof be released from his obligation, but shall be delivered to the party entitled to his services; and here the whole subject is dropped, no power is given to Congress to pass laws, nor to the government in any shape. The purpose of these two sections was to place these subjects, as far as the States were concerned, upon a sure basis, and not to leave them to the common law of nations. They are in the nature of a treaty between independent governments, and, having settled that certain things shall and shall not be done, leave it with those governments to say by law *how* they shall or shall not be; making, however, one exception, and with respect to one subject giving the law-making power to a third party; — which exception, if there had been any doubt before, would surely prove that where the third party

was not expressly ordered to regulate the manner of doing or preventing the things spoken of, there, beyond doubt, the power of regulation should remain with the two interested parties. (Chase's Speech, pp. 21, 22.)

"Moreover, that these provisions are in the nature of a *treaty* is known by the fact that all of them, but this respecting fugitives from labor, were in the old Articles of Confederation; they there gave the Federal government no power, but were mere articles of compact. There the clause respecting records stood, without any law-making power attached to it. When the Constitution was formed, Congress were empowered to legislate on this subject; while the others remained as before, and a new clause was added in the form which the whole had under the old Confederation. These considerations, urged with great force by Mr. Chase, seem to us unanswerable.

"But we have another point yet to consider. It is this. Even if Congress have a constitutional right to legislate respecting fugitives from labor, *is the existing law constitutional?*

"Of this law we have as yet given no account; but of all the legislative monsters that disgrace American statute-books, this is surely one of the strangest and vilest. Act of February 12, 1793, § 3. By this act, the claimant of any fugitive from labor may seize said alleged fugitive, without writ or legal authority of any kind, take him or her before any justice of the peace of any city, town, or county; and having by written or oral evidence or affidavit established to the satisfaction of the justice his claim, he shall be entitled to a certificate, under which he may carry the alleged fugitive from the State, and no one may hinder. The person arrested or seized has no notice given, no time to collect witnesses, no power of cross-examination, no jury or bench of magistrates to hear the cause, no appeal, no right to a new trial in any form. The justice receives no

pay from the United States, but must look to the claimant, and may receive a thousand dollars as a fee. He cannot be removed for what he does by the Federal government, for he is a State officer; he cannot be touched by the State for what he does as a Federal officer; and stands irresponsible, bribed by the law to take bribes, vested with the power of judging instantly, upon *ex parte* evidence, upon the oath of one interested man, and authorized to decide finally and for ever upon the freedom, probably the perpetual freedom, of as many as may be dragged to his bar.* Is it said that in this country such a power will be rarely exercised, we must answer, that it is exercised continually. Since we began this article, we have heard of a case wherein it was shown in all its *excellence!* A mulatto boy, who had been in the service of a barber at Cincinnati for a year or more, was one morning, while shaving a customer, laid hold of and carried off to the magistrate's, as a fugitive from labor. His master went to an attorney and asked him to hurry, and try to help the lad; he went, found that the magistrate had been unable to attend to the case, and had sent the parties to another justice. The lawyer hastened to him; he had been unable to hear the case also, and the claimant and colored boy had crossed the street to the mayor's. To the mayor's office the advocate posted, and was there just in time to see the certificate sealed, which consigned the youth to hopeless servitude!

"It needs no argument to prove that this law, which invests the lowest judicial individuals of our country with a process more summary, one-sided, final, and unquestionable

* We know of no provision by which the question of freedom may be tried in a Slave State, but by *habeas corpus*. The hopelessness of a fair trial under that, when one party holds the other as his slave, has the magistrate's certificate, and is among his friends and dependents, while the other is ignorant, away from those that know him, without money, and must bear the burden of proof, is self-evident.

than any other known among us, — and that, too, with respect to an almost certain loss of freedom, — is utterly opposed to the whole spirit of our Constitution and laws. The Star-Chamber of Elizabeth was far less fearful, far less anti-republican; and had this law been put into execution against whites instead of blacks, it could not have stood one year.

"But it is not only opposed to the *purpose* of our Constitutions, but is at open variance with their *language*. That of the Union says, 'The right of the people to be secure in their persons, against unreasonable seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrant shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath.' (Amend., Art. 4.) And again, 'No person shall be deprived of liberty without due process of law.' (Ibid., Art. 5.) If these clauses have force or meaning, the law under consideration is wholly unconstitutional. Let no one say, that, because the law in this case makes the individual arrest the proper proceeding, therefore this is legal process; those words have a technical meaning, and the reference to the warrant shows that the Constitution used them in that meaning.

"So stand the Constitution and laws of the United States respecting blacks claimed as runaway slaves; for upon them the weight of suffering falls. Let us, for the sake of deepening our impressions, suppose a like power given as respects whites. For instance, a white and black live side by side, equally respectable and industrious. A man comes to town and accuses the black of being a slave, of having been unfortunate, not criminal; he is taken at once, convicted upon the oath of his accuser, and delivered up to slavery. Another person accuses the white of having been guilty of burglary; suppose the law authorized this accuser to drag the accused before a magistrate, and have him convicted at once by affidavit, without cross-examination, and without time given to collect counter-evidence, and allowed the magistrate to send him to Louisiana in charge of his

accuser, to prove his innocence there if he could, but held to be guilty unless he could prove it, and held, too, with all those disadvantages which the slave labors under. What would the subjects of the tyrant of Austria say to such a law as this? And should the white accused of crime fare better than the black accused of misfortune? But the black is claimed as property, it is said. Well, and the claimant is opposed by the black as counter-claimant; he is both property and owner. And what should we say of the law that should allow the Mississippian to come here, claim a white man's whole wealth, establish his claim by oath, and carry it home with him? This is done in the case of the black considered as property.

"But it is said again, the alleged fugitive from justice from another State is claimed from us, and we deliver him up under the United States law without scruple; and we have no more right to think the black will not be tried fairly, when we deliver him up, than that the accused criminal will not be. To this we need but say, that the executive of a State, or the State itself, claims and takes in one instance, a private individual in the other; and that we do know that, in all the Slave States, the white criminal stands an infinitely better chance to have justice done him, than a black held as a slave under a certificate from the magistrate of a Free State does to obtain freedom. And as citizens of the United States, as men and Christians, we have no right to shut our eyes on this knowledge; if we do so, on the ground that we are not called on to know the laws of other States, and so the freeman is enslaved, surely we are no better than kidnappers in the eyes of God. But no thinking man will confound the case of the criminal, who is demanded by a State, taken by a public officer, carried to the spot where it is said he committed a crime, and must there be tried, and his guilt proved to a jury, he having been first presented by a grand jury, and that of the slave, taken by an individ-

ual, carried his friends know not where, and who, to obtain his freedom, must, in a strange land and under countless disadvantages, prove be is free, instead of having it proved that he is not free.

"Many trials have been made to have the existing law altered, but neither North nor South is willing to move in the matter. The right of Congress to pass a law, although very debatable, will not be disputed by any court, we suppose; the policy of a Federal provision, and the acquiescence hitherto, will prevent it. But THE EXISTING LAW IS CLEARLY OPPOSED TO THE WORDS OF THE CONSTITUTION."

Against the disgraceful Black Laws of Ohio Mr. Perkins bore earnest testimony in public and in private, and was indefatigable in demanding more righteous legislation. He was a steady opponent, also, to the admission of Texas, except as a Free State; and as a preacher, public debater, and through the press, used all the influence he could exert against the extension of slavery. But though an undisguised adversary of the slave power, in all its policy, — partisan, ecclesiastical, and commercial, — he yet sustained no such relation to the Anti-slavery movement as to be called an Abolitionist. What he said and did was as an individual, on his own responsibility, according to his own judgment, and in his own way. He was a free man, who would never permit others to impose servile restraints upon his liberty of conscience, utterance, or action; but he scrupulously checked himself, and was ever watchful against fanaticism, partial views, or revolutionary outbreaks. His most positive manifestation of respectful sympathy towards the negro race was in his treatment of the colored citizens of Cincinnati. And here he set an example well worthy of being universally followed. He visited them

at their homes and places of business, addressed their public assemblages, lectured in their lyceum, preached in their pulpits, encouraged their associated action, contributed to their charitable funds, and, above all, coöperated in the establishment of their schools. When, on one occasion, the enthusiastic Hiram Gilmore, who, for a number of years, was the teacher of a colored school, made an appeal to the public, Mr. Perkins preached on the subject, and raised a contribution from among his people in their behalf, — which unlooked for response was received with equal pleasure and surprise. He was pertinacious also in demanding, either that colored children should have free access to the public schools, or else that a fair proportion of the school-tax levied on their parents should be appropriated to their use. For, whatever difficulties he felt as to the immediate measures of the Abolitionists, he had not a doubt in regard to the eventual emancipation of the slaves throughout our land; and was convinced of the urgent duty, as well as policy, of fitting the colored race for full participation in all social, civil, and religious privileges. Chief among the means of thus preparing them for the functions of republican equality was, of course, Education.

Education, indeed, regarded as a science and an art, was a cause that always called out Mr. Perkins's highest enthusiasm. One of his first efforts as an editor, when he took charge of The Western Monthly Magazine, in 1832, was to call the attention of his fellow-citizens to the importance of elevating the standard of teaching, of fitting instructors for their responsible office, and securing the most thorough, physical, intellectual, and moral training for the children of all classes. In the

pages of that review, as well as in the Chronicle and Mirror, in lucid and complete summaries he presented the plans of Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, and of the German and French governments, and thenceforth used every accessible means for advancing the Free School System of Ohio. But not with pen alone did he aid this great republican movement. From his entrance upon Western life until his death, he took an efficient part in upholding the high character of the Cincinnati schools. "I know," says the patriarch among the Trustees and Visitors of the Queen City, Mr. Nathan Guilford, "that Mr. Perkins was one of the most active, punctual, and zealous friends of education among us, and that to his counsel and labors our schools are much indebted for their past progress and present prosperous condition. I have just finished the examination of over one hundred and thirty schools, with their six thousand scholars, and could not but feel what a source of gratification their success must be to all who directly or indirectly have labored for their establishment." And Mr. William Greene, who for many years has made it his pride and pleasure to be the friend alike of teachers and children in Cincinnati, adds this tribute to the worth of Mr. Perkins's exertions: — "He was three times elected a member of the Board of Examiners of the Common Schools, — resigned twice, — and under his last election continued a member until his death. He was three years in succession elected a member of the Board of Visitors of the Schools, and for one year was its president. In these several stations his labors were remarkable for punctuality and completeness. He never left unfinished or to be done by others the work that properly belonged to himself. So quietly, however, were his public offices performed, that the amount of his

exertions might easily have been overlooked except by careful observers. He never did any thing for effect, and therefore, though always busy, attracted little attention from the busy world. He was eminently one of those — the truly great — who are *felt* in a thousand minute and deep relations to society, exerting the most invigorating influence, without being seen, or wishing to be seen. Thus was it in his relations to our schools."

Mr. Perkins was also a member of the Board of Trustees in the Cincinnati College for several years, and for a considerable time acted as its secretary. It was in this capacity that he came into intimate intercourse with Professor O. M. Mitchell, whose friendship he justly valued, and with whose devoted labors he rejoiced to coöperate. How high was Mr. Mitchell's estimate of his services will appear from the following letter.

"I became acquainted with Mr. Perkins soon after my arrival in this city in 1832, but our intimacy dates from about 1836, when the Cincinnati College was reorganized, and he became one of the Board of Trustees of that institution. In 1839–40 we were associated in forming a Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, which continued to exert some influence in our city for two years, and opened the way for the enterprise which ended in the erection of the Cincinnati Observatory. Mr. Perkins, as a Trustee of the College, as a Director in the Society first named, and as one of the Board of Control of the Cincinnati Astronomical Society, always exerted a most powerful influence over those with whom he was associated. He was one of the very few on whom the most implicit *reliance* might be placed in the hour of greatest difficulty. He was slow to adopt any new idea, or to receive into his confidence new enterprises; but when, after deliberation, he once gave his hearty approval

to any great or noble undertaking, it was not merely an approval. He was ever ready to work for it, and to contribute in every way to promote its accomplishment.

"From the organization of the Cincinnati Astronomical Society, Mr. Perkins was one of its officers; and although our pursuits were different, yet in all the efforts which I have been making, in and out of the Observatory, if to others I looked for *pecuniary* aid, it was to Mr. Perkins I went for that *intellectual sympathy* so grateful to one who is obliged to struggle in almost absolute isolation. His mind was eminently clear and comprehensive, and although he was nowise devoted to pure science, yet he never failed to show so ready and strong an apprehension of whatever topic was fairly brought before it, that one was sure of a just appreciation of his views, however new. The last day we spent together was in the Observatory. He wished to understand the new methods of observing recently introduced in this institution, and to compare them with those elsewhere employed. For this purpose long and minute explanations were made of details, to which previously he could have given no attention. Yet I have no doubt that he comprehended the entire scope of the problem; and had he lived, he would have presented to the world a luminous exhibition of the relative advantages of these methods of scientific research. It was his intention to write upon the subject, and I presume an unfinished paper will be found among his manuscripts."

Necessity and inclination conspired to bring Mr. Perkins into yet nearer relations with the band of educators, who may so truly be called spiritual parents. A year after he had entered upon his labors as Minister at Large, it was found that the salary raised for the support of his office was so very inadequate that he must either abandon the enterprise or procure some independent resources.

He did not hesitate, but at once proposed to open a school for young ladies. How high was his reverence for woman and her function has already appeared; and now it was a matter of self-congratulation that he could actively participate in raising the standard of female education. With the respect felt for him, there was of course no difficulty in surrounding himself with a choice circle of scholars, to whose culture he at once sedulously devoted his leisure hours. In their society he found refreshment amidst his exhausting public engagements. "My week is spent," he writes to a friend, "in visiting poor, sick, blind, maimed, wicked, wretched children of mortality, relieving the melancholy monotony of such duties by a daily three hours' converse with eight or ten hopeful young maidens. If I were to obey the wishes of my 'depraved nature,' I might join you at trout-fishing, but I have a 'mission' amidst the dust, sweat, sickness, and nonsense of Cincinnati; and were I to *desert*, the memory of my unfaithfulness would spoil the flavor of the richest trout. So much for a fixed idea."

Of Mr. Perkins's skill and success as an educator, the best proof may be found in the following letters from two of his pupils.

"With joyful alacrity I add my mite to the materials from which you meditate giving to the world the memoirs of my revered teacher. It is about Mr. Perkins — the impersonation of my ideal of all that is glorious in man — that I am to speak. O that I could speak as I feel, as thoughts of his many virtues, great natural and acquired intellectual powers, and beautiful peculiarities, come rushing upon me! If I could take you with me into that pleasant little room, sacred as our school-room, and show you that table with the youthful band gathered around it, and their minds' father at its

head, and if you could see with what breathless attention and delight they listen to his words, you would know that their hearts were his. Then, could you hear his questions, so varied in tone and manner, and hear in turn the fearless answers, you would know that he understood each one's character, and was ready to do justice to each one's opinion. We loved him as a parent and friend, while we revered him as a superior being. The sympathy he always expressed in our feelings and doings elicited from us the most perfect confidence. If we were happy we must tell him, that his smile might perfect our happiness; if sad, he condoled with us; if in perplexity, he advised. He seemed to understand and come down to all our little trials, and not feel it a *come-down* either.

"He would draw a lesson from every thing. Often our books were unopened during the three or four hours we remained with him, and yet we went away with some great lesson imprinted upon our memory, never to be effaced, called forth by an apparently slight remark from one of us. It was principally by conversation that he taught us, and I never knew any one who could lead a conversation so well, and draw out others' ideas so entirely. He had a vast amount of general knowledge, well digested, stored away, labelled, and lying quietly in its place until wanted; then it was all ready for use. *We* thought he knew every thing. He ever mingled the moral with the intellectual, and gave the former the precedence, though he thought it every one's duty to cultivate to the utmost each mental faculty; for he used to say, 'All knowledge will be of use in another world, where we can go on advancing gloriously when freed from the pressure of mortality.' He thought that people do wrong in paying particular attention to capacities which are naturally precocious, and desired rather that dormant ones should first be awakened. He had an utter aversion to any thing like parrotism; originality of mind was his delight.

Consequently, his favorite authors were those whom he considered bold, free thinkers. He always wished us to give our reasons for holding any opinion, and thus endeavoured to prevent our adopting views without reflection. He thought politics an essential part of a female's education; and to rouse us to acquire a knowledge of such subjects, he read to us from the newspapers daily, and discussed with us the great questions of the day. How we enjoyed those arguments! He would propose a question, and we, having made up our minds for or against it, argued with him and each other. Always we felt at perfect liberty to ask him about any thing that we did not understand, and he would explain so delightfully! In our studies he endeavoured to have something to exercise *each* faculty of the mind alternately. We never had arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and then history, geography, biography; but arithmetic, history, rhetoric, then algebra, mechanics, logic, &c.

"We read aloud to each other a great deal when he was not with us,—poetry and prose alternately. He selected for us. Afterwards we wrote out our impressions of the authors' merits, and quoted passages that pleased us. We read most of Scott's novels during school hours. This many persons considered a waste of time, but he thought they contained a combination of instruction which could scarce be found elsewhere. He desired that the imagination should be particularly cultivated, as refining the whole mind, and adding beauty to virtue. He liked to have us write stories once in a while. We habitually wrote compositions. When he gave us subjects they were of this nature:—'What are the causes that determine the character of a people?' 'What are the relative influences of the sciences and fine arts on individual character?' &c. He thought a great deal of analysis, as strengthening the judgment and memory. A book was never considered as done with, until it had been subjected to this process. Before hearing us recite, he read over our

lessons, and therefore his questions had a bearing upon the *whole* matter, and not merely upon a line or paragraph, as is the case with too many teacher's questions. He had a great deal of real humor, which he frequently used for our diversion. He advised us never to talk unless we really had something to say; trifling chat and scandal were an abomination to him. He endeavoured to impress upon us the importance of our moments, and said we should always have a book close beside us, that when waiting for any one or for any cause we might not be losers. By the way, did you ever see him read? He read the most in the least time of any person I ever knew. By merely glancing over a page he could catch what there was of good in it; that he remembered, the rest was nothing to him. He would tell us always to have our eyes and ears open, — that there was something to be learned at all moments and everywhere. I believe he never even took a walk without learning something. His great aim was improvement, and he tried to make ours the same. He said he hoped to teach us how to *learn*, then he should be contented.

"We tried hard to please him, — and he was not hard to please, — for we all loved him deeply, devotedly. He was ever the topic of our conversation. The sayings and doings of 'our Mr. Perkins' could be compared with those of no other person, — he was *the* man. A storm was never severe enough to keep us from school, for our hours spent there were the sweetest in the day. Then at church how proud we were of him! how delightedly we listened to him as our pastor! What weight his precepts ever had, for they were accompanied by that impressive good-promoter, example! O, he was a dear, dear, good man! I shall ever thank God that I have known him as I did know him. His loss is irreparable. But he is happy, and in that belief we will not repine that for a time we are *materially* separated. And now I will close, though I feel that I could never weary in talking of my beloved teacher."

"It would have been impossible for any one to be with Mr. Perkins daily for so long a time, without feeling for him the deepest love and reverence, and in some degree, at least, understanding his spirit. But it has been a matter of surprise, even to myself, to feel how constantly his opinion occurs to me upon every subject which I hear mentioned, and yet I hardly know what I shall say in answer to your inquiries. His mind was so perfect as a whole that it seems impossible to regard separately its component attributes; but, as I have been his pupil, I may have seen him, as a teacher, under peculiar aspects, and I can at least try to recall some of his characteristics.

"Strange though it may seem in so great a mind, Mr. Perkins was very fond of *teaching*. I have often heard him say that he much preferred this occupation to any which he had ever tried. He relied in his teaching very little on books; and his wonderful knowledge enabled him to instruct us upon every subject in a much more satisfactory manner than any books which we might have obtained could have done. I do not mean that he made no use of books, but they were used rather as suggestive texts to be commented upon than as authorities to be trusted. His choice of books often surprised those who were unacquainted with him; but they were generally selected with the view to provoke inquiry and discussion. Hardly a day passed without some question arising calculated to call forth debate, frequently detaining us long after the school hours. Nor was any subject excluded; he attracted our attention to politics and religion, and listened with interest to our criticisms of the books we were reading, and of our favorite characters in history. In fact, I do not think that any questions long troubled the minds of his pupils, for they were all brought before him, and there the truth was soon discovered. Mr. Perkins never pretended to decide for us on any subject; in fact, he generally took the opposite side to us, without reference to his own opinion.

But before we parted, he would present the truth in so clear and persuasive a manner, that few were able to resist it.

"One of the most wonderful characteristics of Mr. Perkins's mind seemed to me to be his power of seeing at once the TRUTH; no matter how great the number of mysteries by which it was shrouded, his clear eye, without fail, without hesitation, pierced them all until it reached the very centre. Sometimes he would show us the variety of views which might be entertained upon the same subject. He would ask our opinion upon any point, and when we had given it, would bring forward the arguments opposed to it; and we would be obliged to confess, that a person looking upon the subject in that point of view would arrive at a conclusion opposite to our own. He would then give us another series of arguments, which, if we yielded to them, would force us again to change our opinion, and so on, until he pointed out to us the true reasons which should guide our judgment. So much trust had we in this power of his, that, when he stated any thing, we were almost sure it must be so; and our friends laughingly asserted, that all our arguments concluded with 'Mr. Perkins says so.' This reliance was to us a safe refuge from the storms and contrarieties of opinion by which we were surrounded.

"Mr. Perkins constantly impressed upon our minds the inconsistency of *consistency*, as that word is generally used, — showing us that true consistency can exist only where there is progressive change, and that without such change there could be no improvement. And he constantly exemplified this truth in himself. Those who did not understand him often complained of, and even ridiculed, his changes; but those who knew him best saw that no day passed without his taking a step — often the step of a giant — in the ascending path to wisdom and goodness. This progress was evident in his bearing at school. During the last few years that I was with him, — even when he was

suffering from physical infirmity, — I never knew him, under all the trials to which a teacher is subject, yield to irritation of temper, or impatience of spirit; he seemed to have acquired that for which he had ever been striving, — perfect mastery over himself. He also impressed upon our minds the greatest horror of sectarianism, or, indeed, narrowness of any sort. It was a favorite idea with him, that there are classes of minds adapted to receive the special truths which are found in every form of faith; and thus he rejoiced alike in the spread of Swedenborgianism, of Catholicism, and of the Unitarian belief. His horror of sectarianism was very strong, and I do not think there was any failing with which he had so little sympathy, and for which he had so little pity, as bigotry; for his mind was so comprehensive, that he could understand any thing better than the smallness of others' prejudices.

"Mr. Perkins did not think it right that some one faculty, in which the person showed great proficiency, should be cultivated to the exclusion of others. 'This,' he would say, 'may be preparing a person for a successful career upon earth, but is it the true preparation to enter another world? Every faculty should be cultivated, the whole being enlarged.' I think Mr. Perkins laid much more stress upon *breadth* of development, both in the intellect and character, than upon the peculiar excellence of any one power. At the same time, he was very much opposed to compelling children to pursue any particular branch of study to which they showed a disinclination. All persons, he thought, had special vocations, to which they were suited, and which they should learn to fill well. He had a great power of adapting his teaching to the minds under his control, and of bringing the most complicated truths within the comprehension of the dullest. I have often known others, in attempting to explain something, fail because they could not perceive what it was that troubled their listener. But this he always seemed to

understand. 'Any one who has just mastered a subject,' he would say, 'is better able to explain it than one more fully acquainted with it, for the former will remember the little difficulties which arose in his own mind, and will know how to smooth them away for others.'

"There was no fault which Mr. Perkins spoke against more frequently than that of scandal, no power which he deemed more abused than that of the tongue. To punctuality, also, he gave more importance than is usual. I have often heard him say, that he considered it as much a crime to steal a person's time, as any thing else which belonged to him. He would sometimes give us different passages from standard authors to read, and we would then compare them. I remember hearing him say, when we expressed surprise at the differences of opinion concerning some new publication, 'that books pleased us in proportion as they called forth ideas already existing in our minds in a latent form, and that while the most popular books would be those which addressed themselves in this way to the largest number, the greatest books were those which addressed themselves to the highest class of minds.' He always wished us to take a lively interest in the great movements which were agitating the world, and insisted upon our reading the papers; he said it was foolish that so many should spend their whole time in studying the history of the past, while they remained totally ignorant of events of the greatest importance happening all around them. I think Mr. Perkins made it his constant aim to educate those placed under his charge *naturally*. Their style of reading, writing, and thinking, he corrected when there were any decided faults; but he allowed them, as a rule, to form themselves. He thought it much better for the mind to be engaged in but few studies at a time. 'You do not come to school to learn,' he would say, 'but to acquire the power of learning. The knowledge which you acquire at school will avail you little, if your

mind is not so trained that you will have the desire and the power to study when you have left it.' The influence of climate, government, &c., upon the character and mind, — the spirit itself, — the heart and intellect, — all became in his hands subjects for the most interesting and instructive conversation.

"I could go on thus indefinitely, recalling what I remember, but I feel constantly that I am doing him injustice, and say to myself, 'Is this all that you can record, after having listened for so many years to Mr. Perkins's eloquence and wisdom?' But although I can give you no idea of Mr. Perkins intellectually, in common with all of his scholars I can bring a living testimony to his greatness in our *love* for him, and this will show his influence. Mr. Perkins was idolized by his scholars, as only a father could be; and they cherish his memory in their hearts with the tenderest affection. Few can know better than we do his kindness and tenderness; — that *kindness*, which caused him to take little children by the hand, and day after day walk with them in the woods, fascinating them with tales more wildly beautiful than those which have been eagerly sought by the young of many generations, snatches of which constantly recur to my memory like half-forgotten strains of music; — that *tenderness*, which made him as careful not to wound the feelings of his scholars, even by a just rebuke, as if they had been his own children. We know, too, how spiritual he was. I have seen him in his school-room and in the pulpit, when he seemed to be in direct communion with God, and I cannot bear to think that all those glorious sermons are lost, — excepting in so far as they live in the hearts of his hearers.

"One word more I wish to add." Since Mr. Perkins's death I have heard the remark, that during the last few years of his life he had been becoming morbid and melancholy. It seems to me that the contrary is the truth. Just before giving up his school, — a little over a year be-

fore his death, — I remember hearing him say, as we were speaking of the comparative happiness of young and old, that, 'as far as his experience went, he had become, and was becoming, happier every year of his life.' About this time I left Cincinnati, and did not see him again until a few months before his death, when I thought his appearance had very much improved. He was in better health, and the brilliancy and life of his manner seemed to have increased. I walked with him the day before his death, and shall never be grateful enough that I did so. His face seemed radiant; — I had never seen him look so beautifully, or talk more cheerfully. When he reached our gate, he turned and bowed, with his bright, peculiar smile. It was the last time that I ever saw him."

A lecture delivered by Mr. Perkins in October, 1842, at the opening of the special session of the Western College of Teachers, briefly expresses the matured results of his experience as an educator. The want of suitable school-books, which he complains of, he intended, so far as in his power, to remedy. And it is much to be regretted that he did not live to fulfil this design; for, by the blending of keen powers of discrimination with vivid imagination and a sound judgment, he was rarely fitted for this important work. The lecture, though poorly reported, is of worth for its many practical suggestions, and strongly indicates its writer's reverence for woman.

"The subject of my address this evening is the EDUCATION OF GIRLS, — a subject respecting which I feel some embarrassment, from its having been frequently presented to the public.

"Some years since, a ship in which was a friend of mine, in going from France to the East Indies, got entirely out of

provisions, and the passengers must have starved to death had it not been for a part of the cargo consisting of beans. The captain, who was a polite man in doing the honors of the table when they had great profusion, was equally so when they had nothing but beans: he would ask, 'Gentlemen, will you change your plates, and take a few more beans?' I feel that *this change* of the College session is only a change of plates, and I only ask you to take 'some more beans.'

"It is the education of girls of which I propose to speak; but it is not the whole immense subject of the education of girls. Let me, in the first place, state distinctly what I intend to speak about. It is of the intellectual education of girls between eight and eighteen years old. I cannot speak here of the mysteries of the kitchen, &c.; I have no remarks to make about mince-pies and making dresses; yet all these things go into their education. I shall say little of their moral education, — for the true sphere of that is their homes; and though I would do all in my power as a teacher to educate them morally while at my school, for it is far more important than their intellectual education, it is the parent who must do it in the main, and not I.

"Again, I propose a practical, not a popular lecture; and also, at the outset, I would say, let no one suppose me so foolish as to undertake to give lessons to the much older teachers whom I see about me. There are men here who have studied more years than I have months upon this subject. I would ask them rather to look at my remarks as if they were so many questions. I simply ask, 'Is it so?' and if not, I wish to be corrected. My object is not so much to enlighten you as to learn from you.

"If an architect were asked to build a house, his first question would be, 'What is to be its object? Tell me that, and I shall know how to plan the house.' Every other artisan would make the same observation, and give a like

answer. With regard to education, the same is true: the first thing to be determined is *the object;* you must know what you are to *aim at*, and then, and not till then, you can take your aim.

"Now, intellectual education has several objects. It has these four distinct purposes: —

"I. To give the mind the instruments by which it may learn more.

"II. To cultivate the faculties of the mind itself.

"III. To give the individual a general knowledge upon all subjects.

"IV. To give the individual a *technical* knowledge applicable to the profession to which he is destined.

"These are the great ends of intellectual education, as far as I can determine; and let me say a little with regard to each of them.

"I. The education which gives the *instruments* of knowledge is that which teaches the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and any other art which gives a knowledge of the use of such instruments as may come into our hands, by which our observations may be extended.

"Language and mathematics are the two great studies which furnish the instruments by which we may go out and compass the world. Without language we could learn nothing; but through it, as through an electric chain, comes centring home to us the thought which is diffused throughout the universe. Every one of us has felt the touch of the old philosophers of Greece, and of the prophets of Israel, in his heart and mind. It came to us through the medium of language alone.

"Mathematics is the next great master key to universal knowledge. This world itself is made mathematically. Every thing that God has made is based upon mathematics. You cannot learn a single law of natural philosophy or chemistry, except by the aid of mathematics. You must, then, use it as an instrument of acquiring knowledge.

"II. In the second place, as to the education of *the faculties* of the human mind. These faculties I shall divide into four classes: —

"1. The power of observation.

"2. The power of analysis.

"3. The power of composition.

"4. The power of imagination.

"These four comprehend all that is included in the *intellect.* Now, each of these requires a thorough systematic training.

"1. 'The power of observation,' you may reply, 'any body, who is not at Columbus in the blind asylum, has without training.' Every one of you who has ever read the little story in the Evening's Entertainment, of 'Eyes and No Eyes,' knows that it is not so. How many thousands, with as good eyes as Dr. Jenner, observed all that fell under his observation! But their powers of observation had not been quickened by training. Their observation had not been directed as his had been, and the result was, that he gave to the world a complete remedy against the small-pox.

"Another example of this was in these Argand lamps which we are now using. When Argand was trying his experiments with a double column of air inside and outside of the flame, he found that the lamp did not burn well. His brother observed a broken oil-flask in the room; it struck him this was just the thing; he seized it, placed it over the flame, and the lamp was completed.

"This faculty of observation, in fact, needs to be brought out by education, or we may go about the world stone blind.

"Any one who has been an educator of children must be aware of the fact, that they know nothing about the things they see daily, till their attention is called to them by their teachers, simply from the fact that they are so constantly before them.

"2. In the next place, those faculties of intellect which

give us the power of analyzing (however you may classify them) need training; and one of the greatest objects of intellectual education should be, to know how we are to cultivate these faculties. It is by these that we go out into the fields of history, of natural science, and of human experience, and read there, and understand what is there written. It is on account of the difference in degree of this power of analysis in different persons, that one will read a volume, and remember half a dozen dates and nothing else, while another, analyzing and discriminating, will seize and become entire master of the whole spirit and essence of the author at once. This is one of the great and predominating powers of Daniel Webster. It is this which enables him, or any one like him, to see the main point of an argument. While others waste their time upon the by-ways, he goes to the great central idea at once, and thus is enabled to convince all. I mention the name of Webster, because, a few years since, an instance fell under my own observation, in which a very intricate law question was presented to an eminent lawyer now on the bench. He spent forty-eight hours upon the case; he examined his books, went through immense labor, and proposed a written opinion upon it. He said it was the most difficult thing he had undertaken, to separate the ten thousand little points, and to get at the main question, and learn the truth with regard to it. It was an insurance case. Mr. Webster, who was also of counsel for the insurance company, was called on, and came to the office, and the question and statement of facts were presented to him for the first time. He took the papers, and for twenty minutes seemed to be not alive, except that he breathed, so intently was he absorbed in thought. At the end of that time, as if he had waked up from a dream, he passed his hand over his eyes, looked round a moment, and then went on and stated the very point, and in the same position and relation as the other lawyer, who had devoted forty-eight hours to the study.

"It is this power which we should strive to give to men, and then, in politics, and in religion, and in the business of life, they would act sensibly, and not wildly and foolishly.

"It needs not to be said, that the power of observation belongs to woman as well as to man, and should equally be educated. They possess, unquestionably, very good powers of observation for some things, which are capable of being highly developed. But some will doubt whether the cultivation of the power of analysis is as necessary for them as for us. To me it appears equally necessary. I believe it is necessary even for the sake of small things.

"You will find that the comfort of a household depends upon the power of *analysis* which the housewife possesses. She cannot be a good housewife without it. She cannot discern what makes affairs go wrong or right. When her husband comes home, his brow knit and his countenance sulky, if she has not this power she is not able to know what it is that ails him, and, not knowing the cause, cannot dispel it. If she has this power she can do it. And when we go into her sphere as a mother, we know that without this power she cannot conduct the education of her children with propriety and ability. It is impossible for any woman to guide her children right, with regard to their habits of thought, feeling, and action, if she has not this power. It is called for daily, in all the little and great things of life; and in regard to these little things, I ask you to say, from your own experience, whether these many household matters — these nameless, unknown things — do not go far to make up our happiness and influence our character? Whether many a soul has not been spoiled at the fireside by these little things, — the insignificant items of housekeeping?

"3. Again, the power of composition, — of recombining the elements that we obtain by analysis into one whole; this is one of the greatest powers that man possesses, and needs to be cultivated. It is called for every time that any man

speaks or acts, if he would produce a whole impression. A man cannot write an article for a newspaper, or deliver a stump speech, without this power. The great difference between speakers is the difference in their power of composition. It is equally true in the other sex. This power is continually brought into play. It is the intellectual power of composition that enables one woman to make a good pudding, or a neat dress, or any other article of cookery or clothing, while another cannot do it at all. It is by the exercise of this power that she is enabled to carry on those combinations that make up housekeeping. It is by this that she is enabled to make her house a pleasant home. Is there any one who does not know the difference between a room where the furniture, &c., is well arranged, judiciously and tastefully, and one ill arranged, with no reference to comfort, convenience, or taste, and where the composition of the whole scenery is cheerless? Does not every one feel a chill upon entering such a room? It is the want of this power of composition, in part at least, which prevents a woman from making her husband a home-staying man, instead of one who spends all his evenings at the political gathering, or even at the grog-shop. And again, with regard to the education of her children, this power is constantly called for. It is by her faculty of recomposing that she is enabled to bring those influences to bear which make them just, pure, intellectual, — all that she wishes them to be.

"4. The power of imagination. For the practical purposes of housekeeping, this is less necessary than the faculties of observing, analyzing, and bringing together again the elements of existence to any whole. Yet this power has an intimate connection with all the occurrences of life. It is by this that sympathy is in a great measure produced. The person whose imagination is vivid, and in whom it has been cultivated, will sympathize when another will not. It brings absent things near to us; if we have not this power, we do not

care for things which are not before our eyes. We hear of the misfortunes of persons at a distance, and we care but little about them. But let a person come here who has witnessed them, and who has the power to represent and bring them home to us, we shall then feel and judge rightly. Why? Because our sympathy is increased? No: but because our imagination has been roused. Now, to the person of vivid imagination, this aid is needless; he will comprehend and sympathize without it. I say, then, that this moral bond of sympathy depends in a great measure upon this power of imagination. And what sustains us often at the bed-side of sickness, and in all our troubles and trials? Is it not the power of going, by imagination, from that scene of trouble, and living elsewhere? Is it not true, that, when some pleasant book is put into our hands, we are able by this power to leave the scenes by which we are surrounded, and pass away into other lands and ages? Is it not through the power of imagination that the mother, sitting and watching by her sick infant or husband, may take her Testament, and, leaving her cold, narrow room, the straw bed, and the small lamp and the decaying fire, may be carried by the sacred words of the Gospel into the green fields of Palestine, and listen to the tidings of God as they fell from the lips of Jesus himself? May she not join with that humble band of followers who are already on the borders of the Lake of Galilee, and who, with their mantles gathered around them, are praying that he who has just departed upon its waters may not be swallowed up by the storm which they see gathering? and, in imagination, will she not be with the disciples themselves in the reeling ship, when He rose and stilled the waves? and will she not realize, by this power of imagination, as without it she could not have realized, the great truth, that it is more than a man in whose presence she stands? It is, too, by this same power that the most distinct and vivid certainty is given to all the future. There may be a

Christian faith in one who has little of this power. But the more vivid the imagination, the more vivid the reality which we perceive through faith.

"Such are these four powers, — Observation, Analysis, Composition, and Imagination. And they comprehend the whole range of the human intellect, if I mistake not. And I ask if there is one of them that is not deserving of cultivation, and that does not need it as much in the female as in the male. Thus, then, we have taken one decided step in our theory of the intellectual education of woman.

"III. In the third place, we have to speak of the intellectual education of girls which seeks to give a *general* knowledge, — which makes us acquainted with the world at large, with mankind, and with God, who made and preserves man and the world he dwells in.

"Many persons, when told that their daughters are to be introduced to the study of natural history, philosophy, human history, or political economy, think it a waste of time. They say, 'Can you boil a ham by political economy, or roast a chicken by natural philosophy?' and, taking this low idea of the education of females, they do not recognize the truth, that it is only by this general knowledge woman can grow to her proper height.

"But it is too evident to need argument, that it is by the means of this universal acquaintance with the whole world, and nothing short of the whole world, that we become what men and women should be.

"I ask you if it be not true, that the divine will be just so much more a sectarian as he is ignorant? the lawyer narrow just in proportion to his want of general knowledge? if the politician will not become a mere partisan, if his views have not been widened out to the whole scope of the world? It is only by this general knowledge, this universal acquaintance with every thing, that, putting off this narrowness of a

sectarian, he is enabled to stand before God and the world as a man, and not as a partisan.

"But women, it may be said, are not exposed to the danger that men are, — that of pursuing one profession exclusively, and being narrowed down, and becoming mere tools, mere mechanics, or lawyers, or divines.

"It is true, that woman is not exposed to this professional danger. But is she not to danger just as great, — to an education which would make her a mere boiler of hams and sweeper of rooms, as if the profession of housekeeping were the only thing she could be expected to understand? Is there not danger of this?

"But we wish her to be educated, so as not only to know how to sweep her room or boil a ham, and do every thing with her own hands (and this I hold that all women should learn to do), but we also wish her to be educated with as much care as we ourselves should be.

"Many men, I believe, for fear that woman would outstrip them, say that this knowledge is out of her province, and that she has no business with any thing of the kind.

"I believe that woman has an immortal soul, and is just as much a child of my Maker as we are, and that we have no more right to try to limit her than to limit ourselves to any line of life alone, and as I hold it criminal in a man to become a mere divine, a mere lawyer, a mere mechanic, or any other *part* of a man, so it would be criminal in us to make our helpmates any less perfect than we would make ourselves. All general knowledge, then, I say, becomes the right of woman, and this should be given her. And if this be true, we have taken another great step in settling our theory of female education.

"IV. The fourth branch of intellectual education is *technical* education, and woman is entitled to a technical, professional education, as much so as a lawyer or a carpenter. At first sight it would seem that woman has no technical

profession. I think that every woman has a profession. It is that of being a wife and mother. Those who do not come in as principals, as wives and mothers, come into it as assistants, under the name of maiden aunts; so that the whole of womankind, with few exceptions, belong to this profession of education. For the wife and mother must be an *educator*, and the whole of womankind belong to the college of teachers.

"Now if this be true, and if we admit nothing else, then with respect to her technical education as teacher she has claims to be introduced to a wider literary and scientific field than the mere lawyer, doctor, or minister. For if there is any profession which requires extensive knowledge, it is this of a teacher. There is no greater error than to limit woman in her technical studies, and the mistake has arisen from this, that we think each man is to study for a profession, and that she has no profession; but if that be true which has been stated, from what have we a right to shut her out?

"Of these four branches of intellectual education, then, so far as I have been able to judge, there is not one into which woman should not be introduced as much as man.

"I have, then, so far as I can, given you that which I would aim at. I have told you, as I said that the architect would, what the object is to be attained. My aim would be, to give in the education of girls all that I have to give.

"Next, let us ask as to the MODE OF PLAN of an education for girls; and in the first place I will name the common deficiencies and difficulties which exist at present in the intellectual education of girls.

"1. There is this great and lamentable deficiency,—they are not well taught in the rudiments of any thing they undertake. I know not why it is, but it seems to me they are commonly very imperfectly instructed in the rudiments

of any science. In mathematics it is seldom the case that they understand the theory and philosophy of mensuration and rotation at all. What they know, they know mechanically. In grammar you find the same thing true. Woman may talk as good grammar as man. They talk better than most men in this part of the world. Not because they understand the theory, however. They have learned but little in regard to that. Again, with regard to reading, a girl may go to school until she is fifteen or sixteen, and may read beautifully aloud. But try her as to the meaning and force of what she reads. As to that she knows comparatively little. It may be that the sense may be *whipped* into boys, and not into girls, but I do not believe that to be the reason. I believe there is too general a neglect on this subject, — that it is for want of thought and consideration on the part of the earlier teachers of girls.

"2. In the second place, the studies are too crowded; too many things are given to girls to learn at once. I have had children come to me ten or eleven years old, who were learning to read, write, and spell, and yet they were in the midst of natural philosophy and Parley's History of England, and of the World; and this history is drilled into them, when any thing like an idea of history is as unattainable as it would have been when they were six months old. They might better be at work improving their handwriting.

"3. The third difficulty is the repetition which arises from the neglect of the rudiments. I recollect myself, after going on for six or seven years through Ovid and Virgil, I had to turn back and begin again with *Liber Primus*, and go over and over the same thing. But among girls this is particularly true, — they turn back and begin again, and retrace their steps, like a mill-horse, going round and round, till they become disgusted with the whole study.

"There was a sentence in the letter of the President of this College which was read to-night, that struck me very

forcibly; he said that it was perfectly wonderful how little children really learned, out of all the books which they went through. They appear to learn very frequently, but look deeper than memory and words, and there is but little left at the end of a year; and unless the rudiments are well learned, there is little or nothing that will be learned from four to twenty.

"4. A fourth difficulty in my estimation, and my views may be in this respect somewhat peculiar, is, that too little time is given to education. I do not think that with males or females we have any true idea of the time necessary for education; for myself, I believe that with men the whole time should be occupied up to the age of thirty. It is not till the age of seventeen or eighteen that young men can begin to appreciate the great questions presented to the intellect. To pass through them all, and be able by practical experience to comprehend them, and read books and life understandingly, requires every moment up to thirty.

"They had a higher idea of education in olden time, — a far higher idea, when they did not expect a man to be educated till he was thirty, than we have now. Here, at eighteen or nineteen, young men know every thing, and with girls it is still worse. A young lady is expected to know all about the world and every thing in it by the time she is sixteen. History, philosophy, all the languages, all the mathematics, — these must be perfectly distinct and clear in her mind.

"She leaves school at sixteen or seventeen, and goes out into the world, and studies not at all after that, or if she makes the effort, studying alone is very up-hill work, and if she has no company or instructor, she gains little or nothing.

"Now it appears to me, that much more time should be given to the early branches, that the higher should not be introduced till nearer the close of the period usually de-

voted to education, and that education should be continued systematically till eighteen, twenty, or even twenty-five.

"5. A fifth difficulty is a want of system. There are institutions and private schools in which there is something like system. But usually there is not that system which is pursued with boys. A boy goes through a regular course in preparing for college. He then enters college, and has to pass through a regular course of study with great care, and by a system based on wide experience. But girls go through with nothing of the kind. They change from school to school, studying indiscriminately, and, in nine cases out of ten, the beginning, middle, and end of their education have no reference one to the other. It is a common thing in this country to send daughters to the Eastern cities to finish their education; as though a lady in Philadelphia, knowing nothing of their previous education, could know how to complete the plan.

"It is for the removal of these difficulties that I am seeking. I wish those of more experience to tell me how it is that the great end is to be gained. This is the object I have in view in presenting these remarks to the College of Teachers. And in order that I may be understood, allow me to lay before you as briefly as I can a COURSE OF STUDY, which, with my short experience, I have undertaken to arrange; claiming nothing more, than that others shall tell me wherein I am wrong.

"My proposal, then, would be, that girls should not come to school till they are eight years of age. Before that, at home, I would have them taught to read, at least, and, if possible, to write.

"And here let me say, that in this early education it is that the woman, more than at any other period, can guide the future course of the child. The mother at home will determine in a great measure all that the teacher can do. He can do nothing with a child, if she has an unfaithful

mother at home. I propose that the girl of eight shall come, able to read and write, and that is all I would ask. My plan during the first year would be to detain her but three hours in school, and I should confine her to reading, with definitions, spelling, and grammar, orally taught; to geography, taught with history and natural history, and these in a great measure orally, too; to writing and drawing; to these, with story-telling, I would limit my instruction during the year. I should like to spend an hour every day telling stories, as by so doing the powers of language, composition, observation, and imagination may all be brought out and cultivated. I would have, too, regular conversations, and thus do what we do not do at present, cultivate the power of conversation.

"During the next year, I would confine the child to four hours only, say from nine to one. Exercises the same, with the addition of arithmetic; and as to geography, I would give my entire attention to the study of American geography and history.

"Instead of giving general geography, and going over the whole world in six months, I would take a single country, and devote the whole year to that country, and combine the history and natural history of that country with its geography.

"And I would say, begin the study of geography at home. I know there are some experienced teachers who would first teach the general science of geography, and then all the details; but I have been convinced that a child learns better in geography with regard to these great subjects when details are not understood at all. I would begin here at home, and making them understand the geography of our own country, I would go from the centre outwards, till the whole world should be embraced. So with arithmetic, I would spend the first two years in doing nothing but this, — teaching the child numeration, notation, and the four simple rules; I should not expect to go beyond division.

"In teaching arithmetic at the outset, I think we err in not presenting some visible external objects. A child may be taught by means of blocks with great ease. I know this, because I have taken children, and by means of a few scraps of paper have made them comprehend perfectly the whole theory of numeration; and any one knows, when that is truly understood, arithmetic presents no difficulty at all; they go through arithmetic as easily as they would walk through a grass field.

"During the first and second years I would use, in addition to a common reader of some kind, some one book possessing a classical character; but take care that it should not be a task-book, and so made hateful. You all recollect the disgust you have felt from having been forced to read over and over the noblest passages of our literature.

"In this way I would introduce children to our best English writers, while yet very young, beginning at eight years, and going on slowly, not introducing the higher authors till twelve or thirteen. I believe a girl at sixteen or seventeen may have become acquainted with about sixty of the best authors in the English language, a list which comprehends all its best classics. I have made a calculation that, in this way, by little and little, and without task, by giving to the younger readers the simpler and easier writers, and so on up to the voluminous divines and metaphysicians, &c., in one hour a day, the whole may be made intelligible and familiar to a girl between the ages of eight and seventeen.

"In the next year (between ten and eleven) I should introduce the study of Latin.

"When I began to teach I was much prejudiced against introducing Latin, for I was myself ten years learning it, during which time I was flogged till my hand became as hard as a ploughman's, and I was so disgusted with the whole study that I left school and entered a mercantile life.

"Feeling thus, I went on during a year without Latin, and the second year tried the experiment of using it, and became then satisfied that it was a proper study for girls. They acquire, through that language, the English language, and come also to the grammar of all languages; while analysis and the power of composition are cultivated, as nothing else will cultivate them.

"It was remarked some years ago by President McGuffey, that to transfer a series of ideas from one form of English words into another was no exercise of the power of composition, but simply of analysis, while to translate from one tongue to another requires both.

"A young man studying Cæsar has to rewrite Cæsar. He has to take the separate words and put them together as Cæsar did. Here is an effort of composition. I should, therefore, introduce and continue for four years the study of the Latin.

"During this period I should continue drawing and writing, and I ask your attention to this. By drawing, better than in any other way, we get that command of the muscles which makes a good writer. And it cultivates, also, the sense of the beautiful. I would, therefore, give lessons every other day in drawing, from simple forms to complex, during the whole course, to the age of fifteen.

"In the third year, also, I would take up the geography of Europe, and the history and natural history of Europe, making the geography prominent, for that can be understood when history is a sealed book.

"During the fourth year I would give Asia, Africa, and the rest of the world in the same way.

"Between twelve and thirteen, — fifth year, — coming back to America, I would go over the whole world as before, making, however, the history prominent, and the geography subordinate.

"There is one great objection, however, to the plan just

named. We have not a book in the language fitted for the purpose.

"Between eleven and twelve I would introduce the writing of compositions in the form of stories that have been read, or something similar. I believe it is true, and I ask if it is not, that girls acquire an inflated, false, and ridiculous style, by imitating writers when composing essays on abstract subjects. The result often is, that when they sit down to write a letter, they write the most arrant nonsense ever put upon paper. I have read letters which appeared to be the quintessence of absurdity, and I imputed it to the fact that they had been called upon at school to imitate fine writing.

"From that time, the age of twelve, I would continue composition to the end of their course. Up to this age I should introduce no other studies but the English grammar, and geography and history, as already named, with writing and drawing, and arithmetic. After twelve, I would introduce algebra, the philosophy and principles of English criticism, the study of natural philosophy and history.

"And now I ask you, if by this plan studies would be crowded, repetition needed, the rudiments neglected? Up to the age of thirteen, I should occupy only four hours a day. Increasing it to five and a half hours from thirteen to fourteen.

"From fifteen to sixteen, I should introduce the study of the French, because some of the best modern literature of the world is in that tongue; and for carrying out the historical education, if for nothing else, I would give the young this language, for the greatest historical writers of our age are Frenchmen.

"During this year I should introduce the study of scientific natural history. At that age, and not earlier, it may be done, without producing a repulsion to the whole subject.

"A little child is pleased with examining insects and ani-

mals; but if you attempt to teach it nomenclature, it is disgusted with the whole subject. I would not introduce natural history as a science until a more mature age, say at thirteen.

"From fourteen to fifteen I would pursue nearly the same course. Passing over, from one step to another, I would introduce political economy, and after going through, as they would have gone through, history as a collection of facts, the students may be introduced with great benefit to such knowledge as will make them to understand what modern history means. While ancient history is a history of warfare, modern history is the history of political economy and of government.

"Between fifteen and sixteen, having gone through the modern, we may turn to the universal history of civilization, so as to be able, turning back upon the part already studied, to understand what that is which has been learned. Little children are not capable of reading history to good purpose. Natural philosophy and history belong to comparatively mature minds. It is not till we have our powers of analysis and composition educated that we can truly learn them. Instead of introducing natural philosophy at nine, I would not touch it till mathematics had been gone through with, just as it is in our colleges.

"At the period from sixteen to seventeen, I would take up the study of chemistry, deferring it till then for the same reasons that would lead me to defer natural philosophy.

"In that year, sixteen to seventeen, I would take up the study of technology, and here I come to a field not usually entered by young ladies.

"A few years ago an intelligent English gentleman went into one of our common schools. A gentleman who sits before me was examining a class on the history of ancient Greece. The foreigner was astonished, and said, 'What schools you have in Cincinnati!' But when he began to

ask about the bricks and boards, and found they knew nothing about them, he said, 'Why, it seems to me that this is a disgrace to Cincinnati. While you teach about Greece, two thousand years ago, you leave your children ignorant of the world right before them!'

"I believe there is truth in this criticism, and I would, though not till a late period, introduce them to the arts and practical occupations among men. It is a study for young men at college; why not for girls? I would introduce, in connection with it, statistics, and, like the Germans, æsthetics, or the science of beauty.

"Here, again, with the exception of music, do not girls grow up ignorant? Who among us is able, on scientific principles, to determine the value of the female head sent to Mr. Longworth by Powers? Who, educated here, can discern the merits of any great painting? Very few, if any. It seems to me that, if it can be done, this subject of æsthetics should be introduced among the studies of girls, for with them the science of beauty should be understood.

"In the last year, sixteen to seventeen, I would introduce the study of political science, the outlines of theology, medicine, and law. It may seem absurd that young ladies should be taught to be divines, and lawyers, and doctors, but surely they ought to be doctors at least. If women knew when children are likely to have the scarlet fever, instead of a cold, many children would be saved, and physicians might rest quietly in their beds. I would teach the others, also, for in order to know what is going on in the world they must know something of law and theology. The great principles of them should be embraced in such a course.

"Now, if you will notice what I have gone over, you will see there are no less than twenty-five distinct subjects embraced. Before the age of seventeen, therefore, these studies would have been included, and the girl, if able and faithful, would have a better knowledge of the country and its institu-

tions, the trades and statistics, &c., of our own city, and all kindred subjects, than most of our young men who have been at college at a maturer age.

"And now I come to the last year, from seventeen to eighteen. This I should devote entirely to a revision of the whole course, teaching the student how to teach those things she has learned. It should be spent exclusively in teaching her how to be a professional teacher, and not to disgrace her calling as an educator. And let me say here, before I close, that not only is the mother of the greatest assistance by what she does before a child comes to school, but she may assist the teacher during the whole period of her attending school. Every instructor knows the difference between a family in which an interest is taken in the children's studies, and one where every study is neglected at home.

"The father and mother can do more than words can express in perfecting the education of their children. The greatest difference that I find is not in the natural capacity of children; but it lies in this, that some have been trained to habits of industry, care, and thoroughness, and others have not been. I find, when a girl has been taught to hang up her bonnet when she comes home, she is a better scholar than if not so taught. If taught at home to make bread or pudding thoroughly, she will learn her lessons better in school.

"If a girl of good mind is at home thorough, industrious, and careful, she will be an intellectualist; but if the opposite habits are taught at home, she cannot be a good scholar; for these habits are necessary to a good scholar. And I say that, if there be any thing in the idea that education should not stop when children leave school, but that the young woman should go on till she is twenty-five before she considers herself educated, then from eighteen onward it should be the mother that should guide the daughter. Those daughters who, when they leave school, have mothers to sit down

with them as their instructors, will go on improving, and all the allurements of society will not drive them away from the means, and the only means, of true growth.

"I have thus, my friends, stated, as well as I am able, the end at which we should aim in the education of girls. I have pointed out the defects in female education which have fallen under my notice; and I have given you the scheme which I should be inclined to adopt.

"I respectfully ask your continued attention to this subject. For my own part, believing, as I do, *that the destinies of our country hang upon* WOMAN, *that she is far more influential at the heart and centre than man ever is*, it appears to me one of the greatest questions that can be brought before us, 'How shall woman be thoroughly and intellectually educated, during the few years given for that purpose?'"

But Mr. Perkins's views of education were nowise limited to youth. His own solitary studies and intellectual triumphs had taught him the worth of self-culture throughout the whole of life; and among the mercantile, mechanic, and laboring classes he continually met with men of noblest powers, who were passing through the world comparatively unknown and unfelt, for mere want of mental stimulants. This desire to welcome all to that path of progress which, once vigorously entered, leads upward for ever, prompted him to aid every plan for general enlightenment. Among these were Libraries, Lyceums, and Societies for Mutual Improvement. Of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association he was a munificent patron. The Board of that institution, in their Reports, acknowledge the following donations: — in 1846, "of 146 volumes, most of them standard works, and a few of scarce and valuable editions, together with valuable maps and charts," — in 1847, "of 107 vol-

umes of rare works, with scarce and valuable maps," — in 1848, "of 60 volumes"; and they accompany their acknowledgments with "heartfelt thanks for his great and repeated liberality," and in token of their gratitude presented to him a right of life-membership in the Association. To him was due, also, the suggestion and commencement of a Library of Reference, where costly books might be deposited for purposes of study, and be open for the use of earnest inquirers, with only the restrictions prescribed by honor.

Of the Historical Society of Cincinnati, and of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, — which in 1849 was removed from Columbus to Cincinnati, and united with the former association, — Mr. Perkins was also a devoted and intelligent member, doing all in his power to keep alive a memory "of that adventurous and hardy band who first broke the stillness of the forests of the West, and planted on her soil the standard of freedom and civilization." Of the Cincinnati Historical Society, which was organized in 1844, he was the first president, and retained his position till 1847, when for two years he served it as vice-president and recording secretary. Of the Historical Society of Ohio he was elected first vice-president at its reorganization in 1849. These honors he well deserved, and office to him was never a sinecure. In the winter of 1838, he delivered an address before the Ohio Historical Society at Columbus, and in his leisure hours during the remainder of that season began the preparation for his Annals of the West, — a work whose accuracy, completeness, thoroughness of research, clear method, and graceful perspicuity of style show his admirable qualifications for an

historian. Successively, in after years, he wrote for the North American Review the series of Historical Sketches reprinted in the second volume of this collection of his writings, — sketches which, even as they stand, form a complete outline of Western history. His penetrating power of analysis, constructive imagination, regard for truth, sound judgment, and humane principle, are brightly manifested in these essays ; and throughout is felt his pervading trust in Providence, and awe for the grandeur of human destiny.

But it was not as an historian only that Mr. Perkins discharged his duty as a literary man. After the resignation of his editorships, he was still a constant contributor to leading papers and journals, of tales, poems, essays, criticisms, &c., losing no chance to speak a good word for enterprises of usefulness, to advocate the cause of justice and mercy, to allay prejudices, to guide the public mind in a right direction, and from transient questions of the hour to draw enduring lessons. His views of the function of the scholar and author, indeed, were in the highest degree earnest. "Your principle," he says to a friend, in 1839, "of not writing for the public, but to please yourself, albeit one of Carlyle's and I believe of Goethe's, I cannot subscribe to. I surely would not have one write unless he has something — and something of deep interest to himself — to say ; but I would have every student work for his fellow 'forked radishes,' let said radishes be as strong and pungent as they may. I am fully of the faith, my most philosophic friend, that if Jesus of Nazareth had any idea in his mind, or feeling in his heart, or law in his conscience, it was this, — 'Live and labor for all men, never asking what they think of you, nor caring how they receive your

efforts.' And to you as a fellow-radish, let me say, in all frankness and without offence, that you and I, and all of us, are in danger of underrating the public, because we feel that the public underrates *us*. For myself, at least, I am well aware that not a day passes when I have not to struggle against the temptation to sneer, because, as I feel, I am sneered at. And, as a literary man, I know that I need frankness, courage, humility, single-heartedness." Especially as a *Western* literary man was he intent to reach and keep the highest mood of intellectual action; for he felt how individual and independent, how free from traditional reins and cast loose to the guidance of their own genius, how practically zealous, hopeful, enthusiastic, pliant, yet sturdy, were the people of the Great Valley, and the thought shone out for ever bright before him, that in the West was soon to be throned the sovereignty of this continent. He longed to be a medium for the spirit of religious humanity, that he might aid to establish there that only real freedom whose essence is love, whose form is obedience to right. It is this earnestness that makes the charm of his verses and narratives; and this sincerity it was that gave to his style its simple strength.

How presiding conscience was in Mr. Perkins's habits of feeling strikingly appeared in his æsthetic tastes; and perhaps this predominance of the moral sentiment over the sense of beauty hindered his enjoyment of ordinary works of art. For he kept ever present so pure an ideal, that he could rarely be pleased. Yet that he had fine artistic perception is plain from the following notices of some masterpieces of Powers.

"Powers's First Ideal Head. — Nicholas Longworth,

who was an early and a true friend of Hiram Powers, has just received from him his first original head, cut in marble.

"It is a female head, perfectly simple in design and expression, and shows not alone the pure, noble, just conception of the artist, but also his exquisite skill in embodying that conception.

"The head resembles, in its outline and air, the Grecian sculptures; but has not their strait, hard profile, nor their unromantic expression. The nose is not Grecian, nor is the hair arranged formally after the Greek models, though it is so far in that style as to possess its peculiar grace.

"But when, from the mere *outward* being, we turn to the *inward* one, as seen in the *expression* rather than the features, it seems to us that no Greek, living while woman was what she was in Greece, could have given that which the Christian sculptor has given. And what is this? We need use no hyperbole. It is a lovely image of feminine purity, combined with feminine affection; the brow, the eye, the lip, at once human and superhuman; the counterfeit resemblance of one tried, and rising above trial, —

'A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt Life and Death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill:
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.'

"In a word, it seems to us that the artist in this, his first work, has succeeded most admirably in uniting the spirit of the two great regions of art, the classic and the romantic, the Greek and the Teutonic. And to do this is the office of Christian art.

"Three hundred years ago, we all know how perfectly it was done in Italy. In our day, Germany bids fair to revive

the past; and it is a source of grateful wonder to us, that from the backwoods of America we have sent more than one laborer in the cause, — none of them greater, none, probably, equal to the one whose first original work has been sent by him to the place where his own youth was spent, and to one by whom his youth was aided to grow to its present manhood.

"Of the details of this head, words can give no idea. The drapery is faultless; the hair exquisite; every curve of the throat, the neck, and shoulder is given so truly and delicately as to make you almost think it moving as you look; and all without any extravagance or mannerism.

"The pleasantest view we thought to be that from the side; but the light will determine the point of view, and every new light will reveal new beauties."

"Powers's Bust of Judge Burnet. — It is one of the rarest results of art to produce a portrait which shall affect one like a work of imagination, like an ideal. The same painter or sculptor whose heads of creation are full of spirit and feeling, will make his portraits stiff, unmeaning, and worthless. Nature makes every peasant's head worthy of careful study, but it is as rare that we find a Murillo to represent it upon canvas, as a Scott to portray the character of a Dandie Dinmont or Edie Ochiltree.

"The portraits of Rembrandt and Vandyke are ideals, because they have so truly caught the spirit no less than the form of nature; and their works in this department, though lower than the Madonnas of Raphael and Prophets of Michael Angelo, are surely among the noblest results of painting. Mr. Powers's busts may almost, if not altogether, rank with the works of those great masters in that department; that is, if we may trust report for most that he has cut, and our own eyes for that of Judge Burnet, lately received in our city.

"His head of the Judge, to one who never heard that such a man lived, would have as much value as an ideal piece, from its perfect *re-creation* — for it is not *imitation* — of nature. When we went to see this head, a countryman was sitting in the entry; he entered the room with us; and as his eye caught the bust, 'Why, it 's the Judge,' said he; not as if he thought it a bust at all, but the man himself. And so it is the man himself; we never saw a bust before, in which we failed to feel the want of the eye; but here the whole is so perfect, that one sees the eye from sympathy, though there is no eye to be seen. The slight, but strongly marked, muscles of the cheek move as you look at them; the veins of the throat swell, and the lips contract, as if the marble were about to speak; indeed, one feels awkward looking at it, it is so like staring a man out of countenance.

"The chiselling is, as all who have seen Mr. Longworth's 'Ginevra' would expect, exquisite; indeed, it is so exquisite, that, combined as it is with the higher qualities of art, one may — incredible as it may seem to young ladies — take as much pleasure in looking at this likeness of a wrinkled old gentleman, as in gazing upon the smooth, calm beauty of the 'Ginevra' itself."

"Powers's Greek Slave. — This statue, now world-renowned, has been for some weeks in this city, and has been seen and admired by a great multitude. Such admiration, however, is in a measure what we may call second-hand; that is, I admire because Mr. Spriggs the millionnaire, or Dr. Slop the editor, or John Smith, admired before me; — the admiration is not mine, in truth, but is his in my hands, otherwise second-handed. This false applause has been given to every good thing in the world, and of course Mr. Powers and his Slave could not hope to escape. And among those who admired it in their hearts, not with their lips only, some objected to the conception, others to the expression,

and a third party to the taste of the sculptor in making his heroine 'nude,' as it is termed, which, being translated, means 'stark naked.' For our own part, while we feel in every fibre the beauty of the work, marvel at its execution, and thank its creator, we cannot but object to the taste displayed, the situation represented, and the countenance and position as suggestive of the situation.

"Let us first notice the face and posture. Do these *at once* reveal the state of mind which the supposed situation must produce in any well-organized maiden? We feel confident they do not, from this fact, — *no five persons who see the statue and think it expressive see the same expression.* One says she is in prayer; another, she is in conscious agony; another, she is stupefied with agony; a fourth, that she has risen above her trial by the power of faith; and so on. To us, she looks as one might who is about to bathe, and heard a noise which made her fear an intruder; she stops, listens, is alarmed, grieved, troubled. The expression, intenser in kind, not in degree alone, which shall at once lay open to you her actual trial and her struggle, victory through faith, or defeat through human weakness, is entirely wanting.

"We say, the expression should reveal *at once* the state of mind. Many persons, however, will object that no great works of art or nature — Niagara, the Ocean, Shakspeare, Homer, Raphael, Michael Angelo — produce their full effect at once; they need to be studied and lived with. Most true, no full spring was ever taken in and exhausted at a mouthful; and yet the first mouthful will give an idea of the quality of water or wine. Niagara is not fully seen at once, but the same impression which is finally left by its waters in their giant sport is that which at first strikes one; the two differ in *degree*, not in *kind*. And so with Raphael or Buonarròti; the Dresden Madonna of the first, the Moses of the last, may be studied for years, and every

year will unfold new beauties and wonders, but the nature, character, kind, of the last impression and the first is the same. But, as we see it, in the face and position of Mr. Powers's statue, the *kind* of expression is wanting, not merely the full intensity, the degree.

"Next, as to its nakedness. *We do not believe such statues to be incentives of licentiousness.* Stronger incentives are always within the reach of the seekers. 'To the pure,' says St. Paul, 'all things are pure, but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure.' This text, in the case before us, cuts both ways, as it was meant to; it suggests the unclean thoughts of too many of those who, *as of necessity*, see uncleanness in a naked woman; and also points out the great truth, that any painting, statue, or book, even God's Word itself, may to the impure become a source of evil influences. We do not believe that the unclothed figure is so dangerous. Men are excited to evil by evil *spirits*, not by forms of any kind. A woman who exposes an arm, or an ankle, through the influence of loose principles, will arouse the Satyr in them more effectually than the bare body of an Eve, or the half-clad form of a Jeanne d'Arc. And here lies the danger of the model artists, as distinct from the Greek Slave; their *motive is black*, Powers's *white*. But, while we reject the idea that Mr. Powers's statue is against good morals, we accept the doctrine that it is against good taste. In other words, it does not deprave us, make us beasts; but it does not cleanse us and bring us nearer to the angels. *Naked forms are not suited to our day.* They may be tolerated in Europe and among us, but they *pain* every pure man and woman that goes to see them. They do not necessarily produce licentiousness, but they necessarily produce suffering; they are offensive to our best citizens and best lovers of art. It may seem very funny to some, that the 'best citizens' should be allowed to sit in judgment on an artist, but let us

all remember that whoever does most to purify, cleanse, and Christianize a community is its best citizen. And why are they offensive? Because the unclad human form is suggestive of evil? God forbid! No: it is (so far as we can analyze) because we cannot but connect degradation, suffering, purity cast down and impurity triumphant, with the nakedness of the Moslem captive, or that of any other woman, save only Eve. An Eve is not open to this criticism, but how few can in any degree realize the position of our great-great-grandmother? Realize, for one thing, her innocence. The naked Eve must be innocent; when she sinned she clothed herself. We think the Greek Slave, then, in bad taste, being, as it is, needlessly, and in opposition to the common custom, presented in utter nakedness; — not because nakedness is in itself evil, but because it can belong, in the conception of our day, only to Eden innocence, or to degradation, voluntary or compelled.

"And this leads us to explain our third ground of objection, namely, that this statue is not well conceived. A great work of art should appeal to our highest nature, and so elevate our aims. It should suggest ennobling, not degrading, things. It may be painful, but the pain should be forgotten, lost, in the heaven-tending, and so pleasurable, result suggested. The highest topic for a work of art is the Crucifixion, because it is a tragedy linked to the throne of God; the topic is full of pain, but infinitely fuller of joy. The self-sacrifice of Godiva, the martyr-heroine of Coventry, is a subject full of woe, but full of grandeur also, — worth a seraglio of slave-girls. Treated historically (the heroine naked as the Greek Slave), it would be, we think, in far better taste than the Slave, because so much less painful. The bare limbs of the English noblewoman are exposed to save many families from woe, many hearths from desolation; those of the Greek Slave are to tempt the brutal propensities of some rich Turk. Or suppose a young girl ex-

posed in the Roman amphitheatre as a Christian; let her be naked as she was born, would her nakedness suggest the same painful, degrading ideas that the Slave does? No. It would be, probably, one element of beauty melting into and mingling with the whole effect. And yet, even in the case of Godiva, or that of the Christian martyr, it would, we think, be in far better taste to clothe the figure to the 'edge of beauty.'

"We would have this position, if possible, definite; and therefore our readers will excuse some further illustration.

"You know the story of Godiva. Imagine yourself present at her far-famed ride, — present, but unseen. You see the white limbs glisten; you feel the sacrifice that is made; you realize the infinite love that was working in the breast of that unclothed woman when she bent her will before that of her brutal spouse. Beautiful and unveiled, as Venus, she draws near. What do you do? You bow your head, and feel that the Spirit of God has passed before you, supporting that shrinking form. You rise ennobled, — with a new conception of the power of faith and love, — with a new purpose in your heart to serve God and the right.

"Again; — you go to the slave-mart in some city where girls are exposed for sale. You see the buyers, cloven-footed, Pan-like; the sellers, merciless sons of Plutus and Pluto alike. A young, innocent child of seventeen, chained and stripped, is dragged before you; she rests in her faintness upon the nearest support, and in her intense woe forgets her woe. What do you do? How do you feel? You feel mere anguish, unutterable sympathy and sorrow. You are not raised, but stricken down; God is not revealed by an act of self-sacrifice, he is hidden by the predominance of the power of Satan. When Godiva rode forth you cried, 'She goes in the might of Heaven'; when the poor Greek shrunk before your gaze, you said, 'Where is God, that such things are allowed?'

"A great artist, presenting to us a tragedy, will always cause us to sympathize with the suffering portrayed, and yet will make us forget that suffering in our sympathy with the noble efforts that are made by the victim. The Greek Slave appeals to our sympathy with woe, but not at all to our sympathy with spiritual struggle and victory. Therein we think it vitally defective."

The spirituality that shines through these extracts was yet more manifest in Mr. Perkins's estimate of the art of arts, poetry. With unconscious ease, from boyhood upward, he had poured forth verses; but the true poet was to him in so sublime a sense a prophet, that he was never willing to class himself among that chosen band. In a lecture on Polite Literature, in 1840, he asks, "What is it that makes a work poetical? I answer, it is *that* in it which awakens the sense of the DIVINE, — appealing to the heart through some form of sublimity or beauty, — some holy emotion, — some association of heavenly affections with common experience. The poetic element is that which lifts us to the spiritual world. It is a Divine essence, that makes human speech poetry. The two grand powers of the poet are, first, that of perceiving what awakens a sense of the Divine, and second, that of expressing what is poetical in such words and by such style as to give its true impression. These two powers may exist apart. A critic may feel when the sense of the Divine is awakened, but he cannot be a poet without the inventive imagination that can give to it a local embodiment and a name. Poetry is not rhyme or verse merely; but it is that chord in the human heart which sends forth harmony when struck by the hand of nature, that essential spirit of beauty which speaks from

the soul, in the highest works of sculpture or painting, which gives eloquence to the orator, and is heard as the voice of God." It was in his eloquence as an orator, that his own poetic genius most appeared.

The generous aims which prompted Mr. Perkins to communicate freely of his inmost life, as a writer, made him rejoice to use the means of access to the minds of his fellows given by the modern method of popular lectures. In his very first year of Western life he delighted large audiences by his rare gift of speech; and not a winter passed without his taking his turn, once or oftener, in the courses of the Mercantile Library Association, the Mechanics' Institute, the Lyceum, the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, or the College Fraternities. It was on one of these occasions that I first heard him address a public assembly, and I shall never forget the impression. There is a shock of pleasant surprise in seeing one who has been a bosom friend revealed as the centre of attraction for a crowd of strangers. The heart beats and the breath comes quick with sympathetic apprehension. "Will he be worthy of his highest hours, and before this multitude approve himself as that man whom I have known?" I was instantly reassured. The very movement of Mr. Perkins as he entered the desk, so subdued, yet tranquil, — the quiet equipoise of his tall figure as he rose to speak, — the deliberate intonation and articulateness of his opening words, — the measured volume of his voice, — its mellow music so richly various, — the graceful dignity of his gesture, — his air of unaffected interest in his theme, — the commanding beauty of his smile and eye and rounded temples, — and finally, his magnetic charm,

which was singularly strong, — all conspired to captivate me, and before the hour was ended my judgment was clear, that the playmate of my boyhood had become in his mature years a master of oratory. This conviction was only deepened, as I heard him oftener and became familiar with his style. I have listened to many of our nation's most admired speakers in the Pulpit, at the Bar, on the floor of Congress, on the platform of Reform Meetings, and before Literary Associations ; but, after making allowance for the partiality of affection, I must deliberately say, that for variety and harmonious combination of faculty I have never heard Mr. Perkins's superior, and rarely his peer. Especially was he remarkable for a calm, transparent truthfulness, which carried up the hearer, through mere outward attractions of diction and manner, to communion with the very spirit of the speaker. This profound sincerity gave to his briefest utterance the unction of a religious appeal.

It seemed but providentially fit, that a man who had been refined through such complex experience, and was so consecrated to heavenly ends, should become a PREACHER. And on the first occasion when aid was needed, he was invited to take my place in the pulpit. The congregation honored him so highly, that his presence there was grateful to their feelings, and the opportunity seemed a worthy one for manifesting the faith, that the true ordination for administering the Gospel is not a laying on of human hands, but an influx of the Divine Spirit. Though reluctant when the proposal was made, my friend decided, on reflection, that he ought to yield to the request ; and by that step he entered on his highest vocation. It became instantly clear

that the Pulpit was the very place to call forth all his powers. And the result was, that, when in the summer I visited the East, he supplied the desk to full acceptance; and when in 1841 I resigned my charge, by the unanimous voice of the society he was invited to become their minister. He accepted the duty, though only in part and as a temporary relation; for the position of a professional priest and pastor was repugnant alike to his taste and judgment, and he wished rather to be one of a religious brotherhood, who, each in turn, should be dispensers of devout illumination and charity.

But distrust of his own fitness to be a spiritual guide was yet further a motive for not assuming the full responsibilities of the clerical office. In answer to a letter urging him to retain his position, he says: —

"My feeling of trouble at occupying the pulpit has come from the consciousness that I do not approximate to the character which a Christian teacher should possess. The people have been kind and attentive; the church has been filled, and I presume no one would dissent from my becoming the regular clergyman. But my temper, my habits, my whole spirit, are such, I am entirely aware, as could not *Christianize* any people. Did I feel myself even decently pure, true, just, and kind, I should delight to labor as a pastor, while I supported myself as a teacher, and let all means go to other purposes. And should I live to be forty, and succeed as a teacher, — both very questionable points, — it will be my hope to assume such a position, stronger, wiser, better disciplined, and more able to direct some of my fellow-beings heavenward. Meantime, hard work for the body, study for the mind, and restraint and whipping for the Old Adam!"

To this expression of natural misgiving I could but

reply very much in the words which, years before, he had addressed to myself, in a similar season of humiliation. His letter was as follows : —

" The state of mind in which you are is, as it seems to me, a very desirable one. The sense of *progress*, and a *determination to go on*, — what can be better suited to your profession ? One that has been through this warfare, that has battled with his faults and vanquished them, seems to me of all men to be best fitted to guide others in the true course. He has a definite notion of the evils which men need to be constantly cautioned against, of the snares which beset the paths of those who are just entering life, and of the mode of avoiding these snares. The gross vices of sense are so well known, that it scarce requires more than common refinement to be able to say all that can be said against them ; but to warn others of *selfishness* in its myriad forms, to put them on their guard against those mean states of mind which injure many more fine natures than coarse vices, demands that kind of education which can be gained only by a struggle with the foes themselves, — or, to use a popular phrase, only by having ' gone through the mill ' one's self. To a certain extent you have done this ; and this experience will ultimately give you far more knowledge than any amount of theological reading could do of the vital springs of human action, and of the daily, hourly, momentary faults of human nature, — faults to commit which there is not only now and then an outward temptation, but a continual, standing temptation within."

Faultless, or wholly freed from the evils of temperament, training, caprice, indulgence, habit, Mr. Perkins confessedly was not ; but progressive, aspiring, humble, honest, centrally disinterested, he undeniably was. The inmost impulse of his will was right. His eye was

single. He had chosen the Good as his law. His life was to seek the inspiration of Divine Love, and to make his thoughts and acts a fitting medium for its transmission. His spiritual growth had been gradual, but sure; and the very external changes which to superficial observers might appear like vacillation were really the sign of his unswerving unity of aim. From his entrance upon manhood, Moral Development had been the *end* to which he had made all plans and interests subservient. In childhood it had not been his privilege to breathe a sphere of subduing religious influence, and in youth lonely struggles and weariness of the world had shut him up for a time in stern despair. But as life opened before him, as friendship tempered his severe judgments, as wider observation of mankind called out pity and reverence, and especially as love quickened his dormant affections, the frown of Fate was transformed above him into the smile of Providence. His first step towards a holy life was this conviction that Sovereign Goodness ever led him, weak and wayward though he might be, by the hand. His next was a clear sight of the true end of existence. Even in boyish speculation, death and the unseen world had strangely fascinated his imagination; and a constant topic of our talk had been preëxistence and futurity. But as the tantalization of ordinary pursuits grew plain, and the degradation of prevalent worldliness filled him with disgust, he longed for an interest worthy of manly devotion. He found it in the assurance of immortality. I have rarely seen a person so penetrated with the truth that the *life* of life is the spirit's growth.

It was from intuition and science, however, that Mr. Perkins had been led to these convictions of Provi-

dence and immortality, for at that period he was a skeptic in regard to the Christian religion. But as he became more aware of his own frailty, and found by sad experience how prone he was to fall short of his ideal, and as the mystery of sin in mankind at large forced itself upon his attention, he asked himself whether there was not a deeper significance than he had been apt to credit in the doctrines of redemption. It was at this period that he found, as has been said, a guide in Coleridge. The "Aids to Reflection" he did not merely read through attentively, but he pierced by zealous study to its central truths, and worked out faithfully its rich veins of suggestion. In his copy, fly-leaves, margins, blank spaces, are completely filled with notes, queries, illustrations. And to Coleridge he always looked as to his Christian father. Not because he adopted his leader's *theological opinions*, for many of these he rejected, while others he received in only a modified form; but because he did recognize the distinction so justly drawn by that philosopher between prudence, morality, and spiritual life. From the universe, through humanity, he longed to ascend to Divine communion; and saw in Nature, Reason, and Revelation that "Unity in Trinity, which all may receive: God the Creator and Governor, seen in Nature, — God the Redeemer, seen in Revelation, — God the Sanctifier, purifying the heart through Reason, — One God, in Three Forms." *

At the time when Mr. Perkins began to preach, he felt the pressure of moral infirmity. The very position that he assumed in the pulpit, and his whole tone of discourse, showed how conscious he was that he had not

* See his lecture on the Relations of Nature, Reason, and Revelation. *Western Messenger*, 1840.

attained to peace or light. He was a seeker, intellectually and spiritually, and professed to be nothing more. Usually, he rather lectured than sermonized, and preferred to read prayers from a liturgy, rather than to utter the confessions and aspirations of his own heart. So fearful did he seem, indeed, of vitiating by affected feeling what inward life he had, that he was plain even to carelessness in his style of address, and familiar to the verge of commonplace in his topics and illustrations. Yet however trite his theme, and however off-hand his manner, there was always a concentrated earnestness in his look, and a tremulous emotion beneath the calmness of his voice and gesture, that irresistibly won respectful sympathy ; and at times he unpremeditatedly rose into sustained flights of sublimest thought, and poured forth his feeling in most pathetic devotion. " Though, as I came late, I stood outside the door," said once a visitor to the church, " and could not hear distinctly a single word of his prayer, yet his mere tone and accent were so profoundly affecting, that I was moved to tears." It was the humility of his attitude, as he stood side by side with his hearers, and the simple truthfulness with which he asked illumination from on high, that gained their confidence. He was pure from pretence ; he brought no false fire to the altar ; he drew from a reserved force of character ; he was ascending, and as he mounted to serener heights his stature rose in dignity, and his countenance grew bright.

As the earliest sermons of Mr. Perkins were the only ones which I heard, it must be left to other friends to describe the impression produced by his preaching. Judge Walker thus bears his testimony to its power : —

"It is within the truth to say, that no society could be more devoted hearers. And speaking for myself, I unhesitatingly declare, that his sermons and lectures, for solid sense, clearness of expression and arrangement, practical utility, freedom from bigotry, all-embracing charity, beautiful simplicity, and earnest piety, surpassed any which I ever heard. He spoke for the most part extemporaneously; and yet he was seldom known to recall a word as misplaced, or a thought as misapplied. On the contrary, the most laborious efforts at composition could not, apparently, have improved either the diction or arrangement of his discourse."

And Mr. William Greene, an earnest yet discriminating admirer of good preaching, thus shows the quality and source of his influence: —

"It was the capital feature in Mr. Perkins's character, and perhaps the truest mark of his acknowledged greatness, that he lived and worked for God and humanity, and never, apparently, for any personal advantage, even that of reputation. His superiority consisted, in good measure, in not presenting *himself* in what he did, as that of most persons does in the reverse. He seemed not to have a particle of ambition in the ordinary sense of that word, nor a particle of the vanity which is almost always at the bottom of it. In all my knowledge of men, and among all my acquaintance, I think in these particulars he was without an equal.

"He never delivered a five minutes' speech that he did not leave an impression to be borne away, and to make him remembered. He rarely preached a sermon that was not pronounced 'grand.' And this was not a word merely of the moment and of the tongue that uttered it. It was felt in every hearer's deepest heart to be true. 'Was not that a great and wonderful discourse!' How often have Judge Walker and myself interchanged that exclamation as we

were coming out of church! And how have the dozen, male and female, around us hung with the warmest sympathy upon our involuntary utterance, — an utterance which was only a thinking aloud of what could not be suppressed. His 'last sermon' was generally his 'best'; though the feeling in reference to the previous one had been, that not even *he* could excel it in any future effort. In this statement I feel that I am speaking without exaggeration, as I am certainly without the sentiment of it. But the statement would be imperfect if I did not add, that, in all this glorious outpouring of intellect and spirit, he appeared to be utterly unconscious of the power he was exerting, and of the effect he produced. When I occasionally talked to him of this, — as in moments of close confidence I could not help doing, — it was quite evident to me that I touched his humility rather than his pride. He knew I was incapable of flattering him, and therefore was not offended; but I have thought at such times, that his manner indicated a sort of kind pity of the judgment that *could* so estimate the powers of so humble a creature as he felt himself to be.

"There are those who, acknowledging the fact of his influence, might curiously inquire in what consisted the mighty power of this great man as a preacher. It was not, certainly, in what would be called the originality of his topics, for these were generally of the most every-day and familiar kind. Indeed, some of his noblest efforts have been upon commonplace occurrences, not twenty-four hours old at the time when he would astonish us with his amazing powers of statement and analysis, or by the inculcation of some most impressive lesson which they suggested. Nor was any considerable part of his power in any thing that was merely oratorical; for his manner, though always earnest, was always simple. He had no tricks of imposing form, as too many have, to eke out deficiency or inanity of substance.

"It has occurred to me, that his chief power as a preacher consisted in the fact that he was a *practical man*, and as such felt a deep and earnest sympathy with the spiritual wants that pertained to the current life of every class. He felt that every event in the development of humanity, of whatever grade in the scale of merely factitious standards, was, in solemn reality, an essential part of the Providence of God, and as such of highest moment in the proper estimate of man. Acting, thinking, and speaking under this conviction to others, with the application of his extraordinary intellectual power in enforcing his thoughts, he gave to ordinary experiences a commanding interest. Thus he made every listener feel that he had a direct personal connection with the most transient concerns of the community, and relations of duty of which he had never thought before. Hundreds of times I have gone away from his preaching with precisely the feeling that I have here tried to express, surprised to recognize the importance of matters which I had been wont to pass by as too trifling for attention.

"Our friend's influence as a preacher grew, too, in part from his relations to public institutions. Thence he brought experience, and to them communicated again new interest. To him was conceded by judicious minds that authority which is due only to unpretending and assured wisdom, united with the spirit of disinterested benevolence. Every one felt, that his word was true, and his advice considerate and well matured. This distinction gave him a sway over public opinion, which, at the same time that it devolved upon him the weightiest responsibilities for the public good, he did not fail to apply, and with gratifying success, to the most honorable and useful ends.

"And, again, his preaching was impressive from the well-known fact that his ordinary life was, from day to day, habitually and systematically devoted, in some form or other, to doing good, — either in teaching the young, coun-

selling the old, relieving the wants of the needy, comforting the sick and the afflicted, or reclaiming the vicious. All remembered that he was ready for these works at a moment's call, at all seasons of the year, at all hours of day and night, and in all weathers; and that they were done so quietly, that any amount of them might have distinguished a given period, and the world have been no wiser, except as accident might disclose what his disinterestedness, diffidence, and modesty would have preferred, and even sought, to conceal."

And, finally, an earnest and high-minded woman thus records to a friend the effect of Mr. Perkins's sermons upon herself: —

"They used often to begin like mere conversations, and were almost always about what seemed the most familiar things. We were astonished, not so much that he preached on uncommon subjects, as that he treated them in so uncommon a manner, and that his preaching embraced so many topics which would not be considered strictly *religious*. His power of securing and enchaining the attention was one of his most remarkable gifts. Whatever one's mood might be, or however much absorbed in other concerns, he never failed to arrest the thoughts and to keep them till the last word was uttered. Whether you agreed with him or not, he was almost equally interesting; and his main object seemed to be to leave the minds of others perfectly free. He was incapable of exercising any thing like tyranny, and at the same time had great power of convincing. He communicated his own expansiveness of thought and greatness of soul; and I used to feel, when I was listening to him, that I was great too. I never wished to speak after I came out of church; and it was often a sore trial, after hearing some of his finest sermons, to be obliged to talk, even with those I liked. I could not bear to have the *influence* pass away.

"I have not to regret that I did not appreciate him more fully, for I could not have listened to him with more earnestness, it seems to me, if I had known how soon we were to lose him; and there was always a feeling of insecurity about his health, which made me value every opportunity of hearing him speak. He seemed to me the greatest and most effective preacher whom I had ever listened to, and no one ever impressed me so deeply with the *reality* of his religious faith. I should have fancied it was from some peculiarity of my own mind or temperament, that his preaching was so much more satisfactory and elevating to me than that of any one else, if I had not found that others gained the same strength from his words, and felt, like me, that they were peculiarly adapted to their own nature and wants. It was because his teaching was so broad and comprehensive, that it seemed especially suited to every mind. Every thing was *real* that came from his lips. He was incapable of falling into a monotonous manner, or acquiring a ministerial tone. He said every thing livingly, and gave to every statement the freshness of a new thought. He could not be commonplace or dull, whatever he might say. The more I contrast his preaching with that of other men, the more convinced I am that we did not enough estimate its rare power. I have sometimes regretted, with others, that so few of his sermons were preserved for publication, but I do not know that this is my permanent feeling. For in print they must have lacked the earnest tone, the matchless simplicity, the freedom from excitement and every attempt at effect, which constituted so essential a part of their character."

Mr. Perkins usually preached without notes, and seldom prepared more than a brief skeleton of his discourses. It was his habit to meditate carefully upon selected topics during his walks, and for an hour or two before

entering the pulpit; but he trusted entirely to inspirations of the hour for forms of utterance. He could not be persuaded, either, that sermons which proved most effective in delivery were worthy of being written out for preservation; and even the occasional ones which he did commit to paper were quickly destroyed, for he was chiefly anxious to forget the past and to press on. It is impossible, therefore, to give any adequate impression of his preaching. Yet, though confessedly an imperfect specimen of his style, it may be pleasing to place on record here the following sermon. It is of value as communicating his deliberate judgment upon the principles which should guide the religious teacher in our age and land.

1842. "Since we last met, my friends, we have heard of the death of Dr. William E. Channing, a man whose talents and position, as well as his peculiar connection with the body to which we belong, ask from us some notice, now that he has passed into another state of being. Dr. Channing was a native of New England, and grew up in New England habits of moral and religious sobriety. He was educated in the common faith, and commenced his life the believer and teacher of doctrines very different from those he afterwards adopted. What circumstances led his mind to change I do not know; but at length the struggle ceased; the clouds that had oppressed him broke away; the formula faith of education, followed by the anxious skepticism of inquiry, gave way to the clear and calm faith of rational conviction and spiritual insight; and the conqueror in the great contest rose up from it one of the deepest, widest, highest, and purest thinkers that any age of the world has yet seen. This fact has been recognized, both in this country and in Europe, by those who still dissent from Dr. Channing's

theology; his fame is not local or national merely, — it is as universal as the English language. Some years since, I was in several of the least frequented of the West India Islands, — islands where a book was a curiosity, and even the authors of England scarce known but by name; yet I found the works of our countryman known there, and known with so much of feeling that strangers sought me out and introduced themselves to me, in order to ask concerning him.

"But widely as he is known now, and highly as he is ranked, both as a writer and thinker, my own conviction is, that he will from this time forth grow in the estimation of the world, just as the world grows in true spiritual insight, until the mass reach to his full height, when new teachers must take his place. As yet, I believe that even by his disciples this great teacher is but very imperfectly understood; and that by men at large, out of the church to which he belonged, he is not understood at all. He was, in religious views, not only beyond his time, but often beyond his immediate associates. The evidence of this may be found in the fact, that his writings are intelligible only by spiritual vision; and that, in consequence, we may all find in them new force, and light, and truth, as our own spiritual sight is strengthened. Plain and simple, the youth of twenty admires their style rather than their thought; at twenty-five he will forget the style in his wonder at the grand truths and views announced; at thirty that wonder will grow deeper, when he finds in the volumes before him the questionings of his own soul answered, as if he had laid his heart bare before the writer; and he will remember as a dream his former study of these same books and passages, when, never having questioned, they brought no answer. Some of you saw the pictures painted by Daguerre, which were exhibited here a few weeks since, wherein, the canvas remaining unchanged, the simple change of light made it appear as

broad daylight or gentle moonlight, or red with the glare of torches. So it is with the writings of Channing, — they change not, but they seem to us wholly altered as the light shifts by which we see them. Some writings, that they may be understood, require a peculiar state of the affections; others demand a particular vividness of fancy or imagination; others ask for study. But the writings of Dr. Channing can be appreciated only by the aid of *spiritual experience;* their great points are known only when seen by the light of spiritual struggles. To him that has not yet gone through such conflicts, study would avail nothing, imagination would avail nothing; these writings would remain misunderstood, or half understood. To the most imaginative they would be worthless, unless imagination had risen, through trial, and effort, and victory, into faith, and the mere conceptions of youth had become the firm realities of more mature years.

"Unless I mistake, the simplicity of Dr. Channing's works causes many to misunderstand him. It seems so very easy to fathom his sense, that his whole meaning is thought near by, while in truth it is only visible in the infinite distance. His truths are like stars, equally near us, as we think, but, as the spiritual Herschel knows, one lying beyond another, off and yet farther off, till their distance can be conceived by no human mind.

"He reminds me, in his simplicity and strength, of John Marshall, who was in constitutional law what Channing has been in divinity, — an expounder from the depths of his own spirit, and not from authority. Look at Marshall's opinions; they rest on truth, not on Blackstone or Chitty, neither on the spirit or form of the English law; they ask no indorser; they appeal to something deeper than law learning or reverence for old names, and this, too, without contempt of learning or ridicule of old names. Marshall never, like some reformers, ridiculed the old, for he rested

on the oldest, — common sense and common justice. In like manner, and even as Marshall is distinguished from the best of his legal fellows, so is Channing distinguished from his colaborers. He rests not upon Luther, or Augustine, or Paul, or Moses; they are too fallible, too modern, for him. He goes to the Ancient of Days, to God, to Jesus, and learns from them, as the truest and the oldest; for was not Jesus before Abraham? the Word before the world?

"Dr. Channing appears to me to have been a great reformer; one whose reformation has but just commenced, however, and the extent of whose influence no one yet knows. He was not an oral reformer mainly; he was not, like Luther, Fox, Wesley, and many others, most powerful in the pulpit, and the same striking results have not followed his labor that flowed from theirs. He spoke through the press, and, though dead, still speaketh, and long will his silent tones appeal to men, and reveal the Father in the Son. He passed homeward just at sunset, we are told, and, like that of the sun, his influence remains behind him. Speaking as he does, not to the passions, the affections, or the sympathies chiefly, but to the conscience and spiritual reason of man, great immediate results could not follow his speech. When I consider how wide his reach, embracing every variety of religious faith that is not scholastic and mechanical, — the Catholic and the Quaker, the materialism of Priestley, and the transcendentalism of Emerson; when I remember his power of seeing Truth under all her countless disguises, and Error in her borrowed plumes; when I recall the greatness of his moral principles, meeting a response in every heart that listened to them, — the purity of his spiritual conceptions, so clear, so lofty, so truly spiritual, and yet never mystical; when I think of the perfect simplicity of his views respecting Christianity and its great ends, — I cannot doubt that the time will come when his opinions will take hold of multitudes that shudder at the name of

Unitarian, and mould the faith of crowds that never heard the name of Channing. Are not his opinions already, like the noiseless sunshine, melting their way into the icy heart of scholastic theology? Are not his old opponents reproducing from time to time, under new and more technical forms, the spirit that was breathed into them, without their knowledge and against their will, in long past controversies?

"During the last few years Dr. Channing has entered a new field, that of ethics, as applied to policy and social relations and practices. His writings on war, temperance, amusements, slavery, and the laboring classes, have been widely influential, already, both here and in Europe. To us, I think, these writings should have a peculiar interest, for the practical truths contained in them. Truths almost universally recognized and welcomed are, I believe, the immediate and necessary result of those spiritual views which we wish to see spread abroad, and will serve, as fruits, to make the faith whence they sprung more widely known, and fully believed in. In another point of view these later writings are full of interest. Too commonly the intellectual world has been fettered by a false application of the principle of a division of labor; the theologian has been a mere theologian, without interest in earthly things, or, if having interest, without liberty to express it; while the politician, no matter how firm a Christian in private, has been expected as a statesman to leave alone the wire-drawn distinctions between right and wrong which Christ teaches, and to proceed as if this life were all, and the expediency of the world alone to be thought of. The divine that has meddled in politics has been thought no less a meddler by the world, than the politician who should dare mount the pulpit would be deemed by the clergy. While demagogues of twenty have been applauded on the stump, and religious teachers of no greater maturity idolized in the desk, Channing has been rebuked for speaking of policy without expe-

rience. Men have forgotten that the same eternal truth that must guide the statesman in every measure of government will interpret the world and the Scripture to the open-minded student of divine things. Men have made policy worldly and theology scholastic; have narrowed and hardened both; have divorced what God joined together, the present and the eternal interests of mankind; and it was needed that some prominent man, whose ability and whose character would command respect, should make us sensible again of that true union of Church and State by which the former is made practical, the latter withdrawn from heathenism. And this has been done by him of whom I speak more perfectly than by any other whom I know.

"Many of us may question the application made by Dr. Channing of his spiritual views to society and national law; we may think his views of man ultra-democratic, his views of slavery destructive of the Union. But the great example has been given, be the results right or wrong; the deepest and purest spiritual views have been by him applied to the every-day concerns of the President's Cabinet and the Houses of Congress; and many thousands in our nation will never henceforth be willing to determine political matters by the maxims of prudence or the lessons of empiricism. A higher spirit than that of expediency, a nobler tone than that of party, has entered the field of politics, and will remain in it. Our government may pass away, our Constitution be made mere paper and ink, State may separate from State, and civil war crush freedom with its iron heel; but from the contest, as from every such struggle, will arise uninjured and undismayed the God-given principles involved in it. In our case, the principles of human brotherhood as it was taught by Jesus, of God's paternal presence, of man's eternal destiny, — sooner or later, these spiritual truths must be as familiar to the legislature, and the court of justice, and the office of the executive, as they are to the student of

divinity. Upon no other basis can freedom stand; nothing else can limit that bitter, that selfish feeling which we all recognize in our adversaries, if not in ourselves.

"How deeply ought we to feel, then, our debt to the great teacher that has passed from among us! To how many of our firesides has his voice reached, and there breathed faith, and hope, and joy! He has been indeed our friend; when death and disappointment have made us lonely, this interpreter of our Saviour has brought Jesus home with him, and our hearths have been blessed even in sorrow. In losing him we have lost a friend; in his death, as one who knew him well said to me yesterday, our family circles have been lessened. But not only have we lost a friend, an interpreter, — our country and the world have lost a prophet also. In days like these, when we have no reputation and a doubtful character, — when so many extremes are aimed at, and with deep and evil feeling, too, — we need a prophet to speak hope to the timid, decision to the wavering, and a warning to the headstrong. The truest that we had is gone. But the truths he taught, the spirit that inspired him, remain; and our best token of the sorrow we feel for his loss will be, in private and in public, to live out those truths and that spirit."

As minister of the Unitarian society, Mr. Perkins was naturally classed with that denomination. And as a matter of fact, he did believe, as he said in 1837, that, "although other forms of Christianity might appeal more powerfully to fear, wonder, and imagination, no creed on earth is so fitted to touch the heart, and call out love, hope, faith, trust, devotion, as that which tells of one God, whose justice and mercy are identical, whose goodness is unchanging, and who chastens only as a Father, while leading his children onward through the imperfect

to perfection." Yet he was, in the truest sense of the words, a Liberal Christian, always ready to examine the dogmas of the sect, while seeking for the light of universal truth; humble and tolerant, though firm to his own convictions; free from cant and arrogance, while seeking definite views; thankful for illumination already given, and aspiring towards the perfect day. His intimate friend, Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, thus expresses her view of his spiritual progress.

"Mr. Perkins's position, religiously considered, was one to which few will do justice. He whose inquiries after truth are so strictly individual and eclectic as were his finds little sympathy in our religious community, where it seems to be an essential requisite that a man should *class* somewhere, and be enabled to state his creed under some one name of the various recognized parties. When, therefore, Mr. Perkins ceased to be a Unitarian, and yet could not embrace *in toto* any of the formularies of Orthodoxy, his position was in many respects painful; but I believe there never was a man who approached more nearly the ideal of an honest, unprejudiced inquirer after truth. Nor was he, in my opinion, one of that unfortunate class, who, from some peculiarity of mental balance, seem foredoomed to be always *inquirers* merely, and believers never.

"He was capable of a hearty, settled, genuine *belief*, — and such, on many questions, he had attained to. He first approached the land of moral inquiry from the side of entire skepticism, — and how different are the views of one who enters it on that side from his who glides in upon the tranquil stream of traditional belief! It was by earnest wrestling, by vigilant and careful inquiry, that he attained to every successive conviction; but he *did* attain to many points which he looked upon as *firm land*, and not bog or mirage. The number of these was, I think, every year

increasing; the fog was rolling up from the moral landscape, and point after point emerging, all glittering in the sunshine of truth. How much did I hope from the onward progress of such a mind, when years should have ripened and fully elaborated his views. Though they might have coincided in exact form and shade with those of no classified religious body, yet in their strong, hearty individualism, they would have formed no mean addition to the great stock of moral and religious presentations which this age is collecting.

"The points on which I think Mr. Perkins had attained to settled conviction were, the entire ruin of the human race *morally;* the entire dependence of man on Divine assistance for any upward progress; the necessity of a thorough and radical regeneration of every individual heart, 'through the supernatural influences of the Spirit of God.' These last words are quoted from one of his sermons, and are a form of expression that I have heard him use frequently. He also believed in Christ as so united to the Divine nature as to be truly and properly God manifest in the flesh, — a proper object of the highest religious homage and worship; and I remember a very beautiful and eloquent description which he gave of the influence of living faith in Christ in the transformation of human character. He believed also in the *fact* of an Atonement by the death of Christ, though he stated that he could not as yet see truth in any of the *philosophical theories* by which the doctrine was supported.

"With respect to many phases of religious opinion, he was undoubtedly, as he always represented himself, in a *transition* state. And so indeed it has proved to him, as, passed at once beyond the shadows of earth, he has found the light for which his soul yearned, in heaven.

"Amid all the affliction of his sudden and most mournful death, I have never been without a mingling of solemn joy when I think of him individually. The *divine longing*

was in him so strong, — the yearning, the hungering and thirsting, after light and purity so ardent, that I rejoice at his having at last found it. His was one of those souls whom a German writer describes as possessed by a '*home-sickness*' which makes them perpetually long for a higher sphere, and forbids them any settled repose on the bosom of created things. Of all such when they depart may it truly be said, 'If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I go unto my Father.'"

In a letter written in 1846, Mr. Perkins thus explained his own position :—

"As to my theology, it is of a curious kind just now, if I may judge by the fact, that the Catholics think me on the point of joining their Holy Communion, while the Swedenborgians regard me as about to enter their New Church, and some of Dr. Beecher's people look on me as sufficiently Orthodox to say that, when I preach again, they shall enlist under my banner. The amount of the matter is, that my Biblical studies, where alone I study theology, while they have made me come to look on Jesus as having a far more intimate relationship with his Father than man has, or can have, have not enabled me to form any idea of that relationship. He is to me God Manifest, an object of worship, a living reality, with whom I may commune, and through communion grow more and more to resemble. This communion is by meditation, prayer, the cultivation of all right thoughts and feelings, and especially by acts which are the last embodiments of thoughts and feelings. All the mooted questions in divinity I throw aside. A LIFE that shall make each man more like Jesus, by means of a practical faith in him, and which will also most aid the masses, — this I would preach and aim at, in general and detail, and ask no one about Trinity, Atonement, Baptism, &c., &c. UNION

AMONG CHRISTIANS is all-essential. This cannot rest on intellectual agreement; and a *church*, in my view, must base itself on agreement of feelings and principles; that is, it must have faith in Jesus, not faith in a theological creed, whether that of the Council of Nice, the Westminster Assembly, or any other Not-Jesus. And yet I want a creed and a theology."

With Mr. Perkins's distaste for the ministerial profession, his hatred of *isms* as really schisms, his aspiration for a unitary faith, which shall comprehend, transmute, and harmonize all partial creeds, his deepening consciousness of communion with Christ, and his longing for a more living and effective union among Christians, it was but consistent and right that he should either resign his temporary post in the Unitarian Society, or seek to raise them to the level of his own large aims. Only the urgent persuasions of leading friends in the congregation, and the freedom which was gladly granted to him to utter his most extreme views, both speculative and practical, induced him to retain his office so long, which — excepting the few months of Mr. Fenner's ministry, and some intervals of sickness and absence — he held until his death. The following letter to the society, in February, 1847, will best show how truthful and friendly were the relations between him and his people.

"*February 13th*, 1847. TO THE TRUSTEES AND MEMBERS OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY. — I cannot, my friends, easily find words to express to you my gratitude for the confidence you have shown in me by your late invitation to become again your pastor. I only regret that my own conscience and consciousness do not assure me that I am worthy of such confidence.

"In relation to the proposal made me I would say, —

"*First*, That I hold myself so far bound by engagements already entered into, as to make it impossible for me at present to do more than preach once a Sunday, my school and writings requiring nearly every hour from Monday morning to Saturday evening. This state of things will continue until July next; meanwhile, if you desire it, I will preach on Sunday mornings.

"*Second*, When my present engagements close, I should feel unwilling to enter upon any agreement to act as a pastor, unless with a full understanding upon two points. These are, —

I. That I am not to be expected to make regular, formal, parochial calls. In cases of sickness and distress I should, I trust, act as a Christian friend, but the usual course of parish visiting I cannot honestly undertake. My wish would be to visit among the poor and ignorant, the erring and criminal.

II. I should wish it to be fully understood, that I become the head of your society again (should I do so) with the hope and purpose of leading you to leave the dogmatic, sectarian ground of Anti-Trinitarianism, and to assume that of a *more practical Christianity*, having as its basis these points: —

"1st. Faith in the perfect trustworthiness of the Gospels, — in their essential inspiration.

"2d. Faith in Jesus, as God revealed through man.

"3d. Faith in God's constant presence and ceaseless intercourse with human souls.

"4th. Faith in regeneration and the forgiveness of sins.

"5th. Faith in a future life of retribution.

"6th. Faith in the power of Christianity to cure the evils of the world.

"I do not ask you to believe with me on these points; I do not ask you to agree to give up sectarian Unitarianism; I only ask that it shall be fully understood that I *shall urge*

you to do so, and shall preach what are to my mind the truths of theology which tend to a practical result, and not Anti-Trinitarianism. The practical form which I should trust the action of your society will take, it will be my purpose to sketch in the discourse which will precede the reading of this letter.

"It has pleased God to relieve me in a great measure from the affection which last year disabled me from preaching. With renewed health I have meant in some form to resume my Ministry at Large; if I can do it, and at the same time supply your wants, I shall be most grateful for the opportunity. But, while I thank you from my heart for your invitation, I cannot honestly accept it unless with the understanding I have mentioned. If you wish, I will preach once a Sunday until July, if my health will allow; and then your invitation may be renewed, if you think my proposals reasonable.

"With gratitude and affection, your friend,

"J. H. PERKINS."

Thus continued their relations, until, in consistency with the views expressed in this letter, and with the conviction that the time had come for inviting his friends to form a UNION upon the ground of *Practical Christian Life*, Mr. Perkins preached, on October 8, 1848, the following discourse.

"'Believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . . But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.' John iv. 21, 23.

"When invited by you, my friends, nearly two years since, to take this desk again, I did so with the express agreement that I should be at liberty to urge upon you,

without offence, the abandonment of Unitarianism as a ground of union as the basis of your society. From time to time I have presented to you the views which convince my own mind that such a step is desirable. To-day I ask you to take the step; to say to all about you who are interested, that you no longer wish to remain a society because you are opposed to the Trinity, or any of its dependent doctrines; that you abandon the ground upon which this congregation was originally gathered; that you are convinced there is a broader, better ground of union, — one that may support a true catholic church, — and that this you would seek for. That this you would *seek for*, I say, — not that you have found it. The problem which has so long perplexed the largest minds and noblest hearts in the Church of Christ, we cannot claim to have solved: we merely seek a solution; and, as a first step, leave a position which we believe prevents our progress toward that end.

"Asking you to take this step, — to make this declaration to the world, — the little world that is concerned in our doings, — I propose to present to-day in one view the reasons in favor of such a course, which appear to me of most weight.

"And, in the first place, I ask you to leave your present basis of union, which is opposition to the Trinity, because that basis tends to make you sectarian, and sectarianism is a form of Antichrist. In the present position of human culture and Christian development, divisions or sects in the Church may be inevitable; but sects may exist without sectarianism. Sectarianism is that spirit of division, disunion, antagonism, which would PERPETUATE differences, instead of doing them away, — which seeks for points of opposition in place of points of union, — which delights in controversy, contest, and victory, — which cannot conceive that the truth is so large, and man so small, that countless differences must of course arise from man's partial views of that truth,

and that those who seem to us opposed to the Gospel may indeed but be viewing it from a point whereon we never stood. To the sectarian, the man that does not think with him, for or against the dogmas in question, is of necessity wrong, and to be combated. He does not dream that both he and his opponent may be in part wrong, in part right, and that they should study, know, aid one another, instead of trying merely to convince or overcome one another.

"But sects may exist without this spirit. Those of various views, in Christian humility and love, may seek for the truth in the views of their fellows, and so grow daily wider. We may remain Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and yet not be antagonists, but friends, co-laborers, members of the body of Christ. Sects may be but the various limbs in that body, moving in harmony and health; but sectarianism is a disease, which makes the limb it possesses at discord with all others, adverse to them, worse than useless.

"Need I spend time in proving that such a spirit is Antichrist? It is the spirit of selfishness, pride, war, hatred, and cruelty; it is the opposite of that love, humility, gentleness, kindness, long-suffering, which Jesus has revealed to us as the spirit of God and his Anointed. From sectarianism have come persecutions, burnings, bloodshed, in times past, — in our day, hard words, accusations, bitterness, hatred, malice. Sectarianism has weakened the power of the Church to do good, to put down evil, to advance the cause of the Saviour; it has made men look on Christendom as the battle-field of contending parties, — not as the great labor-field of united brothers.

"Need I stop long to satisfy you that your union in opposition to the Trinity makes you sectarian? Does not that union, by an act of your own, divide you from the great body of the disciples of Jesus? Does it not place you in antagonism to them? Does it not breed in you and them

more or less of coldness, unkindness, and enmity? And is not this in a great measure your own doing, — the result of the platform you adopt? They do not combine against the Unity of God; you bind yourselves together against the Trinity. They do not excommunicate you so much as you cut yourselves off voluntarily. Let a Congregational society be gathered in this city, having no creed, no platform involving Trinity or Anti-Trinity, — but professing merely to worship God together, and to work together for the extension of the kingdom of heaven, — would it be cut off from other churches? Would they refuse fellowship with it unless it took some sectarian name and symbol? I do not think so poorly of their liberality and Christian spirit as to suppose for one moment that they would. They stand aloof from us, because, as a Unitarian society, we declare war, as it must seem to them, against the very foundation of Christianity; we are the aggressors, we are the sectarians; the peace of the Church is disturbed by us. Nor can we honestly say that we have no creed, no platform. England has a constitution, though it is unwritten; and we have a confession of faith, though it exists in no book or manuscript. The purpose for which this church was gathered was known to all men; the character of the discourses delivered in its early years was known to all. Professed Unitarians alone have been called to preach here; and during nearly twenty years this society has been, distinctively, Anti-Trinitarian.

"But do not, my friends, suppose that I mean by my language to accuse the founders of this society of aggression and sectarianism, of selfishness, pride, and malice. My proposition is not that sectarianism founded this church, but that its continued existence upon the basis originally assumed tends to produce sectarianism.

"And this leads me to the second reason which I would urge in favor of the step I propose. It is this, — that the Anti-Trinitarian basis at first adopted by this society, how-

ever suitable to the wants of that day, is not adapted to the wants of ours: in other words, that our platform, even if it did not involve the evils of sectarianism, is too narrow for the present moment.

"The present time demands, if I mistake not, a platform which leaves minds free in relation to theology, but unites them in reference to worship, self-improvement, and labor for those around them who need aid, — physical, intellectual, and spiritual. Or, to present it otherwise, — if we would conform ourselves to this year 1848, we shall abandon opposition to the Trinity and Atonement as a ground of union, and shall agree to be a Congregational society, because we can pleasantly and profitably worship together; listen together to an appointed preacher, no matter what his theology; consult and debate together; and work together to do away poverty, ignorance, vice, and infidelity.

"I am not, as you well know, a disbeliever in the value of theology. It is not a mean, or mysterious, or unpractical system of truths, as I view it. Nothing, I believe, is so universally and constantly practical, sensible, and noble, as theology. It not only ought to govern, but does govern, the merchant in Main Street, the lawyer at the bar, the mechanic in his shop, the farmer at his plough. When you leave this city for New York or New Orleans, your life will depend very much upon the theology of the engineer who holds the safety-valve of the steamboat, or modulates the speed of the locomotive. No matter what his skill, his energy, his knowledge: the man's conduct will be finally determined by what *he really believes* in reference to God, and the relations of God to man; in other words, by *his* theology.

"It is not, then, because I despise or disregard this science, — if we may fitly degrade it by such a term, — that I say a platform of to-day must leave minds free upon it. Neither is it because I would tolerate all views and bear with

all errors. I would bear with no error; I would tolerate no false view; I would discard as an insult the name of liberality, when it implies, as it too often does, the quiet sufferance of lies. Who was ever more intolerant than Jesus of the Pharisees?

"No, my friends, it is not either because I think theology worthless, or am ready to tolerate any falsehoods therein, that I say our platform should leave all minds free. We should leave them free, because, in relation to this, the most practical, important, and vital of subjects, *we really know so little*, — see so partially, — can judge so imperfectly, *except for ourselves*. To the same soul even the Gospel changes from month to month, and year to year, as the mountain peak changes when we draw near to it: to various souls the Gospel is as different in hue, form, and bearing, as that same peak is to those who approach from opposing sides. We at best see but portions of the one great truth as it was in Jesus; and if *we* see part, so do *our opponents*. Calvinists and Arminians, Catholics and Protestants, Trinitarians and Unitarians, are but so many bands, looking up from the darkness and narrowness of their valleys to the snowy whiteness, the never-shadowed radiance, of that peak above them all.

"It is, then, because theological truth deserves all reverence, that it becomes us to revere its presence in every human soul, and, recognizing our own ignorance and incapacity, to shrink from a platform which we are sure will contain but a part of Christian truth, and which will serve only to sever us from others as honest, and liberal, and devoted as we can be ourselves. Such a platform is the unwritten creed of Unitarianism; and therefore I believe it is for our day too narrow.

"When modern Unitarianism first found expression in our land, it was the earnest protest of devout hearts against that real or imagined form of faith which of the Triune

God had made three Gods, — which to the fallen man denied the mere power of receiving God's spirit, — which sunk the great Reconciler of God and man in the victim of Divine wrath, — which petrified foreordination into a pagan fate, and election into the capricious mercy of a tyrant. For one, I thank God that such a protest was made, — even though no human being held the faith denounced. No theory ever yet darkened the world more black and deadly than exaggerated Calvinism. I have said that I do not believe in that liberality which would tolerate a lie; and if man ever uttered one regarding his Creator, — if he ever was false to the whole spirit and purpose of Christ, — if he ever in words denied his master and reviled his God, — it was when he fashioned that system of theology against which Unitarianism declared deadly war. I have referred to the possibility that this system was never really entertained; it may not have been; but, asking you, as I do, to leave the basis of Unitarianism, I feel bound to say that, in my belief, the words of Channing, Buckminster, and Ware, in their day, were as truly needed as any words ever spoken by man. And Heaven gave the words needed, through various channels, in various lands. But their day is long since passed; the great truths taught by them, in part through their agency, but mainly independent of them, are now received on all sides; the spirit they lived in has become, to a greater or less degree, the spirit of all sects. Thomas Arnold of England, Ronge in Germany, Bacon and Taylor of New Haven, Horace Bushnell of Hartford, Henry Beecher of Brooklyn, and several Evangelical ministers of our own city, besides hundreds of whom I know nothing, are clearly in the truth which made Channing and his fellow-laborers so strong. That truth was not their denial of the Trinity; it was their affirmation to man's conscience and heart, rather than to his intellect and fears, of God's justice, of Christ's reconciling power, of the indwelling of the Holy

Spirit in the heart of man, and, more than all, of the rightful freedom of man from priesthood, creeds, and every form of human imposition and human tyranny.

"While, therefore, I agree that Unitarianism was some years since necessary, and arose naturally according to the laws of reaction; and while I believe that now also there are minds which can approach Christianity only on that side, — can learn to see the Divinity of Christ only by first dwelling on his Humanity, — I cannot but regard it as a needless and narrow basis for us at present to unite upon.

"But, in addition to its tendency to make us sectarian, and its narrowness as a ground of union, there is a third reason why I hope to see it abandoned by you. It is this.

"Christian societies are needed, in our day and land, which shall make it a chief object to influence the community around them; and, beginning with themselves, to seek, more distinctly than is usual with Protestant churches, to reform social evils. Such societies cannot be based, as we now are, upon the affirmation or denial of theological dogmas.

"Hitherto Protestant Christianity has looked almost exclusively to the work of individual salvation. It has neglected social salvation as a thing belonging to Cæsar, not to God. But human government with us in America will do but little for that salvation; and if the Christians of our land do not in union take up the work, the infidels will; and every year our democracy will be more and more pagan, farther and farther from that of the Pilgrims: the heathen idea of self-government will utterly expel the Christian conception of submission to the will of Heaven, and the source of our social security will be lost.

"In our day, moreover, men are fast coming to appreciate the scientific truth and social bearing of a principle, which Jesus, in its spiritual and moral relations, constantly presented, — the principle of Brotherhood, — of coöperation,

as distinguished from inimical competition, such as now exists in the world of business; the principle of associative action, as distinguished from naked individualism. Society everywhere is becoming conscious that it does not, as now organized, fulfil the purposes for which it was ordained; that it does not secure to its members the blessings to which all, as God's children, are entitled. In England, France, Germany, Italy, and our own country, the masses, enlightened and unenlightened, are asking, 'What shall we do to be socially saved?' Sinning society, like the individual sinner, is *anxious;* and in both it is the first step towards salvation. What is the next? To the individual is presented, as an object of love, faith, trust, confidence, Jesus the Anointed, God embodied in man; and through faith in him come the hope, the deepening penitence, and that essential and growing change of views, wishes, purposes, and principles, which show the entrance of the Spirit of God, awakening, condemning, forgiving, and regenerating. And somewhat so, I believe, it must be with society. Men need to have *faith* in a *social embodiment* of the spirit which was in Jesus. As Jesus is the mediator between God and man, so we need mediators between Jesus and the world; associations, or forms of society, that shall apply the Divine spirit to every relation of life, and make possible for us a living faith in such an application. But such forms of society cannot be expected to spring at once from the bosom of existing society. We have all been too deeply educated into false relations, to be able instantly to see and seize the true ones. Moreover, we have no mode of selecting from those about us the best men and women to form the associations which shall seek to embody the spirit of Christ, and yet a most wise selection is plainly necessary. In the first place, then, there is required some mode by which, in our existing society, we may be educated from its prejudices and falsehoods into the truth as it was in Jesus, — into the application of his

life and teachings to the problems which now cloud our path, — slavery, hired labor, pauperism, and crime ; and secondly, a plan by which the wisest and best may be gathered in due time to form the social bodies through which may be shown an approach to the Divine order of society, and thus a faith be generated in the possibility of doing away present evils, and, by the power of the Holy Spirit, producing social salvation. The nearest question for us to answer, then, is this, — How may we, in the midst of existing society, fit ourselves for a higher system of social relations, and be enabled to choose from among us the wisest and best to reduce that system to practice ? And to this, for my own part, I answer, — By Christian societies, which, while they labor for the salvation of the individual, shall recognize the evils that now beset every community, and which shall make it a definite purpose to examine them, inquire for remedies, and as far as possible carry those remedies out into life. By doing this, *some* must be trained to at least a partial application of coöperative principles, and must become fitted to judge who among their colaborers are the best suited to a more complete and exclusive experiment. If in our city, for instance, twenty societies were to be formed, which sought practically a remedy to social evils, ten probably would be led to some form of associative action, and that without disturbing those truly vital connections which now bind us together. By such action, all must be, more or less, educated for coöperation, and some men and women must be made known who are specially fitted by physical constitution, temper, worldly wisdom, high principle, and a Christian spirit, to join a society, a community, which shall aim at completeness by obedience to the will of God in every particular.

" It is not my purpose, however, at this time to propose to you any form of combination with reference to such a result as that I have been speaking of. I wish at present to submit to you only one proposition, — the abandonment of Unita-

rianism as your ground of union as the basis of this religious society. If that step be taken, you can continue independent of all theological platforms, and all theories of social reform; or you can adopt as your basis some plan which shall contemplate social inquiries, and the practical application of some remedy for existing troubles. The present point for you to decide is, the renunciation of a theological platform of union, and nothing more. Should you determine to do this, I shall hope to present the wisdom of farther action in detail, and therefore offer no plans or suggestions at present.

"But, it may be asked, what will the position of this society be, if it renounce its original basis, its Unitarian theology? I answer, it will be just what it is now, except in its relations to other Christian societies about it, and to the world at large. By renouncing opposition to the Trinity as our basis of union, we place ourselves on ground where others ought to, and I believe will, recognize us, work with us, become coöperators with us. We are still the First Congregational Society, or, if you please to take an individual name, the Church of the Disciples, of the Crucifixion, of Humanity, or any thing else you like. The present exercises would continue, and others would be added, — should it meet the approval of the society, others relating especially to social evils and remedies. Then would come the question of agreeing to labor, as a society, to advance the cause of Christian Association. That question, however, is not now before you.

"Again, the inquiry may be made, whether I suppose that individuals are to change their faith, — to abandon Unitarianism, if now held by them. Of course not. No man can so change his convictions. If you are Arians, Humanitarians, Sabellians, Socinians, such you will remain, until converted to some other form of faith. I ask individuals not to abandon their own convictions, but to believe that others,

who have different convictions, are also through these possessed of truth; not to give up Unitarianism as an individual belief for some other belief, but to give it up as a bond of union, because, by uniting in opposition to the Trinity, they make it their great object to deny the existence of truth in that dogma which their fellow-Christians regard as the corner-stone of their theology, rather than to examine whether there may not be truth there also.

"If, then, individuals are to remain what they are, is not the proposed abandonment of Unitarianism by the society a mere change of name? I think not. If I supposed it to be a mere change of name, I should care little about it; the name 'Unitarian' is as good as any other name. It is a real change in your relations to other Christian societies and the world, which I ask for. It is an end of the antagonism existing between this body and others around it, which I hope for; and which, as far as you can secure it, will be secured by your withdrawal from an avowed position of antagonism. For twenty years we have been saying to the Trinitarian world, 'Your dogmas are utter errors, and we are united for the purpose of destroying them where we can.' I ask you now, instead of this, to say, 'In your dogmas, the basis of your religious life, we are satisfied there are truths, though we cannot see them: we would learn them; we would strive to attain your point of view; we would bring you, if possible, to ours; for, in our dogmas and denials too, there is truth: we would cease contest, and labor truly to aid one another.' I wish you, as a society, to change, not your name, but your platform, or creed; — for an unwritten one, as I have said, you have, and, whatever you do, will have. At present, it stands thus: — 'We believe the doctrine of the Trinity and its dependent doctrines to be false and unwarranted by Scripture, and we regard opposition to them as a paramount duty.' I would have you substitute the declaration, — 'We believe that in every form of doctrine which

has been the basis of Christian life, there lies more or less of Divine truth; and we regard it as our paramount duty to seek for that truth everywhere. We would strive, therefore, not to hit the medium of opposing dogmas, nor to tolerate indifferently views of every kind, but, by the examination of dogmas, and the earnest endeavour to understand the views of our opponents, to attain, with the help of God, to a more comprehensive knowledge of the infinite truth that was in Christ.'

"That the change proposed is not merely one of name may be illustrated, perhaps, in this way. Four societies might be formed, all composed of those who are individually Unitarians. One of these societies might assume the name and attitude of Anti-Trinitarians; a second, sinking the question of Trinity and Atonement, might base itself solely on the denial of Eternal Punishment; a third, disregarding all these points, might rest simply on the Baptist ground of the immersion of adults; while the fourth should assume the position for which I now contend, and, denying neither Trinity, Eternal Punishment, nor Infant Baptism, should assert as its foundation a common worship of God, a common effort for the removal of ignorance and vice, a common wish to learn the truth which is the life of every division of Christians, and a devout hope that a time may come when those divisions will draw together again, and the scattered limbs of the body of Christ once more be united in health, and power, and beauty. Would these four societies differ only in name? Would not their relations to the world, their influence on the world, be wholly unlike?

"This, then, my friends, is the point to which I would bring you: I would have you declare to all interested, that, as a society, you abandon the Anti-Trinitarian faith as your bond of union, as the basis of your religious association;—

"1. Because it tends to make us sectarian;

"2. Because it is too narrow for our day; and

"3. Because the time calls for societies which recognize the need of, and are willing to labor for, a social as well as an individual regeneration, trusting in the power of faith in Jesus Christ, and the influence of the Holy Spirit of God."

After delivering this discourse, Mr. Perkins offered his resignation as minister to the Unitarian society, whose views in relation to his proposed movement may be inferred from the following Resolutions: —

"At a full meeting of the members of the First Congregational Society of Cincinnati, held on Sunday, the 22d of October, 1848, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: —

"*Resolved*, That this society cordially approve of the ministry of James H. Perkins, their pastor; that they have at all times admired the liberality, honesty, and independence of his discourses, and the truly catholic and Christian spirit which has uniformly characterized his conduct and teachings; that, as fully as any society can do so, they collectively embrace his religious doctrines and Christian faith.

"Therefore, *Resolved*, That this society earnestly, affectionately, and *unanimously* request Mr. Perkins to withdraw his letter of resignation, and to continue his relations to the society as their minister and pastor."

Mr. Perkins did not withdraw his resignation, though he accepted the invitation to continue his preaching; and in a series of discourses opened still further his plan of Christian Union. The organization proposed for the new religious society may be in part learned from the following sketch, prepared by a friendly hearer for a Cincinnati paper.

"It is known to many that the minister of the First Con-

gregational Church in this city recently proposed to his society the abandonment of Unitarianism as their bond of union. At the same time he signified his intention of presenting a plan for the organization of a new society, on a wider basis, and with higher and more comprehensive objects. Accordingly, on last Sunday morning, his connection with the Unitarian society having ceased, he addressed a very large audience of interested minds upon the subject. The following is a brief abstract of the compact and well-reasoned discourse thus presented.

"The speaker began by announcing that he should aim at giving a summary of what, in his view, should constitute the *Objects*, the *Principles*, and the *Details* of such a religious society as he proposed.

"I. The *Objects* were as follows: —

"1. The public worship of God, not as a prescribed formula, but as a duty sanctioned by the natural, spontaneous, and universal instinct of man.

"2. The weekly renewal of our religious sympathies and affections, as a guard against the deadening influence of the world.

"3. The seeking after the will of God, in an enlarged and scientific spirit of inquiry, drawing truth from all sources, and learning that will, not from the Bible alone, but from history, from nature, from Providence, and from our own souls and those of other men.

"4. The application of that will to life, in every detail of our daily business, and in all our relations to God and to each other.

"5. The alleviation, by both physical and spiritual means, of poverty, ignorance, misery, vice, and crime.

"6. The endeavour, not only to relieve, but to discover, a *radical cure*, which shall effectually remove these evils, which so sorely afflict our communities.

"7. The carrying out vigorously and fully, into actual social operation, this remedy, when found.

"II. The *Principles* which the speaker deemed a proper basis of union were threefold.

"1. The acknowledgment, by the adoption of a distinct creed or symbol, that we are a *Christian* society, recognizing the Divine Messiahship and inspired mission of Jesus Christ as the Son of God. Such a symbol we might find in the *Apostles' creed*, not now known as such, but in the words of Peter, sanctioned by Jesus, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.'

"2. This recognition once made, our stand should be upon it alone. We should shut out none by requiring all to believe every thing alike, — we should shut up free inquiry by no detail of doctrines. Holding ourselves as earnest seekers of what Jesus taught, we should be ready to receive truth from every quarter. We should not stand in opposition to the doctrine of the Trinity or the Atonement; we should not stand as advocates of these doctrines; we should be tolerant of the truth which exists in every sect and in every creed. We should invite the ministers of other denominations to teach us; for as truth is seen relatively, not absolutely, by any of us, we are bound to believe that others have truths which we have not. We should not be a sect, for our union excommunicates no Christian; we should hold ourselves in antagonism to no sect, for we must admit that regeneration and a Christian life exist in all. We should say to other societies, 'We believe you are Christians; if you believe that we are heathens, come and Christianize us.'

"3. The acknowledgment of our duty, as a society and as individuals, to apply Christianity to life, in a thorough and scientific manner.

"III. The *Details* briefly glanced at by the speaker were as follows: —

"1. The adoption of a creed, already spoken of.

"2. A public profession of faith by all the members in the principles of the society, and an adhesion to its aims.

"3. The calling to our pulpit, from time to time, ministers from other societies, to teach us.

"4. The holding of all baptisms, marriages, and funerals in church.

"5. The binding of each member to devote a certain portion of every week in visiting and aiding the poor and the sick.

"6. The devotion of one fifth of all funds raised by the society to objects of charity, one fifth to the support of good music, and three fifths to the support of a minister, provided that the latter shall not exceed $ 1,000 per year.

"7. The privilege of using the church or the funds of the society by any portion of its members, provided such use is, in the judgment of the minister, in harmony with the objects of the society.

"I have given a condensed abstract of the religious society as proposed by Mr. Perkins on last Sunday. It will be observed, that it proposes nothing absolutely new in principle; and the proposer took special occasion to repudiate the intention of founding a new sect on novel principles. It proposes merely a *new method of action* in carrying out principles already known and acknowledged. The distinction and starting-point of the whole plan is this, — that *moral intentions, sympathies, and habits of action* should be the true bond of union in a religious society, and not *unanimity of opinion*, or agreement as to the theory and expression of truth. In short, that *right acting*, and not *right thinking*, is the true bond of religious union.

"This is to abandon the whole ground of sectarianism. The proposed society is not only not a new sect, but it is *not a sect* at all. It proposes a UNION of minds, hearts, and hands bent on thinking right, feeling right, and doing right, and drawn together by the magnetic power of the *intention*, and not by agreement in the actual amount of progress made."

Mr. Perkins's own feeling as to the probable success of this movement may be learned by the following extracts from his letters.

"The blow struck by me, — and it is not too strong an expression, — in the discourse that I sent to you, has *told* here, in various directions, among many sects. I may never see the result; but children now living will. Hundreds, out of the Unitarian society, have already expressed to me their sympathy; and in the course of the coming winter, if I have life and strength, I can undoubtedly gather a large and effective body upon the ground of *faith in Jesus* and *labor for man's salvation*, personally and socially, without respect to theological opinions."

"Our movement here is yet in embryo. I am in no haste; all good births are after the fulness of time. Several from Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, and other churches will come in, I think; but I am no believer in the revival *system*, which is man's, though very full of faith in that *revival* which is from God. I therefore make no noise or stir."

"We are all well. I am busy lately in a more than usual degree about my grounds. I have some six acres, every foot of which is capable of being made either 'useful or ornamental,' — a classification taught me fifteen years ago by my excellent, well-dressed friend with the lame foot, of omnibus-riding memory, — and I am busy bringing them into order and beauty. Had I no other cares or thoughts, — were I fifty miles from a city, town, village, or human being, — I should be perfectly content to dig, hoe, rake, read, eat, and sleep for the rest of my life. But I am, alas! at this moment forced to act as leader, nominally, of the *anti-sectarian* spirit of Cincinnati, which comes to me under many names and phases; and also to give several hours a week, the number increasing geometrically

with the cold, to the presidential duties of the Relief Union, or Central Charity of this Queen City.

"In short, were I an active bachelor, I should be busy fifteen hours a day in attending on the poor and comforting the troubled; or in studying subjects for a dozen or two lectures, which I ought to deliver this winter on all conceivable subjects; or in electioneering for a new society, for I have resigned my pastorship in the old one, on account of my heresies and sins; or in writing for the North American Review, Massachusetts Quarterly, &c.; or in reading new books, reviews, &c., &c. As it is, however, I nurse the baby, go to market, see the poor and sick as I can, meditate a sermon, skip through a novel, skim a review, dig a flower-bed, eat a dinner, take a nap, write a page or two, discipline half a dozen boys, and go to bed!"

This last extract carries us to Mr. Perkins's HOME, and thither we will now follow him. How strong his yearning had always been to escape from the whirl and confinement of cities, to the stillness, pure pleasures, quiet work, and large freedom of the country, has appeared in all his letters, even from boyhood; and as the charities of Cincinnati became organized, and his failing health and a regard for his family's welfare absolutely demanded a change, he at length took the decided step of establishing himself out of town. The arrangement which he was enabled to make was a delightful one. Among the Walnut Hills, a few miles northeast of Cincinnati, his brother-in-law had planted a nursery-garden, and upon his grounds Mr. Perkins built a little cottage. Behind it were the unbroken woods, and all around, at short distances, lay pleasing prospects. He called his retreat the "Owl's Nest"; and how much parents and young ones enjoyed their covert will appear by a few extracts from his correspondence.

1845. "You speak in one of your letters of my working too hard. I regret to say, I am sick with laziness and idleness; nor have I been able to discover any mode of cure except to move three miles out of town, and try to fill up my time by walking in and out, and gardening, loafing, strolling, and lazing generally."

1846. "We have a very pretty place, with a beautiful forest directly back of us, where we take many a pleasant walk, in winter no less than summer. We have had much snow this season, which has added not a little to our fun, as well as to the beauty of the woods. Could you see us and the four boys sliding on our pond, and coasting in a sled of my manufacture, — a Champagne basket on barrel-staves, — you would fancy us all children together."

1847. "I am teaching, lecturing, writing two or three books, visiting the poor, walking about in immense boots through immense mud, lounging, napping, frolicking, and reading at leisure "L'Unité Universelle," by Charles Fourier, in four volumes. So goes life; — the old hash spiced with crying children, and sweetened with laughing ones."

1847. "We enjoy our life out of town very much indeed, in winter no less than in summer. And though I have to 'tote' out much of our marketing, and wade through mire and water, yet I am glad to do all and bear all for the pleasure I have in the exercise, the air out of town, and the rambles in the woods. And Sarah and the boys enjoy it as much as I."

1847. "We are at present all quite well in body, and only slightly troubled in mind by the Fall of Adam, Slavery, the Mexican War, the prevalence of injustice, and a 'few

more of the same sort.' Our talk is of an immediate return to New England, — say in twenty years or so, — to live on oysters, lament the decay of Puritan principles, and try to begin over again. Meanwhile we give the boys homœopathic pellets and read the London Examiner. On week-days, I personally am rather driven during daylight, and, being nowise bat-like, am blind when daylight is over; and Sarah and Charles E. being of similar sightless habits, we spend very pleasant chatty evenings, occasionally varied by four uneasy-sleeping boys, who have been eating hickory-nuts *whole*, or other similar delicacies."

The tone of gentle humor that runs through these extracts was very characteristic of Mr. Perkins. It pervaded speech and manner in his familiar intercourse, and spread a genial fireside glow through the domestic circle. Yet it needs a fine touch to mark the quality of this humor, so delicate and half latent was it beneath his grave exterior. It was not the hilarity of good animal spirits, nor the glittering wit of a keen intellect; but though both sprightly and sharp-sighted, his playfulness came of the heart. From principle, he had learned to let off nervous excitement through sparkling fireworks rather than fatal explosions. He felt so acutely the rebuffs of life, that, to spare himself and all around from incessant worry, he preferred to look at existence as a fancy fair, where he was best fellow who wore the drollest mask and carried on the joke most spiritedly. Hence, when his peace was assaulted, he parried the blow with a merry turn, and when his feelings were most wounded, hid the scar beneath a smile. The mechanism of comedy, quaintness, repartee, the play on words and oddities of look and speech, were always at his command; but the peculiarity of his sportiveness was the

intensity of feeling it betrayed. To the eye of sympathy it was plain enough that, while the face was cheerful, the soul was sad. In a word, he used humor rightfully, as oil to save friction, and as means to speed the passage of good-will.

This trait showed itself most freely in his treatment of his wife and boys. Though naturally irritable, and the prey through life to a morbid temperament, for the most part he kept up a good-natured battle with annoyances, and changed petty troubles into stimulants of mirth. He was ready at all hours to be playfellow, comforter, guardian, nurse. He could be a child among his children, and, after the studies and cares of the day, enter heartily into a game of romps, a wrestling-match, a tramp in the woods, or a snowball frolic. He had the wisdom to let Nature take her course in the rough-and-tumble instincts of boyishness, and would not kill the buds of manly feeling by pulling off the husk prematurely or blowing open the flowers. It was his aim rather to inculcate gradually high principle by example, than irksomely to repeat specific precepts; and he trusted more to an implicit reliance on his judgment and kindness, called out by calm consistency, than to a timid obedience of his commands. He knew so well, from experience, the worth of a self-relying will, that he preferred to expose his sons to risks rather than to dwarf and enfeeble their energies by over-fond anxiety. In a word, he sought rather to be their friendly confidant than an authoritative parent. And of woman's trials he was most tenderly considerate; he could lift the galling burdens of the mother and housewife by pleasant diversions and kindly sympathy; he understood and remembered the complex details that must be harmoniously ordered

in a comfortable home; he could bear, as well as give, advice, could sacrifice his own whims and predilections, and was too grateful for the sunny sweetness which kept love's garden green, to be vexed at every withered leaf or broken twig.

In the training of his children intellectually, Mr. Perkins was apparently negligent; for he had no faith in precocious growth. He was solicitous, first of all, to nourish their constitutional vigor, to give them strength of muscle, and to clothe their nerves with a covering sufficiently tough to bear the rubs of life. To rouse their senses to quick and accurate observation, to accustom their limbs to toil as hard as their age could bear, to fit them by the small duties of home for faithfulness in manly functions, was the surest way, he was convinced, of laying foundations for substantial good sense; and he had no fear lest they would not, in due time, overtake by swift progress their compeers who had climbed on before. He preferred, too, to quicken their spiritual affections rather by the infusion of his piety than by forms. Meanwhile, he talked with his boys freely on matters small or great, remote or near, as they were suggested, told them stories, called their attention to nature, taught them how to use their faculties in work, and read to them such passages as he thought would be interesting or instructive. Reading aloud, indeed, was a constant pleasure of the fireside, and Wordsworth, Southey, Scott's Novels, Carlyle's Sartor Resartus and French Revolution, and the good current tales, reviews, popular histories, and spirited travels, were thus enjoyed in company with his wife and their visitors.

They were, in truth, seldom alone. Hospitable, cordial, and devotedly fond of their intimate friends, and

sought for their own sakes by others, the guest-chamber in the cottage and the spare seats at the table were usually filled. At different periods, young ladies, placed under their charge for purposes of education, lived with them till they could scarce bear to be parted from these second parents; and for many months at a time a young man of rare genius, but most eccentric character, who came to Cincinnati for the mere purpose of forming Mr. Perkins's acquaintance, and who made him his idol, was an inmate at their house as if he had been a brother. It was in this near intercourse that the loveliest side of Mr. Perkins's spirit appeared. Whatever of reserve or stiffness encased his manner in the world thawed off at home; and here he showed the genuine sweetness of his character. He was never too busy or absorbed for the exchange of friendly words and acts; and his simplicity of speech and bearing put every one at ease. Especially beautiful was his intercourse with girls and young women. In common with all men of genius, the feminine element in him was largely developed, and his refined sympathies found a congenial sphere in female society. But apart from natural romance of disposition, he had the profoundest reverence for woman in herself, and for her appointed destiny. He had caught a clear view of the new era, opening in modern Christian society, of *woman's co-sovereignty* with man; and on every young girl whom he met he looked with interest, to learn how far disposition and culture combined to fit her for the exercise of ennobling influence. It was in his confidential talks with a circle of these, that his hope and imagination found wings. He liked to study with them, opening by his suggestions the wide west of inquiry, and to walk with them in cheerful converse-

tion, rising into earnest eloquence as mind illumined mind.

The presence of friends did not hinder, but rather aided, Mr. Perkins in his intellectual pursuits. His method was so centrally controlling that he did not need routine, and his character was too vitally regular to be mechanical in act. He had learned, while yet a youth in a counting-room, the art of carrying on his mental operations amidst the most discordant conditions; and with the unconsciousness of habit grown to second nature, he took his course through trifling interruptions. He was the strictest economist of time. The moments were never left to run to waste in sands of sloth; but all that did not turn the wheels of business, or fill the streams of study, were made to water the garden-bed and wild-flowers of fancy. He never went abroad without a book in his pocket, and mastered many volumes every year while waiting for the omnibus or unpunctual committees. He was earnestly thoughtful, even when most free. He could melt and mint the results of hours of reading in a morning's stroll, and held his treasurer, memory, to a strict account of her stewardship. Thus he worked easily; and the noises of children or the talk of friends did not distract his attention. He prepared himself by thorough, though rapid, reading before beginning to write; and when he put pen to paper, so strong was his concentration, so discriminating his power of analysis, and, above all, so truthful his intellect, that he seldom needed to make a correction, or even an erasure. Indeed, in all his processes, as student, writer, lecturer, preacher, he was singularly consistent with himself. He knew precisely what he wished to do, to what his powers were adequate, and the readiest mode to fulfil his

work; and thus, though often aiming at moderate success, he never failed, and generally surpassed, expectation. This practical efficiency he carried into all the business of life. A more direct, prompt, punctual, thorough person, it is rare to meet; and he was as exact an economist and prudent a manager as he was large in ideal aims and boldly enthusiastic.

Yet the true LIFE of Mr. Perkins was a guarded centre, to which friends, children, wife even, seldom penetrated; and of this his writings and sermons gave only a distant glimpse. To those who knew and loved him best he seemed subject to *moods*; but few conjectured the intensity of his inward struggles. Though his intellect was so capacious, well ordered, and strong, the passional element in him was in many respects extravagant. By nature, as he well knew, he was prompted by fiery emotions. He could change with a flash from tenderness to haughty severity; by his very longing for sympathy, he was tempted to crave exclusive regard; conscious of power, he was instinctively fond of sway; and the vividness of his ideality made common life seem tame. Other weaknesses not a few he was also painfully aware of. The *real greatness* of his life was in the incessant warfare with these wayward tendencies; and to a high degree he mastered them. God and good angels alone are pure enough to estimate the worth of his self-discipline. Friends can only reverently admire the fact, — that a man, who, ungoverned by conscience, might have been vindictive, jealous, ambitious, and unstable, was gently merciful, disinterested, humble, and constantly progressive. To those who had the eye to discern his spirit through his nature, the moral heroism and pious aspiration of James Perkins were sublime.

It is not surprising, that one who was so constantly

humbled by conscious struggle with sin should have felt as if others would recognize his frailties. Indeed, how could he esteem highly the conscience of those who did not detect faults which to him were so glaring? And in proportion as he honored friends for their excellence, he disclaimed for himself a right to their affection. This self-distrust increased his natural diffidence; and both conspired to produce a reserve, which gained a deepened shade from the very perception that it repelled those around him. He was too generous to receive a love which he could not overpay in return; perhaps he was too proud to seek affection which was not freely given; and one who was so stern towards himself could not always be tolerant of others. This distance of manner was heightened by his finest virtues. The prevalent standard of conduct and character was so low, that he would neither govern himself by popular maxims, nor pretend a respect for what excited only his contempt. The habit of referring to his inward oracle gave him a feeling of independence which could not but manifest itself outwardly. The falsehood of conventional formalities seemed oftentimes to demand a disregard of etiquettes, if merely to preserve truthfulness of heart. His consciousness of half-stifled ambition made him put aside as a tempter the honors which others were ready to render. And his cordial delight in genuine love filled him with disgust for fussy sentimentalism.

Notwithstanding defects of manner, however, Mr. Perkins was really a social man. He was unfitted by taste and habit, indeed, for fashionable life, and was apt to be more courteous to the poor in their garrets or cellars than he was to belles and beaux in a ball-room; yet, though prone it may be to undervalue the graceful elegances of life, he was too genuinely reverent to be

rude. In circles where he was known, and could meet his fellows face to face, he was a charming companion. There was a fascination in his mingled frankness and *reserve*; and while his sincerity won confidence, there hung around him a veil of mystery that one longed to lift. His wisdom wore so pleasant an air of comic seriousness, that he could preach in private without being dull, and his very censure left no sting. He was fond of argumentation as the means of bringing out all sides of a subject, and invariably defended the principle, party, person, seemingly most weak. Though living out of town, he still kept up intimate relationship with the city; and in the neighbourhood at Walnut Hills there gradually gathered the families of some of his most valued friends, in intercourse with whom he was like a brother. He was often visited, also, by influential persons, who wished to consult with him on important measures, questions of public policy, or perplexed private affairs; and the poor whom he had aided, or who were sent to him for advice, were glad to rest for a while in the quiet of his cottage, and feel the refreshment of his cordial sympathy. Letters daily arrived, too, from reformers, teachers, scholars, and the seekers for unsectarian religious unions; and young men, who saw in his example of self-help and humane services a noble model, gathered round him to catch the impulse of his prescience, calm intensity, and large good-will. Like Ernest in "The Great Stone Face," he had gazed so long and ardently upon the ideal of manly goodness, that others saw reflected in him the beauty which he sought.*

* Hawthorne's exquisite tale has seemed to others, as to me, like a portrait of our friend.

From amidst this home, these spheres of usefulness, our friend departed suddenly, in the gloomy days, when northern zones are most darkened by the earth's shadow. With the returning sun of Christmas, let us trust that he entered on brighter mansions, and more loving society, in communion with the Light of Life.

The half of a man's existence is in the impression that he makes on others; and from the following tributes of affectionate reverence, called out by his death, some image may be formed of James H. Perkins.

"Our readers are all aware of the sudden death of Rev. James H. Perkins, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati, by drowning from the Jamestown ferry-boat, on Friday evening last, December 14th.

"We recollect no previous occurrence which cast so deep and general a gloom over this community as that in which it has been wrapped by the death of this estimable man. Mr. Perkins had so endeared himself to the poor by his comprehensive benevolence and unceasing charities; had been for so long a time the light and life of intellectual and social circles; had so ingrained himself into the common heart, and won the universal sympathy by his brilliant mental endowments, and the untiring devotion of his time and means and health to whatever would give relief to the sick, or add a grace to the whole, — to whatever would in his estimation promote the best and truest interests of society, — that all classes were his friends. If any knew him except to love him, or named him except to praise, they are of those who are themselves unknown and unloved. To all, therefore, the announcement of his untimely death came with a shock, and to every heart brought a most poignant sorrow. It is not transcending the truth to say, that not one of the hundred thousand souls comprising our population could have

been taken away, who would have been so generally missed or so deeply mourned.

" For a period of between fifteen and twenty years, during which time we have known Mr. Perkins well, he has been subject to a sudden rush of blood to the head, which has produced distressing vertigo, at times greatly impaired his sight, and often thrown him into deep despondency. Within the past five or six years he has suffered intensely from palpitation of the heart, often being incapacitated by his distressing affection for the discharge of his pastoral and other duties. On Friday last, a paroxysm of this kind was produced by the agitation he suffered in consequence of the supposed loss of his two children. In the morning of that day one of his little boys aged nine years, and another aged seven, rode to the city from Mr. Perkins's residence, on Walnut Hills, with a neighbour, and were to return home in the omnibus, at the stand of which their father, who was to come in by another conveyance, was to meet them. Not finding them there at the appointed time, Mr. Perkins feared that they had lost themselves, and commenced searching for them. Being unsuccessful, he became more and more agitated the farther he went, and finally employed the crier, who met with no better success. The search was at length abandoned, and in despair, and fatigued as he was, Mr. Perkins walked home, a distance of nearly four miles, whither his children had preceded him.

" He reached his residence about one o'clock in the afternoon, utterly exhausted; but, after lying down for a time, rose and dined. He could not, however, overcome the excitement into which he had been thrown, although the children were with him and well. He was restless and nervous to a degree never before witnessed by his family; and so continuing, about five o'clock he told his wife that he would take a walk to calm his nerves, but not be gone long, — that he wished to try and allay the excitement, but would be

back before tea-time. He went out thus, but did not return, and nothing was seen of him afterwards by his family or friends.

"Early on Saturday morning a report was spread from the Jamestown Crossing of the Ohio, that on the previous evening a man had drowned himself from the ferry-boat at that point, leaving behind him several articles of clothing, among them an overcoat, in one of the pockets of which was found a memorandum-book, with initials in several places. A gentleman of the city, who happened to have business on the boat, asked to see the book, and upon opening it saw the letters 'J. H. P.,' with which he was familiar. He immediately rode to the residence of Mr. Perkins's family with the information.

"Upon subsequent inquiry, it was ascertained that not quite half an hour elapsed between leaving his home and reaching the ferry, which is distant from a half to three fourths of a mile. With his arms folded and eyes bent upon the ground, he walked hastily on board, and crossed to the outer side of the boat, standing on the very edge, and looking into the water. There being no carriages, the bar was not up. The ferryman said, loudly enough for him to hear, 'That man will be overboard if he does not take care.' Mr. Perkins looked round, but did not speak. He, however, changed his position. This was the last that was seen of him. After a while the collector discovered an overcoat, — in which was found the memorandum-book referred to, — a wrapper, a vest, a cap, and a pair of spectacles, all of which have been identified as belonging to Mr. Perkins.

"The supposition among those well acquainted with the peculiar mental constitution of the deceased, and his severe physical sufferings, is, that his walk, instead of allaying his excitement, still further increased it, till reason was temporarily dethroned. In a wandering mood, not knowing whither he went, he had doubtless reached the Jamestown Ferry,

and in a paroxysm of mental aberration had thrown himself into the stream.

"The unusual fatigue and excitement of Friday morning had brought on a more violent palpitation of the heart than Mr. Perkins had ever before experienced. In lighter attacks his friends have frequently thought his brain temporarily affected by his sufferings; and although nothing of the kind was observed by those who assisted him in the search for his children on Friday morning, or by his family when he left the house for the walk on Friday evening, it probably soon came on, producing the melancholy termination recorded of his beautiful and useful life.

"The waters closed over his body still and dark; but so shall not human forgetfulness close over his good deeds. These were many and long continued, and will live and grow brighter and brighter in thousands of hearts, till they, too, cease to beat, and pass away and unite with his again in the great hereafter."—WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER, *Cincinnati Gazette.*

"The profound sorrow into which our city was thrown on Saturday last, by the sudden and melancholy death of this good man, and the tone of the numerous notices of the event and remarks on his character that have since been made in the newspapers, show the extent and force of his hold on the respect and affections of the community. If there is one heart that does not share in the general grief for his loss, if there is one tongue that does not join in the common tribute to his virtues, if there is one soul that does not unite in the seemingly universal homage paid to his active goodness, we do not know it. Persons of all ages and all classes express the highest reverence for his elevated Christian character, and the deepest regret at the time and manner of his departure from the sphere of his earthly loves and labors. And of this sorrow and this respect, profound

and all-pervading as they are, it is no exaggeration to say, he was eminently worthy. Years ago he devoted his life to the service of God, the glory of Christ, and the good of his fellow-men; and humbly, patiently, and laboriously, amid many hardships and many discouragements, through sorrows and sufferings of his own that would have daunted a less resolute heart, *he gave it*, day after day, season after season, year after year." — *Cincinnati Columbian.*

"*Cincinnati, December 20th*, 1849. Mr. Perkins in the common affairs of life was a man of a sensible, well-balanced mind. He was eminently practical, devoting his time, energy, and means to the relief of the poor and suffering of every class. He was President of the City Relief Union, of which he was the main originator, — an institution which has for some time been doing more than any other for the poor. For some days before his decease his mornings were spent in its rooms, in listening to the tales of the suffering, and giving orders for their relief. His comprehensive plans for the diminution of suffering and crime, his increasing charities, his fine social qualities, his mental endowments, — indeed, his whole character was such as to endear him to all who knew him, personally or by reputation." — *Correspondence of the National Era.*

"In him the poor have lost a friend, the youth a faithful counsellor and guide, and the good feel as if a link that bound them to the world of unsullied purity was snapped asunder. Mr. Perkins was a man of the highest integrity to the world, and honesty to himself. He was an earnest seeker after truth, and bold in its avowal. He possessed a fine analytical mind, a copious diction, and the eloquence of his discourse was that which wells up spontaneously from a full soul, and an acute sense of the great responsibility of his position. If any could criticize the consistency of his

views, one with the other, it was because they did not view the subject through the same medium. He was benevolent in that exalted import given to the word by Him who bore his own cross to the place of his crucifixion without a murmur of reproach. Him did our departed friend imitate in his humility, his gentleness, his simplicity, his kindness, and his charity."

"If the mantle of charity should ever cover the end of a good man, thus ushered into the presence of his God, it would be accorded to the deceased by the universal acclaim of his fellow-men. He who so liberally dispensed the sweets of charity to suffering humanity is certainly entitled to a share of it now. Had we been called upon to name one as perfect, and possessing more of the Divine attributes in his composition than any other human being, we should have unhesitatingly pointed out him whose melancholy end it is our painful duty to record. The poor of this inclement season have lost in him their best friend. He was ever among them, day and night, no matter how inclement the season, sacrificing his own health and comfort to relieve the wants of suffering humanity." — *Cincinnati Papers.*

"No one, who had the good fortune to be intimately acquainted with Mr. Perkins, can for a moment doubt that he committed the act when his judgment had lost its balance, and his mind was in that state of utter distraction which is denominated insanity.

"We doubt whether Cincinnati numbers among her citizens any one who has performed such valuable service to the community as Mr. Perkins did. For a series of years he dedicated himself with his whole heart to relieving the necessities of the poor, and to visiting the widow and the fatherless. He was a genuine benefactor, and so great was the confidence of the people of Cincinnati in him, that, not-

withstanding he belonged to a denomination of Christians generally regarded as heretical, he was the chosen depositary of the charities of hundreds of those who, while acknowledging the rare excellence of the man, very cordially denounced his articles of faith. He enkindled the light of hope and self-respect in thousands of desolate bosoms, and relumed the fires on thousands of cold and cheerless hearths. By the poor he was, of course, regarded with feelings of the most profound respect, for in him they always found a fast friend.

"Mr. Perkins was one of the ablest men in the West. His articles in the New York Review and North American Review are among the best that ever appeared in their pages. He has at times published sketches abounding in the most sunny humor, and stories illustrative of moral principles. Every thing that he did was well done, — better than almost any one else could have done it. His mind was well balanced in its powers. He had a magnificent imagination, a judgment of great power and truthfulness, and a memory clear and comprehensive. The play of his fancy was exquisite. He was witty, humorous, satirical, and sarcastic at will. He was a pleasant companion, a useful citizen, and a good man. In the aggregate power of mind, he has left few persons behind him in the city in which the years of his manhood were spent, that can for a moment be ranked with himself. His discourses in the church in which he officiated as a pastor, for several years, were plain, and yet powerful; in thought they were very elevated; in utterance they were marked by simplicity and intelligibility. We have known him for many years, and we have known but few men who, 'take them all in all,' did not fall far below him.

"That such a generous heart, that such a gifted and powerful mind, should have met with such an end, is to us very inscrutable. The heart that was very warm toward all

the lonely and the afflicted has ceased to beat, beneath the cold wave of the Ohio, and the mind that had conversed with the minds of the good and the great of all ages, and had afforded delight and instruction to many thousands, was quenched, so far as the world is concerned, in a moment of its aberration. That glorious head, so dream-like and so intellectual in its form and expression, around which so many visions of the beautiful floated and lingered, the home of so many noble purposes of extensive usefulness, is now dark and cold. A superior spirit has passed from earth, and is now, we trust, imparadised in those heavenly mansions to merit which it dedicated itself to deeds of good while here." — T. H. Shreve, *Louisville Journal*.

"Rooms of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association, *Cincinnati*, *December* 29, 1849. At a stated meeting of the Board of Directors, it was

"*Resolved*, 'That this Board have learned with profound regret the death of Rev. James H. Perkins, late a life-member, and from its organization a warm friend, as well as preëminently a very liberal benefactor, of this Association.

"'That while few words best befit the solemnity of the occasion, and the deep and all-pervading sorrow of this community, the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association feel a right and privilege to bear public testimony to the worth, exalted talents, and earnest philanthropy, — to the dignity and beauty of life and character of the deceased: his counsels and benefactions were ever lavished upon this institution, and his memory will be cherished among us, as in a peculiar manner the friend of young men, — in its largest and truest sense, the friend of all mankind.

"'That, as an expression of respect and heart-felt sympathy, a copy of this minute be transmitted to the family of the deceased; that it be presented at the first general meeting of the Association for a place on its permanent records;

and that copies of the same be furnished the daily papers of the city for publication.'

"At the annual meeting in January, after the reading of the annual report, the chair having called for resolutions referred to in that document, MR. LUPTON said, —

"'I am charged, Mr. President, with the presentation of a very brief minute adopted by the Board of Directors upon the melancholy occasion of the death of Rev. J. H. Perkins, for which, if it meet the pleasure of this meeting, I have to ask a place on the permanent records.

"'The life of Mr. Perkins was a living eulogy: his identification with this society, his labors of love, and the value of his counsels and benefactions, are best known to those who in years past have been most conversant with the business affairs and history of the Association his death caused the heart of the community to throb. It is not for me, Mr. President, on this solemn occasion, to presume to offer a single word of panegyric. As an humble member of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association, and of this community, I can but place my hand on my mouth, my mouth in the dust, inasmuch as the hand of God has been indeed laid heavily upon us.'

"A motion to approve, and enter on the minutes, seconded by Mr. Hartwell, was then carried by a unanimous vote of the Association.

"Of Mr. Perkins we will not attempt to speak in terms of befitting eulogy. In the removal of this good man, the entire community has sustained an irreparable loss. His blameless purity of life, unostentatious benevolence, and unaffected piety, had won for him universal esteem and veneration. The subdued tone in which the news of his melancholy and untimely end was communicated from lip to lip, and the all-pervading sadness it occasioned, attest, in language more eloquent than words, how deeply enshrined in the popular heart is the memory of him whose life had been

consecrated to virtuous deeds. Perhaps to no man in this community is our Association more largely indebted for wise counsels and liberal benefactions; and, while it becomes us to bow in humble submission to the inscrutable dispensation which has removed him for ever from the scene of his earthly labors, we may be permitted to mingle our sympathies in the common bereavement."

Historical Society of Ohio. — "At a special meeting of the Historical Society of Ohio, held at the Society's rooms, on Monday the 24th instant, after the transaction of the regular business of the association, the following tribute of respect to the memory of James H. Perkins, late Vice-President of the Society, — offered by Edwin R. Campbell, —was unanimously adopted.

"Whereas, in common with our fellow-citizens at large, we deeply feel the loss of a valued member of this society, and of society in general, — James H. Perkins, late Vice-President of this association, — it is hereby

"*Resolved*, That we deeply deplore the sudden and unexpected private and public bereavement, which has deprived us of a valued brother and associate, who contributed so largely to the good of his fellow-men, to the objects of our Association, and to the Historical Annals of the West.

"Mr. Perkins was a pride to this city, — a man whom all delighted to honor, — one who, though dead, shall not be lost to us, — whose example is still with us, — and the remembrance of his conduct will still incite us to deeds of kindness, greatness, and philanthropy."

"If an expression of deepest, heart-felt regret be permitted to any, it surely will not be denied to one who, in common with so many children of misfortune, has recently lost in departed worth a friend and a brother. Regrets may be vain, as all earthly benefits are transitory; yet it is an

abiding consolation to reflect that he who so nobly fulfilled his mission here, who went about doing good continually, who overtaxed his mental and physical powers in unceasing efforts for the benefit of his fellows, and undoubtedly suffered shipwreck of his life in consequence, has gone hence only to enjoy those abiding treasures which his good deeds had laid up for immortality. Nor can his bright example be lost to our community; for, like every excellent person of past ages, in the lapse of time he will only become more duly appreciated. And long indeed will the widow, the orphan, and the fatherless embalm his memory with tears."

"I cannot help feeling, that his death must have proceeded from derangement of the mental powers, brought on by disappointment that he lived in a day and generation which knew him not, and could not comprehend a life so much superior to the conceptions of a people who had little aspiration. I do not know that I am right in this conjecture; but it seems to me very clear, that his mind could never have been perplexed by causes that operate on the world at large. From the little I knew of him and his endeavours after a true life, I looked upon him as one of the purest and brightest spirits of our age, and he approached my beau-ideal of a perfect man more nearly than any other."

"The more I think what his life was, how laboriously devoted to the best interests of society, the more I feel how great the loss has been. His influence was great every way, but most of all through his life, through the rare example he set of disinterestedness, magnanimity, the love of truth, and his generous and exalted aims." — EPHRAIM PEABODY, *Boston, Mass.*

"James was to me more like a brother than almost any friend I ever had. In him I found sympathy in all things.

Whether we agreed or differed, I was sure of his understanding and appreciating my thoughts and motives. There was no veil between us. I am truly thankful for the good I have derived from his friendship. All his aims were so noble, so free from selfishness, that no one could associate with him without becoming better. It was this which made his society so attractive, and his influence so great among the better part of the young persons with whom he came in contact. His power was entirely unknown to him, because he was entirely unconscious of its exercise. His ardor in the cause of every good object was somewhat chilled, and himself disheartened, by the want of a purity and disinterestedness in others like that which he possessed, and which he thought to be natural to all. He was disappointed, also, at the seemingly small amount of his influence in directing the thoughts and exertions of others rightly, because he knew how easily his own were guided. The very elements in his character which gave him so much influence for good made him unconscious that he possessed any." — ESTES HOWE, *Cambridge, Mass.*

"I have known but few whose abilities and character rose into the same high region of my respect which his steadily occupied. There was a Christian sincerity and breadth of character, a purity of aim, and a comprehensive humanity of feeling in him rarely equalled, with a modest independence, which as I remember it, in its peculiarity of granite firmness, yet almost blushing regard for another's opinion, was all his own. His virtue is not lost, but transplanted, growing in a kindlier soil." — C. A. BARTOL, *Boston, Mass.*

"Of all men I have met in life since boyhood, I have learned to respect him *most* and love him *best*. Among the choicest of my recollections, I shall value my intercourse

with him, and your communication that he was attached to me. If remembrances of his commanding intellect, of his varied and extended attainments, of his genial spirit, and of his life spent in doing good, or if the most wide-spread and heart-felt sympathies, could console his family for his loss, they are poured in upon them without measure or stint." — E. LANE, *Sandusky, Ohio.*

"Not a day has passed that my mind has not dwelt on the sad change, and pictured the many happy days I have passed in your family. Mr. Perkins was my beau-ideal of all that was great and good in this world, and I have often told my friends, that I looked upon him as the best man I ever knew; and I shall always feel that I received from him more real good than from any other man." — FRANK P. ABBOT, *Baltimore, Md.*

"No young girl, it seems to me, ever had such a friend, — ever suffered such a loss; his tender care, his loving looks and words, are always in my heart, and I can never hope in this world to meet with another in the least like him. It seems now as if I could never fear death again. I feel, should I die, that I must certainly see his face of perfect goodness, his loving gaze, and that he would gently take my hand in his as he has so often done in this life. Certainly it is a great thing to have had, even for a short time, the love and friendship of such a perfect being."

"You know how much I was indebted to the care and kindness of Mr. Perkins. I owe the little good that is in me to him, for how patiently and kindly he toiled to rouse my better nature; and the principles he almost imperceptibly instilled into me have enabled me to overcome trials that would otherwise have crushed me. I mourn for him as I would for a tenderly loved brother, and while I know that

he is lost to us here, I feel that his pure soul has become another link in the chain which draws us to that God whose faithful servant he was while on earth. I will treasure as precious jewels the recollection of his good deeds and pure precepts, and revere his memory as that of the best man I ever knew."

"I knew James well. I knew that he had the best heart in the world, that he was kind and friendly to all, and that he loved to see every body happy. He always did his duty towards every body. How deeply am I indebted to him for his acquaintance and friendship!" — J. APPLETON JEWETT, *Boston, Mass.*

"I can truly say I have never lost any friend who seemed to me so great *a loss*, and I feel, as all those must who have been accustomed to lean on him, that no one can ever take the place he has left vacant."

"In private intercourse, I do not think any thing was more striking in Mr. Perkins than his perfect *truth*. I am certain that I never felt the power of truth, or the necessity of being true, so much as I did in his presence. I do not mean of being true in general, but in every word and act; and I never felt so reproached for the careless statements I made, even in little things, as I did from his severe and direct questionings. There was nothing he seemed to consider too unimportant to be repeated, if at all, with the most perfect exactness and the strictest conformity to facts. And though he mingled so little with society, I believe it is through his influence that there is so much simplicity and heartiness in the relations in which nearly all his acquaintances stand in towards each other here. There is certainly in this circle in Cincinnati less of compliment, form, pretension, and insincerity than in any circle I have ever met. And I believe very much of it is owing indirectly to him."

"It was but a short time since, that I found, in looking over a portfolio, an original piece of James's in his own handwriting. It was a farewell, written in the easy haste for which he was so remarkable. He had not the trouble to *compose*, he *thought* poetry. I think it is this truthful spirit that gives such a simple earnestness to all he has written; he did not write to be read, but to give his feelings utterance. He had an almost morbid fear of display, and an integrity which was carried even into his imagination; he could not imagine falsehood, and it always appeared to me that his ideals had spiritual existence. TRUTH formed the mainspring of his character, and controlled an unusually developed ideality. It was this that made his speculations on the *spiritual world* so interesting to me. I have listened to him by the hour, and looked at the inspired expression of his face, until I could almost believe that faith was turned into vision."

VERSES.

NEW ENGLAND.

O, TELL me not 't is Fancy's voice
That whispers in my ear;
For I know 't is Nature's holy tone
That breathes in silence here.
From the silence of my bosom
It bids me cease to roam,
And to seek once more the rock-girt shore,
And the green fields of my home.

Why do I love that rocky land,
And that inclement sky?
I know alone I love it,
But ask, and care, not why.
As round my friends my feelings twine,
So round my native shore;
God placed the instinct in my heart,
And I seek to know no more.

Then howl, ye thunder-tempests,
For ye lull my soul to sleep;
And in dreams I hear the ocean-wind,
And the surges of the deep.

Again the clouds of winter
  Sweep o'er the summer sky,
And the ground rings hard beneath my tread,
  And the snow comes drifting by.

My fathers' bones, New England,
  Sleep in thy hallowed ground;
My living kin, New England,
  In thy shady paths are found;
And though my body dwelleth here,
  And my weary feet here roam,
My spirit and my hopes are still
  In thee, my own loved home.

1835.

TO A LADY,

WHO WONDERED WHY SHE WAS LOVED.

It is not learning's borrowed gleam,
  It is not beauty's holier light,
It is not wealth, that makes thee seem
  So lovely in our sight.

The worth may leave Potosi's ore,
  Golconda's diamond lose its sheen,
But thine is the exhaustless store
  Of innocence serene.

The beauty of the eye must fade,
  The beauty of the cheek decay,
But from thy spirit, guileless maid,
  No charm shall pass away.

The learning of the gifted mind,
  Its gathered wisdom, may depart,
But in thy ignorance I find
  The wisdom of the heart.

And this nor earthly change or ill,
  Nor time, nor malady, can blight;
And this it is that makes thee still
  So lovely in our sight.

1833.

SONG.

O, MERRY, merry be the day,
And bright the star of even;
For 't is our duty to be gay,
And tread in holy joy our way;
Grief never came from Heaven,
My love,
It never came from Heaven.

Then let us not, though woes betide,
Complain of Fortune's spite, love;
As rock-encircled trees combine,
And nearer grow, and closer twine,
So let our hearts unite,
My love,
So let our hearts unite.

Though poortith grim should smile on me,
It shall not make me wince, love;
Your ruddy cheek and laughing e'e, —
They are a store of wealth to me
That might content a prince,
My love,
That might content a prince.

O, may God bless that laughing e'e,
Preserve that happy look, love;
For there I read his gracious will,
His mercy and his kindness still,
As in a written book,
My love,
As in a written book.

And what though friends be often cold,
And sometimes false and faithless?
Though eyes we loved be closed in death,
And hushed the music of the breath,
Yet there be true hearts nathless,
Love,
O, there be true hearts nathless!

There 's many a cheek will brighter glow,
And many a breast beat higher,
At our approach; and when we die,
Believe me, there is many an eye
Will weep above our pyre,
My love,
Will weep above our pyre.

And though the circle here be small
Of heartily approved ones,
There is a home beyond the skies,
Where vice shall sink and virtue rise,
Till all become the loved ones,
Love,
Till all become the loved ones.

Then let your eye be laughing still,
And cloudless be your brow;

For in that better world above
O, many myriads shall we love,
As one another now,
My love,
As one another now.

1835.

CHANGE NOT.

Be ever thus; though years must roll,
And add their wrinkles to thy cheek,
Still let thy ever-youthful soul
In word and action live and speak.

Unknowing of a wicked thought,
Untouched by any act of sin,
And all ungoverned and untaught,
Save by the monitor within,
Thou shalt know nothing of the things
That breed earth's countless quarrellings;
Yet of the learning of the sage,
The poet's rhyme, the scholar's page,
All that is pure and true shall be
A gift of instinct unto thee;
And so, as guileless and as wild,
Thou shalt live on, and die, a child.

When merry Spring, with crown of flowers,
Comes dancing through the budding bowers,
Thy laughing eye and voice of song
Shall swell the chorus of her throng;

And though the birds be all about,
And many a bee upon the wing,
Thy jocund tone shall mark *thee* out,
The very spirit of the spring.

And when the days of winter come,
And all is tempest, all is gloom,
Thy sunny cheek and sunny eye
Shall chase that tempest from the sky;
And though in ice be bound the earth,
Thy loving hope and careless mirth
Shall make it summer round our hearth.
Then ever, ever, be the same,
As pure, as thoughtless, and as wild, —
A woman, yet a little child;
For thus from God you came.

1835.

POVERTY AND KNOWLEDGE.

Ah, dearest, we are young and strong,
With ready heart and ready will
To tread the world's bright paths along;
But poverty is stronger still.

Yet, my dear wife, there is a might
That may bid poverty defiance,—
The might of knowledge; from this night
Let us on her put our reliance.

Armed with her sceptre, to an hour
We may condense whole years and ages;
Bid the departed, by her power,
Arise, and talk with seers and sages.

Her word, to teach us, may bid stop
The noonday sun; yea, she is able
To make an ocean of a drop,
Or spread a kingdom on our table.

In her great name we need but call
Scott, Schiller, Shakspeare, and, behold!

The suffering Mary smiles on all,
And Falstaff riots as of old.

Then, wherefore should we leave this hearth,
Our books, and all our pleasant labors,
If we can have the whole round earth,
And still retain our home and neighbours?

Why wish to roam in other lands?
Or mourn that poverty hath bound us?
We have our hearts, our heads, our hands,
Enough to live on, — friends around us, —

And, more than all, have hope and love.
Ah, dearest, while those last, be sure
That, if there be a God above,
We are not and cannot be poor!

HOME.

No, it is not a poet's dream,
  It does not live in thought alone ;
For here, by Housatonic's stream,
  Home, as *she* wrote of it, is known.

Here, where round every rock and peak
  Clings some tradition dim and hoary,
And every valley seems to speak
  Of the lost Indian's pride and glory ;

Where the pure mists long linger nigh,
  Like guardian Naiads to the rills,
And the vast shades flit silently,
  As giant spectres, o'er the hills ;

Where neither slaves nor nobles bend,
  But all in love aid one another ;
Where every stranger is a friend,
  And every honest man a brother ;

Where all gives proof of woman's power,
  The might of nature, not of art ;

And day by day, and hour by hour
Heart clingeth closer still to heart; —

Here is a home, a HOME in truth, —
One that can chase away the ills
Of age, and lend new joy to youth, —
A holy home among the hills.

Here may we see a stronger bond
Than interest, ambition, pelf,
Which, reaching to the world beyond,
Still makes a world within itself.

For though to few the power is given
To guide, to govern, or to move,
Yet unto each all-bounteous Heaven
Holds out the God-like power to love.

Long may that flame within us burn,
As here each bounding heart it fills,
Although we never should return
To this sweet home among the hills.

Stockbridge, August, 1836.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

It was a mother and her child;
  She hushed him with a lullaby,
And as she sung he smiled.
Her hair lay carelessly and wild
  Upon a sun-burnt brow;
But there was beauty in her eye,—
  It lives, it burns before me now,—
That might all time and change defy;—
Such beauty is not born to die.

"Sleep, my fatherless! sleep, sleep!"
    Thus she sung;
"Be thy slumbers sweet and deep;
While the shades of evening creep
  From the forest-boughs among,
And the dews the meadows steep,—
    Sleep, O, sleep!
Close, close that little hand,
  And that too watchful eye;
And, in slumbers soft and bland,
  Dream of days gone by.

Sleep, my orphan, sleep!
While the moon, so mild,
Doth her vigils keep;
And the shadows sweep,
And the silent night falls deep
O'er the wild;
Sleep, my little child,
Sleep, O, sleep!"

'T was nothing, yet in every note
That mother breathed above her young,
More heavenly music seemed to float
Than ever gifted Mozart wrote,
Than Pasta ever sung.

TO A CHILD.

My little friend, I love to trace
Those lines of laughter in thy face,
Which seems to be the dwelling-place
Of all that 's sweet,
And bend with pride to thy embrace,
Whene'er we meet.

For though the beauty of the flower,
Or of the sky at sunset hour,
Or when the threatening tempests lower,
May be divine,
Yet unto me but weak their power
Compared with thine.

And though the ocean's waves, which roll
From the equator to the pole,
May tell us of a God's control,
Yet poor they be,
When measured by the living soul
Which burns in thee.

And of strange cities we are told,
That were in the dim days of old;

Of thrones of ivory and of gold
By jewels hid,
And temples of gigantic mould,
And pyramid.

But I would brave a hundred toils
To watch thy little ways and wiles,
And bathe my spirit in thy smiles,
And hear thy call,
Rather than walk a dozen miles
To see them all.

For thou, when folly hath beguiled,
Or selfishness or sense defiled, —
Thou meetest me, my little child,
Fresh with my stain ;
But when upon me thou hast smiled,
I 'm pure again.

O, then by thee I could be led,
With joy, life's humblest walks to tread ;
The lowliest roof, the hardest bed,
Were all I 'd ask ;
To raise my heart above my head
Should be my task.

What, then, to me the diamond stone,
And what the gem-encircled zone,
And what the harp's bewildering tone ?
Thine azure eye,
Thy ruddy cheek and laugh, alone
Would satisfy.

And though all fortune were denied,
I 'd struggle still against the tide,
Nor pray for any wealth beside,
    If I could be
The parent, governor, and guide
    Of one like thee.

NOVEMBER AND MAY.

Six months ago, my little friend,
The trees were bare and dark the ground;
November's sky did o'er us bend,
November's breezes whistled round.

But now the flowers are bright about us,
The red-bird pours his liquid lay,
And all within and all without us,
As with one voice, proclaim the May.

And as it chanced, a little girl
I met with, just six months ago;
Her brown hair fell in many a curl
Round features that I did not know.

Our path, so far, had been apart,
And though the maiden spoke and smiled,
It was November in my heart
Toward that little, unknown child.

Half of the year has passed away,
She that I met with must depart;

But now, believe me, it is May,
And not November, in my heart.

Her warm affection, modest bearing,
Her words, her actions stamped with truth,
Her thoughtful conduct, calm, yet sharing
The frolic temper due to youth, —

These, like the warm spring days, have smiled
On feelings all too torpid yet,
And make me place that unknown child
With those I shall not soon forget.

Her welfare and her spirit's growth,
Her victory o'er the might of passion,
Her freedom from ennui and sloth,
Her safety from the snares of fashion,

Shall be my prayer when far away;
And if she act but well her part,
O, she will fill with endless May
Not mine alone, but many a heart.

TRUTH.

WRITTEN IN A PORTFOLIO.

Be Truth my motto ever! Thou
That bendest o'er my pages now,
Wouldst thou but write a sentence here,
Be every line and word sincere.

Whether it be to those who mourn
For friends departed, kindred gone,
Or to the jocund and the gay,
Who cannot think friends pass away,—
Whether it be the gravest strain
That ever racked a thoughtful brain,
Or of a style that would beguile
All thought, and raise the dimpling smile,—
Write when you may and what you will,
Of grave or gay, of good or ill,
O, be that word my motto still!

Here, to those gone, with artless art
Pour the full fountains of the heart;
Obey that prompter deep within,
That feels concealment half a sin;
Speak out,— and others then to you
Will speak as warmly and as true.

Or should there burn a holier fire
Than ever Friendship can inspire, —
Should mighty Love above me deign
To hover on his azure wing,
And prompt the letter or the strain
That only lovers write or sing, —
Though joy-bewildered, hope-amazed,
Be not that guiding word erased.

And after I am gone, O, still
To mould thy passion, guide thy will,
To point thy path, sustain thy strength,
And lead thee to thy rest at length,
In womanhood and age, as youth,
Be thy firm trust, thy motto, TRUTH.

1836.

TO ONE FAR AWAY.

I SOMETIMES feel melancholy when I think of the traveller's lot; — forming friendships only to be broken; becoming a member of families, in which he is scarce domiciled when he is once more called to tear himself away; a plant for ever taking root, and for ever lacerated by transplantation. And yet there is another view of the matter. The friendships which the traveller forms need not perish, — nay, they will not; the mountains may crumble, and the valleys become filled, but true affection is imperishable. Love is not a plant which, lacerated by separation, dies; it is a seed which sinks into our spirits, and may remain hid there for ages, but will one day spring up, and from its tiny envelope send forth a Tree of Life.

A few years since, I used to doubt if we should recognize hereafter those to whom we are attached here, because, I said, our attachments die out even on earth; a year ago I was wrapped up in one on whom I should now look almost with indifference, for during that year we have not met. A few years have revealed to me that my former view was the result of my former blindness, and that blindness the inevitable consequence of my unworthiness; I now see that the purer and truer I become, and the freer from selfishness I am, the more permanent are my attachments, and the less power have time and space over them. To the really pure spirit I cannot doubt that there is given a grasp which enables

it, while loving many, to love each as deeply as we can love but one.

I would look forward, then, with entire trust to the time when, free, not from this body only, but also from the inner and grosser body of spiritual death, I may stand connected intimately with a myriad of spirits, — connected by bonds which the passing of ages shall not loosen, nor the width of the universe weaken. And I would believe, moreover, that the seeds of those myriad connections are now being planted in my breast: from passing acquaintances, from momentary meetings, from slight intimacies, from all knowledge of noble, just, devoted qualities, — I would believe that I am receiving those seeds.

The traveller's lot, then, is not wholly mournful: he is not a former of fruitless attachments, and does not plant in vain. He plants, as we all do by every act and feeling, for eternity; and if he plant pure affections, it is good seed, and will bring him a rich harvest.

In connection with these thoughts, let me give you some verses written in reference to one now far away: —

Late to our town there came a maid,
A noble woman, true and pure,
Who, in the little while she stayed,
Wrought works that will endure.

It was not any thing she said, —
It was not any thing she did;
It was the movement of her head, —
The lifting of her lid, —

Her little motions when she spoke, —
The presence of an upright soul, —
The living light that from her broke, —
It was the perfect whole:

We saw it in her floating hair,
  We saw it in her laughing eye;
For every look and feature there
  Wrought works that cannot die.

For she to many spirits gave
  A reverence for the true, the pure,
The perfect, — that has power to save,
  And make the doubting sure.

She passed; she went to other lands;
  She knew not of the work she did:
The wondrous product of her hands
  From her is ever hid.

For ever, did I say? O, no!
  The time must come when she will look
Upon her pilgrimage below,
  And find it in God's Book: —

That as she trod her path aright,
  Power from her very garments stole;
For such is the mysterious might
  God grants the upright soul.

A deed, a word, our careless rest,
  A simple thought, a common feeling,
If He be present in the breast,
  Has from Him powers of healing.

Go, maiden, with thy golden tresses,
  Thine azure eye, and changing cheek, —
Go, and forget the one who blesses
  Thy presence through that week.

Forget him : he will not forget,
But strive to live, and testify
Thy goodness, when Earth's sun has set,
And Time itself rolled by.

1839.

ANGEL MEETINGS.

THERE is a faith in Eastern lands,
That, when true friends are torn apart,
Their angels who are here below,
To guard them through this world of woe,
Do walk together still; and so
Heart communes still with heart.

In that belief I would believe,
Upon that holy faith would lean,
And thus still bow before thy shrine,
Still gaze upon thy light divine,
And still my spirit learn of thine,
Though mountains rise between.

1836.

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER TO A STUDENT OF DIVINITY.

I SEE you in some country town
On snug four hundred settled down,
And saving from your salary
What little surplus there may be,
To buy your wife a Christmas gown.

I see you through the rain, the snow,
Heat, cold, and mud, unwearied go
To visit every home of woe,
Sustain each drooping head;
Or when the mortal lies below,
Weep o'er the humble dead.

I see the fire; the cottage room,
Now all alight, and now all gloom,
As rise the flames or fall;
The simple meal; the honeycomb;
The bread and butter, made at home;—
And you the lord of all.

I see the circle gather round,
I *hear* the silence so profound,
As bending, reverent, to the ground,
You pour the living prayer;—

I see to rest your prattlers led,
With swimming eyes, back-turning head;
And when another hour is fled,
At nature's call, you haste to bed,
  And I am with you there; —
In other scenes and spheres you seem,
Of wider usefulness you dream,
  And thirst for nobler care.

In unseen worlds far, far away,
Your accents pour increasing day,
  And still chaotic strife;
Your fingers mould the plastic clay, —
  You breathe the breath of life.

The mists that linger now within —
Passion, and ignorance, and sin —
  Are past; another birth
Empowers you, with a deeper joy,
To make your every day's employ
  The miracles of earth.

Light, from the Fountain of all light,
Has reached thy blinded spirit's sight,
  Broke through the earthly clods;
The hope, the instinct of thy soul
Is satisfied, — to grasp the whole,
To gain all knowledge, all control,
  And be, indeed, like God.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.

STAND back, uncovered stand, for lo!
The parents who have lost their child
Bow to the majesty of woe!

He came, a herald from above,—
Pure from his God he came to them,
Teaching new duties, deeper love;
And, like the boy of Bethlehem,
He grew in stature and in grace.
From the sweet spirit of his face
They learned a new, more heavenly joy,
And were the better for their boy.
But God hath taken whom he gave,
Recalled the messenger he sent;
And now beside the infant's grave
The spirit of the strong is bent.

But though the tears must flow, the heart
Ache with a vacant, strange distress,—
Ye did not from your infant part
When his clear eye grew meaningless.
That eye is beaming still, and still
Upon his Father's errand he,

Your own dear, bright, unearthly boy,
Worketh the kind, mysterious will,
And from this fount of bitter grief
Will bring a stream of joy; —
O, may this be your faith and your relief!

Then will the world be full of him; the sky,
With all its placid myriads, to your eye
Will tell of him; the wind will breathe his tone;
And slumbering in the midnight, they alone,
Your Father and your child, will hover nigh.
Believe in him, behold him everywhere,
And sin will die within you, — earthly care
Fall to its earth, — and heavenward, side by side,
Ye shall go up beyond this realm of storms,
Quick and more quick, till, welcomed there above,
His voice shall bid you, in the might of love,
Lay down these weeds of earth, and wear your native forms.

TASSO IN PRISON.

Yes, I am chained: these dark and dreary walls
Must henceforth my horizon be; no light
Will ever come to cheer my aching balls,
Save 't is the jailer's torch, flashing along
The firm-ribbed archway, as he comes at night
To deal me out my pittance. I was strong, —
Strong once in mind and frame; 't is gone, and now
I have no power; 't is gone, I know not how.
It cannot be that servitude hath might
To rob the spirit of its heaven-born flight,
And plunge the mind in an eternal night?
Let me not think of such things, for my brain
Is weak, and when I think, upon my sight
Those chilling visions all crowd back again,
As to the murderer's eye the spirits of the slain.

Yes, I am chained: the mountain stream no more
Will bear me on its bosom; ne'er again
Shall I go down at evening to the shore,
To listen to the chafèd ocean's roar;
Nor ever climb the mottled hill-side, when
The thunder-clouds are gathering; nor repose
By the calm lake at evening, when the earth

Is hushed, to hear that music from above
Which wins the sorrowing from his want and woes,
In the desponding breeds a holy mirth,
And in the hating breast calls forth a fount of love.

Yes, I am chained; but are not all men so?
Are they not chains, these passions frail, yet foul?
Is not the body we are wedded to
A clog upon the still upspringing soul?
Then am I freer than my tyrant lord,
For I have crushed this body, — I have poured
My spirit into that which I adored, —
My Mother Nature; fettered, I have broke
Free from the earthly bonds, and foul desires,
Which cling around us, as the parasite
Clings to and crushes in its poisonous spires
The strength and beauty of the heavenward oak.
I am a freeman; I can take my flight
With the Great Spirit to the realms above,
And ride upon the whirlwind; I am part
And portion of Thee, Author of all love;
I shall be present wheresoe'er Thou art; —
In the far west at sunset; on the wave
When the storm waketh; in the bursting bud,
The flower, the withering leaf, the angry flood;
The birth, the bridal, and the field of blood;
In life and death, — the cradle and the grave.

1835.

MARQUETTE.*

I.

Sink to my heart, bright evening skies!
Ye waves that round me roll,
With all your golden, crimson dyes,
Sink deep into my soul!
And ye, soft-footed stars, — that come
So silently at even,
To make this world awhile your home,
And bring us nearer heaven, —
Speak to my spirit's listening ear
With your calm tones of beauty,
And to my darkened mind make clear
My errors and my duty.

II.

Speak to my soul of those who went
Across this stormy lake,
On deeds of mercy ever bent
For the poor Indian's sake.

* Composed on Lake Michigan, by the river where Marquette died. See Vol. II. p. 133.

They looked to all of you, and each
  Leant smiling from above,
And taught the Jesuit how to teach
  The omnipotence of love.
You gave the apostolic tone
  To Marquette's guileless soul,
Whose life and labors shall be known
  Long as these waters roll.
To him the little Indian child
  Fearless and trustful came,
Curbed for a time his temper wild,
  And hid his heart of flame.
With gentle voice and gentle look,
  Sweet evening-star, like thine,
That heart the missionary took
  From off the war-god's shrine,
And laid it on the Holy Book
  Before the Man Divine.
The blood-stained demons saw with grief
  Far from their magic ring,
Around their now converted chief,
  The tribe come gathering.
Marquette's belief was their belief,
  And Jesus was their king.
Fierce passions' late resistless drift
  Drives now no longer by;
'T is rendered powerless by the gift
  Of Heaven-fed charity.

III.

Speak to my heart, ye stars, and tell
  How, on yon distant shore,
The world-worn Jesuit bade farewell
  To those that rowed him o'er;

Told them to sit and wait him there,
And break their daily food,
While he to his accustomed prayer
Retired within the wood;
And how they saw the day go round,
Wondering he came not yet,
Then sought him anxiously, and found,
Not the kind, calm Marquette, —
He silently had passed away, —
But on the greensward there,
Before the crucifix, his clay
Still kneeling, as in prayer.

IV.

Nor let me as a fable deem,
Told by some artful knave,
The legend, that the lonely stream,
By which they dug his grave,
When wintry torrents from above
Swept with resistless force,
Knew and revered the man of love,
And changed its rapid course,
And left the low, sepulchral mound
Uninjured by its side,
And spared the consecrated ground
Where he had knelt and died.
Nor ever let my weak mind rail
At the poor Indian,
Who, when the fierce northwestern gale
Swept o'er Lake Michigan,
In the last hour of deepest dread
Knew of one resource yet,
And stilled the thunder overhead
By calling on Marquette.

V.

Sink to my heart, sweet evening skies!
Ye darkening waves that roll
Around me, — ye departing dyes, —
Sink to my inmost soul!
Teach to my heart of hearts that fact,
Unknown, though known so well,
That in each feeling, act, and thought,
God works by miracle.
And ye, soft-footed stars! that come
So quietly at even,
Teach me to use this world, my home,
So as to make it heaven.

August 24, 1846.

TO A FLOWER.

Fair flower, I would not rashly tread
Into the dust thine humble head;
I would not, with tyrannic power,
Rob thine existence of an hour,
Though that existence unto me
Is wrapt in total mystery.
Thou hast no tongue nor power to tell
The secret so inscrutable
To human eye,
Why 't is thou art; we know full well,
That in a little while thy bell
Will droop and die;
And more than that we cannot know
Of countless beings here below.
The compass is of such extent,
In nature's mystic instrument,
The whole man may not see;
And for that reason he should prize
The meanest thing, nor aught despise,
However low it be;
For though to him unheard its tone,
There still is an Almighty One,
Who from the daisy and the sun
Alike wakes melody.

That hand which spread the heaven around,
Without a limit or a bound,
And placed in its pure depths profound
  The myriad orbs of night,
Upreared thy petals from the ground,
  And oped them to the light.
The very voice which bade earth speed
  Upon her way unweariedly
Hath called the sunbeam at thy need,
  And bade the dew-drop water thee.
For 't is the same pervading soul
  That through the universe is met,
Ruling alike the all-perfect whole,
And every part and every germ.
  Ah! did not man that truth forget,
He would not tread upon the worm,
Nor spurn the reptile for his form,
  Nor crush the humble violet.

1832.

COME, LEST THE LARK.

Come, lest the lark pour out alone
His matin at our Maker's throne,—
  Come, hail the new-born day;
But mingle no untimely moan
  Amid the festive lay;
'T is not the hour for sorrow's plaintive tone.

The glad earth sends her incense up;
  Joy thrills the living crowd;
The young bee, in the honey-cup,
  Sings at his task aloud.
As up the mountain rolls the cloud,
  The wood-rose opens there;
And the slight cedar-tops are bowed
  Beneath the waking air.

Long, Father, may my cloudless eye
Behold thee in the vaulted sky,
  And in the springing flower;
Thy wisdom in the butterfly,
  That sports his little hour,
Then folds his burnished wings to die.

Teach me to ever walk below
In wisdom's way alone;
To weep my brother's sin and woe,
And struggle with my own.
May I reject the tempter's throne,
And scorn the proffered gem,—
There is a kingdom all my own,
A richer diadem.

When earthly visions shall decay,
As the light frost-work melts away
Before the summer's breath,
Upspringing from this ball of clay,
Across the realms of death,
Grant me to dwell in an eternal day.

1833.

BY EARTH HEMMED IN.

By earth hemmed in, with earth oppressed,
'T is hard to labor, hard to pray;
And of the week, for prayer and rest
We 've but one Sabbath day.

But purer spirits walk above,
Who worship alway, — who are blest
With an upspringing might of love,
That makes all labor rest.

Father! while here, I would arise
In spirit to that realm; and there,
Be every act a sacrifice,
And every thought a prayer.

1839.

HYMN.

ALMIGHTY God! with hearts of flesh
Into thy presence we have come,
To breathe our filial vows afresh,
And make thy house once more our home.

We know that thou art ever nigh;
We know that thou art with us here, —
That every action meets thine eye,
And every secret thought thine ear.

But grant us, God, this truth to feel,
As well as know; grant us the grace,
Somewhat as Adam knew thee, still
To know and see thee, face to face.

Here, while we breathe again our vows,
Appointing one to minister
In holy things within this house,
Grant us to feel that Thou art here.

May 10, 1839.

THE STORM-SHAKEN WINTER.

The storm-shaken winter
  Has passed from earth's bosom,
And spring to our borders
  Brings back bird and blossom;
Through all her sweet life-strings,
  Through all her glad voices,
In daylight and darkness,
  Old Nature rejoices.

And we have known winter,
  The dark storm hath swept us;
But God, our preserver,
  Hath graciously kept us.
The winter is passing,
  The spring bursts around us,
And He has with new bands
  Of brotherhood bound us.

To thank Him, our Father,
  As brethren we come here;
Our hopes and our wishes,—
  Henceforth be their home here!
Almighty Redeemer,
  We ask not to fear Thee,
But, like our Great Teacher,
  To know, love, revere, Thee.

1839.

THE VOICE THAT BADE THE DEAD ARISE.

The voice that bade the dead arise,
And gave back vision to the blind,
Is hushed; but when he sought the skies,
Our Master left his Word behind.

'T was not to calm the billows' roll,
'T was not to bid the hill be riven;
No! 't was to lift the fainting soul,
And lead the erring back to heaven, —

To heave a mountain from the heart,
To bid those inner springs be stirred.
Lord, to thy servant here impart
The quickening wisdom of that Word!

Dwell, Father, in this earthly fane,
And, when its feeble walls decay,
Be with us till we meet again
Amid thy halls of endless day.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

The blush upon a summer sky;
The ocean's moan upon the shore;
The upward glancing of an eye;
A sound we never heard before;
The dark main waking in its ire;
The shifting of the northern fire;—
Ten thousand things which Fortune flings
Across our drudging daily track,
May touch the quick, electric rings
Of Memory's mysterious chain,
And, like the light from heaven, comes back
The past in youthful prime again.

The sculptured column seems a tree,
The moulded roof a sky;
And we hear the wood-bird's minstrelsy
In the bleak wind whistling by.
The mist curls up into the form
Of those that lived, and loved, and died;
And the bleak winter seems the warm
And pleasant summer-tide!
Again I seek the shady nook,
Or tumble on the new-mown hay,

Or chase the fishes in the brook,
Or, happy, buoyant, bright, and gay,
With old straw hat upon my head,
Once more my native hills I tread,
And watch the sinking sunlight shed
Its pensive beauty o'er the bay.
While round me, 'mid the radiance mild,
Cluster, as when a little child,
The many forms I knew, which lie
In mouldering graves so silently.
But while the memories of the past
Thus throng upon me, thick and fast,
And from the realms of death and doubt
The spirits of the dead step out,
And the drop stands upon my brow, —
Some careless, some unmindful hand
Will tear me from that blessed land,
Drive from my sight that magic train, —
And I a wanderer am again.

But what a wondrous power is this!
And what a privilege is ours,
To find a never-failing bliss
In past and future hours!
Misfortune o'er the present day
May govern with unquestioned sway;
But in that world which is to be,
How poor, how powerless, is she!
Though pain and poverty their might,
With fearful death, should all unite
To crush me to the earth,
Still would the elastic spirit rise,
The suffering and the fear despise,

And seek beyond the opening skies
The country of its birth.
There unto me it may be given,
Amid the countless hosts of heaven,
Amid the bright, seraphic band,
Before my Father's throne to stand,
Before my Saviour's face to bow, —
A seraph's sceptre in my hand,
A seraph's crown upon my brow.

Then unto me the power may be,
With kind and gentle ministry,
To bid the warring cease, —
To cause the shades of sorrow flee,
And bring the mourner peace.
Or, in a wider sphere of good,
Above some universe of strife,
Dove-like, it may be mine to brood,
And still the chaos into life.

O, when I dwell on thoughts like these,
My spirit seems to hear the cry,
"Come up!" — and, listening to the call,
Earth's dearest pleasures quickly pall,
The scales from off my vision fall,
And I could pray to die.

1835.

THAT HAPPY LAND.

Let us seek for that happy land
  Where grief is unknown;
Let us seek to rejoin the band
  That has made heaven its own.
Haste, haste, let us flee
To that calm eternity;
Ours all its peace shall be,
  But not ours alone.

To that happy land shall come
  All our Saviour knows;
In that our Father's home
  All shall find repose.
There, there, every race
Shall have ample dwelling-place,
And, cheered by God's own face,
  Shall forget its woes.

Let us seek, then, that happy land
  Where hate is unknown;
Let us seek for the brother band,
  That has made heaven its own.
Haste, haste, let us flee,
Where true love shall ever be,—
Where through eternity
  Love shall rule alone.

INVOCATION.

Spirits who hover near me, — ye whose wings
Beat back the Tempter, — whose sweet presence brings
Calm, gentle feelings, wishes pure and kind,
An eye for all God's beauty, and a mind
Open to all his voices, — still be nigh,
When the Great Mystery its broad shadow flings
Over earth's firmest visions, till they fly
Like phantoms of the night, and teach me how to die.

When my breath faileth, as the summer air
Fainteth at evening, — when my heart, whose care
Jesus hath lightened, throbs, stops, throbs again,
Then, slowly sinking, ceases without pain
Its noiseless, voiceless labors, — still be nigh;
Let not the form of ghastly Death be there,
But to my clouded, yet clear-seeing eye
Reveal your forms of light, and make me love to die.

The pinions of the Dark and Dreaded One
Shall not, then, fan my temples, when 't is done
This hard-fought fight; your fingers shall untie
My earthward bonds; your voices silently
Whisper, "Come home, your course is but begun";
And in your arms borne upward, far on high,
With mind and heart tuned to heaven's harmony,
I shall know all, love all, and find 't is Life to die.

Flat Rock, June 9th, 1845.

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

It is a beautiful belief,
  When ended our career,
That it will be our ministry
  To watch o'er others here;

To lend a moral to the flower;
  Breathe wisdom on the wind;
To hold commune, at night's pure noon,
  With the imprisoned mind;

To bid the mourners cease to mourn,
  The trembling be forgiven;
To bear away from ills of clay
  The infant, to its heaven.

Ah! when delight was found in life,
  And joy in every breath,
I cannot tell how terrible
  The mystery of death.

But now the past is bright to me,
  And all the future clear;
For 't is my faith, that after death
  I still shall linger here.

1833.

TALES.

MELANCTHON AND LUTHER.

When Luther left his hiding-place at the castle of the Wartburg, and went up for a season to visit his little flock at the University, he stayed with Melancthon at the house of Amsdorff, a brother of the priest of that name.

It was an old house even then, overrun with useless passages, dark and deep stairways, and doors that led nowhere; and though the rooms which Philip occupied were in front of the building, and by far the best in it, yet were there no less than eight doors leading from them, two only of which were ever used. As for the rest, as they would not lock, Philip had placed some broad-backed chairs against them, and sat down careless whither they led.

There were no residents in the old castle but Melancthon and his young wife, old Amsdorff and a single daughter, Catherine, who went singing about among the dusty by-ways of the dwelling, with all the joyousness proper to a Saxon lassie of sixteen. Philip, demure as he was, loved a pretty girl dearly, though the more he liked, the more he feared her; and the bright, flowing curls and swimming blue eyes of the maiden that met him now and then, as he came from his lectures, were by no means powerless, so that ere long he was as much afraid to go home as if he thought an enemy lay in wait for him; and as she, the more they met, grew the more familiar, every day added to his trouble, until at

length his very visions were filled with the form that he so much feared to meet smiling in the entry, or swaying the broomstick upon the stairs; — and all because she, in her innocence, and knowing his bashful temper, never dreamed that a married man and a professor ever thought of any thing but his wife and his books.

It was a cold and rainy night, and the wind howled mysteriously in the many passages, and died away in broken groans in the distance. Philip sat alone, musing over the embers. His wife had gone to her father's to make room for the great apostle of reform, who was himself spending the evening with some of his few, but devoted, disciples.

The solitude, the storm, the state of the Church, and the many dangers that threatened, not men alone, but eternal truths, all united to weigh down the hopes of one at no time of a hopeful turn, and now more than ever depressed, lest his brother and master should be discovered and seized. In vain did Philip turn to the sacred volume, and try to bend his thoughts to study; in vain did he look out upon the night, and watch the flickering lantern of the bewildered passers-by; in vain did he listen to the shrieks and shoutings of the air-demons, as they rang through the empty halls; for ever and ever his mind went back to the dangers of the great cause, and the voice of the tempest seemed to speak only of evil. At length, at a moment when the wind lulled, he heard, or thought he heard, a whisper and a laugh close behind him. He started, but there was nothing there save the waving tapestry. Reaching his stick, he made the circuit of the chamber, but all was as usual, save that one of the doors had pushed back the chair that stood before it and was ajar. As it would not even latch, he placed a heavier weight against it, and once more sank into sad musings by the fire.

Why was Luther so late? Was it the storm? He feared not the elements. Was it the company of friends that kept him? It might be, or, as Philip well knew, it might be the

hands of enemies. More and more worried, more and more excited, the poor professor heard every sound with anxiety and evil foreboding. At length the front door opened, — his heart ached with hope and fear. There was a heavy step in the hall below, and he almost shouted for joy; but the heavy step passed away, and nothing was heard but the tempest again.

Another half-hour of fear and vague thought passed slowly on, and in the private passage that led from his chamber to that of his host, whom he knew to be out, Philip heard footfalls and smothered voices; — one was the voice of a woman. The first thought was, that his master's dwelling-place had been made known, and that they now sought him. Never possessed of much presence of mind, Philip at the instant placed his shoulder against the door, and stood prepared to resist when resistance was called for. A few whispers were heard, a step or two, and a hand was laid upon the latch without. "Come not here," cried Melancthon, "for I am armed, and ready to resist stoutly. On your life, beware, and go hence, whoever you be."

"Go hence!" answered a laughing voice, at the first sound of which Melancthon fell back, as if struck by a strong hand.

"Go hence!" cried Luther, as, dripping and smiling, he strode through the unresisting door. "Why, how now, bully Philip, what freak is this? Ready to resist stoutly! By my cowl, brother, I thought I was the Saint Peter, and you the peaceful John, of the good work; but I think you 'll cut off more ears than I, after all, with that big staff of yours. Here have I stumbled through your dark mansion for a half-hour, and at last called poor Kate from her bower, I think, for she has come out of some labyrinth, looking as foolish as you ever did, Philip, and all to have that great stick flourished at me, as though my Doctor of Wittenberg were a country clown, hot for a bout at quarterstaff. Of a truth,

I must send thee to Rome to knock the Pope over the knuckles, when he aims another bull at my head."

But Melancthon was too glad to see his friend safe home to care for his gibes, and their converse soon turned to Luther's hopes, and plans, and displeasures.

"I am grieved and vexed," said the Reformer sternly, "to see the little spirit there is among you. Will not my written words do, but I must be here to scold and play schoolmaster? Work as I will in my captivity, it is vain, if your freemen second me not. Even you, Philip, have given too much to the baser spirits; you are too tolerant, man, by half."

"Nay," said Melancthon, "but I even fear lest I be myself in error."

"And know you not, boy," answered Luther, "that that fear is the prompting of Satan? We are right,—I know we are right. I too have had fears, but I know they came from hell, and as such I battled with and drove them out, even as I drove out the Father of Lies himself, when he mocked me at midnight."

"Where? how? when?" eagerly inquired his companion.

"And no wonder you mocked," continued Luther, his mind filled with the memory of that night, and his flashing eyes fixed on vacancy,—"no wonder you mocked, for has not my whole life been given to the beating down of your power and glory? But mock and mouth as you will,"—and he shook his clenched fist at the imagined demon,—"by the help of God and his Christ, I will drive you and your servant of Rome from this broad earth, let the lion-whelp of England howl, and the asses of the Sorbonne bray as they will."

"But of this visit?" said Melancthon again.

"It was at the Wartburg. I had been poring over an obscure text of Paul's all night, till I saw darkness in my lamp and balls of fire in the darkness. Puzzled and wearied, and

provoked, I threw down the holy book, and looking up, behold! the foe. It was a fearful moment, Philip, for me and for the cause; had I faltered then, it might have been that the truth had fallen. But God gave me strength. Looking the demon full in his blood-red eye, I lifted my large stone inkstand and hurled it at his head. He fled, howling, not from the blow, but from the spirit; and, by God's grace, I will with equal ease rout him and his hosts, come when and where they will."

As he ceased speaking, the storm lulled for a moment, and a low, hollow laugh just behind them brought both to their feet.

"I have heard it before," said Melancthon; "it bodes no good."

His comrade made no reply, but, taking the lamp, walked to the door which Philip had before closed, and which again stood ajar. They entered a long and mouldering corridor, from the ceiling of which the spiders' webs hung thickly, while from the floor the dust rose in clouds. They searched the room. It was empty. A window at the end stood open; this they closed, and again returned to the fireside.

"They may perchance seek my life," said Luther, "and it behooves me to have care. Should we hear any thing further, I will enter the hall barefooted and without a light; and should any pass this way, Philip, use thy staff, or hold fast till I come."

A few moments went by, and the door creaked upon its hinges again, and, as it pushed the chair before it, once more they heard human voices. Taking off his foot-gear, Luther stole into the hall. For a moment Philip doubted, and then the thought of the danger which hung over his master led him to follow. Within it was darkness, and the sounds of the storm drowned all other sounds. Following carefully the wall, Melancthon had nearly reached the window, when he

laid his hand upon a human arm. The person strove to escape, but he held fast.

"Ha! have you the enemy?" said the low, deep tones of Luther from the distance.

He would have answered "Yes," but at that instant his prize turned upon him, the arms of a woman were thrown about his neck, and her soft lips pressed to his. With a scream of horror, amazement, and alarm, he struggled to be free. He was so, and so was his captive; and when Luther's lamp made things visible, there was no one in the wide chamber but Philip, who, with open eyes and quivering limbs, was giving silent thanks for his deliverance from the Evil One. But alas for his tale of Satan's device to ensnare him! Luther picked from the floor a scarf, bearing the name of "Catherine Amsdorff."

"By my cowl," said Luther laughing, "but the girl chose a sure way to fright your professorship into an ague-fit, and make her freedom certain. She had a keen eye for the weak point of that sheep's head of thine. But thou shouldst have held fast, Philip. Devil, damsel, or armed man, it matters not, give not up thy grasp, boy; and the kiss of a pretty maiden will harm thee at least as little as the blow of a brawny arm, or the horn of the Evil One."

But though he knew the advice to be good, Philip never heeded it, and to his last hour held not fast, as Luther wished him, nor ever thought of that night or of that kiss without a chill.

LORD OSSORY.

The unwavering loyalty and stern honor of James Butler, Duke of Ormond, is almost proverbial. Through the civil wars, his fidelity to the king was never for a moment shaken, though fame, fortune, and power were a necessary sacrifice to his devotion; and when the king *did* "enjoy his own again," — and enjoy it in a manner that disgraced him for ever, — Ormond and his family remained unpolluted in that festering court, uncorrupted in the midst of venality. He did indeed stand alone. The degeneracy of the times did not reach *him*, and such was the power of his strong virtue over even the sensualist Charles, that, when the king frowned upon him, he did it with so poor a grace that Buckingham inquired "whether the Duke were out of his Majesty's favor, or his Majesty out of the Duke's?" But, noble as was the character of Ormond, it did not surpass, and scarcely equalled, that of his wife; and their combined virtues lived again in the Lord Ossory, their son.

To this young nobleman we may look as to a model of all that is noble in character and in person. Tall, strong, active, and with an open, handsome countenance, his outer man was a true exponent of the being that ruled within. As a son, a husband, and a patriot, he was never surpassed in kindness, truth, and courage. The friend of the destitute, the steward of the needy, he was yet the embodied spirit of chivalry, the soul of honor, the lion of England,

the glory of his age, his country, and his race. "No writer," says the historian, "ever appeared, then or since, so regardless of truth and of his own character as to venture one stroke of censure on that of the Earl of Ossory."

And yet upon this character there *was* a blot. Although engaged in every important battle on land or sea until his death, — although he dared accuse the favorite and pander of his king in his king's presence, telling him that he well knew that he, George Villiers, was the instigator of the assassin that had attempted his father's life, and giving him warning that, if by any means the Duke of Ormond was murdered, he would hold him to be the assassin, and pistol him, though he stood by his monarch's chair, — yet was there an enemy to whose might even Ossory bowed, an assassin to whose dagger he bared his heart.

* * * * *

It was a calm evening, and the Countess lingered longer than usual under the noble oaks, pacing the greensward and listening for the sound of her lord's steed. He had gone the previous morning to the city, to conclude some negotiations respecting certain moneys which, at his wife's request, he had loaned to her father, and she now awaited the success of his endeavours, for they were of much import to her parent. But the twilight faded, and the lady was forced to retire to her chamber alone. Another, and another, and a third hour past, but he came not, and his lady began to fear lest some of those who had sought to hang the father upon Tyburn gallows should be now exulting over the fall of the renowned son. But again, when she remembered his prowess, his band of followers, and, above all, the moral might of the very name of Ossory, she felt that there could be no danger.

The clock had told the hour past midnight, and, save the Countess and one of her women, all within doors were asleep. There was a loud knocking at the gate, then the

ladies heard the porter's voice, the portal opened, and a light step was heard on the stair. Quick as the thought, the noble lady flung open her chamber door, and, seizing the page's arm, — for it was her lord's page, — "Ronald," she said, and the tones were low and husky, "where is your master?" The boy stood trembling and silent. "Where?" she repeated, in a tone that *would* be answered. "In the grove by the old castle," he faltered. "And who was with him?" "No one." The blood went slowly from the lady's countenance, until even her lips were as ashes. "Does he live?" she said, and so sepulchral was the voice that Ronald started for fear. "Assuredly he does, dear lady," cried the child, bursting into tears; "he is not harmed, but only ill in mind. Go to him, and comfort and support him, my more than mother, — for he would not let any, not even me, stay by him, he was so ill at ease." As the leaden and livid cloud, when touched by the sunbeam, is moulded into a world of beauty and light, even so did the boy's speech bring back to the noble lady's countenance its wonted life; and even while the tears of joy rolled down her cheek, and the throbbing of the heart choked her voice, she motioned to her tirewoman to prepare her dress for going abroad.

With no other attendant than her lord's hound, — whose sagacity, strength, and courage made him a guard of more value than any other with whom she was willing to go into her husband's presence, — she passed from the house, and took the well-known path to the Hermit's Hollow. It was a dark and dreary way; the ruined castle frowned over the dell, and the copses were thick and impenetrable. Were there a lion in the path, the lady could not have turned aside; but all was clear, and, preceded by her stately attendant, Emilie de Nassau tripped with a light step, but heavy heart, to the mystic glen, in which tradition said the heathen of old had sacrificed to their false gods other victims than sheep and goats.

In the depth of the dell, by the light of the moon, the Countess saw a human figure seated upon the ground, and at nearly the same moment he was discovered by Cœur-de-Lion, whose head was for an instant raised, while his half-stifled growl spoke suspicion, but who the next instant sprang from his mistress's side, and with a few bounds reached and crouched to the sitting figure. The man looked up for a moment, and then his head drooped again.

The Countess was satisfied from the dog's motions that it was her husband, and descended by the narrow pathway until she stood before the seeming sleeper; for, though the hound again went forward to welcome her, *he* moved not, and to seeming lived not. "My Lord," she said. A tremor passed over his frame, but still he said nothing. She stopped, and, kneeling upon the damp earth, "My husband," she said, "speak to me." It was not a tone of entreaty nor of command, but of affection; and, raising his hot brow, England's noblest chief met her eye for one moment, and then bowed his head again in agony and shame. "Why do you turn from me, my Lord," she continued; "have I done aught to displease you?" Again he raised his head; the drops of sweat stood upon his noble forehead, and his hair was matted and tangled. Even by the moonlight his young wife saw the blush upon his cheek, and the hot hand she grasped told of fever within.

"My Lord," — for still he spoke not, — "you suffer."

"I do, Emilie," said the stricken Earl, — "I do suffer the torments of the damned."

"Why, my dear Lord, — why and whence this anguish? Is it of body or mind? Where have you been? What done? Why seek you this spot?"

"To hide my shame," replied he, as over his open face there flitted one of those passing expressions which witness

"huge affliction and dismay
Mixed with obdurate pride."

"For yesterday," he continued, "I could have faced, without blenching, the proudest noble, the bravest foe in Europe, and now I shrink from a woman, and that woman my wife."

"And why, Lord Ossory? Has the first man in England done any thing to disgrace himself?"

"I have, Emilie," cried he, rising as though a thousand weight were upon his stalwart shoulders, "I have disgraced myself, and you, and all that claim us as parents or as children. My word is forfeit, my pledged word, that not this round world should have tempted me to break, has been broken at the first tempter's bidding, — and the whole earth hisses at me," — and with clenched hands he pressed his brain, as though to crush the organ of thought that brought thus his sins before him.

"My Lord of Ossory," said his queen-like wife, stepping back from him, "*your* honor is in your own keeping, and my honor is in mine; no act of yours shall attaint my blood or my character in the courts of God, whatever man may adjudge. Your fault I partly guess, — partly, indeed, know. It is a deep and dark one, my Lord, but it may and must be repented; your boasted virtue has been too often proved weak, but this must be so no more. The man whom all Europe dared not impeach of falsehood, I dare and do; — and he dare not say nay to the charge."

Twice while she spoke, the young nobleman attempted to seize her arm, but she waved him back with an air which he, who knew so well her virtues and her strength of mind, dared not disobey.

"Emilie," he said, when she ceased, "is this kind? I am already in the dust; cannot my wife wait until a foe gives me the mercy-stroke, that she thus chides?"

"For your own good, and from my love to you, my Lord, I speak. You are not in the dust, and shall not be, if but true to yourself. What is it for which you grieve?"

"I will tell you, and that briefly," he said, speaking with the bitterness of despair. "I had bound myself, as you know, to your father, for a thousand pounds. Yesterday I went up to arrange matters, as you also know; I did well, and received the money. The evening was to be spent with your cousin Arlington, at whose table I met a young stranger from your land, whose face, in the dim light they allowed us, seemed pleasant enough, and whose voice and manner were those of a stripling bred at court. I took to him, though why I know not, and by and by he proposed play. For a time I was averse, — though, with shame let me say it, I dared not refuse on principle, — but he at length won me to bet with him on certain of the players at the other end of the room. We did not see their hands, nor did he in fact go near them. We talked, and betted, and talked again, and still I lost ever. I pledged of your father's money, and that too went; till, owing to desperation, and utterly forgetful of my duty, my word, my honor, and my virtue, I staked all I had received, and lost it all. Just then — would to God it had been an hour sooner! — my father sent for me, and I left your brother's penniless. The whole of the past day I have been engaged in business, but with the evening came the remembrance of my disgrace, and I dared not, Emilie, I dared not meet you. My broken faith will be known, my loose virtue will be scoffed at, and the spotless scutcheon of Ormond will be stained black by me!" Thus saying, the victim of *one* vice, — and that no vice to the world, — the miserable gambler, the broken-spirited noble, the self-convicted, self-condemned man of honor, — flung himself upon the turf as though he had hoped a grave would open beneath him.

For a few moments his Countess stood by him in silence, and as she saw how strongly he was moved, the tears gathered in her lids, and she knelt by his side again, and said, "Ossory, my Lord Ossory, be yourself; this anguish, great

as it is, is medicinal; you will henceforth know how mighty the sum of pain which follows broken vows and violated principles. Rise, my Lord, and let us home. Your promise to my father shall not be broken; your money waits you."

Slowly Lord Ossory rose from the ground, and would have asked her meaning, but she turned into the homeward path; the lion-hearted hound sprang on in advance, but with fallen crest, as though he too had felt his master's shame; and behind followed the noble, with bended head. They reached the portal, — the wondering warder admitted them; they reached the chamber, and the page opened it before them. The Earl, with folded arms, stood by the window, as a criminal before his judge; the Countess took from her cabinet some papers, and carried them to him. "Heavens!" he cried, "do I dream? They are the very bills I lost to the young noble."

"They are."

"And where is he?"

"He stands here before you. By connivance, my Lord, I won your money, lest another should play upon your weakness; I won it for your good, and now restore it for your honor."

The iron band about his forehead was loosed; his word was not forfeit, his scutcheon was not stained beyond the reach of repentance; and bowing his head upon her shoulder, the Lord Ossory wept. From that day forth he stood unimpeached of the vice of gambling, before God and man.

DORA McCRAE:

AN INCIDENT OF ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

THE gathering of St. Clair's army occupied nearly the whole spring and summer of 1791. Among those who centred, somewhat unwillingly, around his standard, were the militia of Kentucky; and among the active men who composed that corps, no one was more unwilling than John McCrae.

John's father was an old settler, and had been out with Clark more than once. He had "a thirst for hair," as they say on the road to California. He *would* have John go to the wars, especially since his friend, Colonel Hardin, had been worsted in his Indian fights under Harmar. But John had no love of Indians and no love of war, and when the old man, with his kindling Irish eye, put into his son's hand the hunting-knife with which many a deer, bear, panther, and more than one "human," had been bled to death, the son's own blood ran cold.

"Give it to the varmints," said the white-haired hunter, "and come back here without a scalp on your *head*, or with many under your *belt*, or you 'll taste a kiss of my old rifle, my boy."

The Kentuckians all went to the contest unwillingly, because regulars were to be with them, and regular officers

were to command them; but John McCrae was backward, because in his soul he was an arrant coward. But his father was more terrible than Mechecunnaqua,* and John went to the wars. The old man had as much of a suspicion that his son was a coward, as such a man could have. But the truth was known to only one being, Dora McCrae, John's twin-sister. Each was the fac-simile of the other. In size, complexion, features, movement, even voice, few could distinguish the two urchins that played in the sugar-troughs, and pounded the hominy together. John was tinged, to his tones even, with effeminacy; Dora, though free from all coarseness, was tall, active, daring, and possessed a voice which, ringing through the clear woods of Fayette, might have puzzled an old pagan to tell whether it was Diana or Apollo he listened to. But, alike as they were externally, within John and Dora differed widely. She had no knowledge of fear till the woman's dread of insult and wrong slowly quickened in her soul. The beasts of prey — wolves, cougars, bears — had no terror for her childhood; and many a time had she gone fearless into the forest to learn the meaning of some strange cry, while John cowered in the cornfield.

When John was to leave for Fort Washington, Dora, perfectly understanding his dread of the work before him, made up her mind to go with him. She had cousins in the little village of Cincinnati, and obtained her parents' leave to go and visit them while John was preparing for his northward march under St. Clair. She knew that her strong affection for her brother was fully returned by him, and trusted her presence and influence would keep him true to his duty.

They reached the little, marshy town; John reported himself to the proper officer, and, until the movement of September 17th, when the army was got under way for the Miami station, — now Hamilton, — all went well, and Dora's

* Little Turtle.

throbbing heart grew every day more calm. On the morning of that day she rose early, and went to her brother's room, to bid him farewell, — it might be for ever. She knocked, — no answer; louder, — there was no reply; she spoke, — no sound followed but the snore of the sleepers below. She went into the room; the bed was empty, the window open, the clothes of the late occupant scattered here and there. The dress he had worn on duty lay on the floor. The truth instantly flashed across the mind of the agitated girl, — "He has deserted!"

For a while, contempt for him, love for him, dread of her father's anger, sorrow for the deadly grief of the old veteran, were mingled in her mind. She saw the gray Indian fighter as he sat at his cabin-door in the early autumn sun, and counted the victims of his son's rifle and knife; again she saw him, as some neighbour, cruel with news, came in and told him of that son's desertion. She shuddered at the look of incredulous horror as it crept over and froze that beaming, scarred countenance; she heard his cry of agony, of vengeance, as he realized the terrible truth, that the son of a McCrae was a coward.

With that swelling from the heart which chokes the throat, and runs over in the wet, but unweeping eyes, she gathered her soul's energies, and saw her way suddenly, but dimly, as the pilot sees the circling Ohio when the morning mist lifts like a curtain.

Often in early youth — the twins were at the time we write of but eighteen — she had changed dresses with her brother to make sport among the neighbouring cabins, a few miles south, on the Elkhorn. At this moment, filled with mingled emotions, in which love for the fugitive, the pride of the race of McCrae, and womanly diffidence prevailed, she determined to clothe herself with his hunting-shirt and leggings, to take his place in the ranks, to save his reputation from the slanderer, and, if she lived, to hide the truth from all but the brother she had saved.

With that intense calmness which belongs to the intense situations of life Dora looked at her position. She must account for her own apparent absence from her cousin's house; and she must meet the difficulties which would grow from an almost entire want of knowledge of a military life. Such were the two most pressing problems before her. To solve the first was the work of a few moments. She rapidly wrote, in her backwoods fashion, a few lines addressed to John, telling him that she could not bear to wait for his departure; that she dreaded the last farewells, and had left at early dawn to return to her home. This done, she went to her room, packed up her clothes, which she put in his saddle-bags, put her chamber in order, carefully cut her hair, and lay down upon his bed. Not long after, the oldest son of her cousin came to call John to his last breakfast. Dora rose, dressed herself in her brother's militia suit, which was not after a very military fashion, and with trembling limbs descended the ladder by which the communication between the two stories of the log-house was effected. The family were all assembled, and wondered why Dora, who was commonly up so early, though John was given to morning naps, had not yet appeared. John (as we shall now call his representative) sat down to his corn-bread and rye coffee, and if but little was said, and he seemed somewhat queer and troubled, it was ascribed to his near departure, for which, as the family suspected, he had no especial fancy. "But where 's Dora? Where can the girl be?" was the constant inquiry. At last, the mother of the young Buckeyes went herself into the loft to look after her cousin, and soon, with fear and wonder in every feature and limb, came down, bringing the note to John, which, in her plain way, she had read as soon as she saw it. "The child 's mad!" said the father. "She 's a fool!" cried the aunt. "She 's as wild as she is good, that 's sure," chimed in the matron

herself. John's eyes brimmed with tears, but who could wonder? — and Dora rejoiced to find that her bold nature made that seem natural for her to do, which done by another would have seemed most out of nature. No one doubted her departure; no one suspected that the young soldier before them was any other than John McCrae.

And now she has, or he has (we had better call the young soldier McCrae by way of compromise, however, and say McCrae has), — well, McCrae has found a squad of the sons of "Old Kaintuck," — they at twenty being older than their mother, — and is pressing on with them to Ludlow's Station, where the body of the troops had long been. Dora was as well acquainted with the Kentucky boys as John had ever been, and so long as it was merely to carry a rifle and use it, hunter-fashion, she was equal to any man. Her old father would have thought her education very childish-like, if she could not carry, load, fire a rifle, — run, leap, walk, ride, — in short, go through any frontier calisthenics. But she dreaded to meet the Colonel, and be put upon those semi-military evolutions which John had been practised in for many weeks. Her second problem, as yet, found no solution. Ludlow's Station is soon reached; Colonel Oldham calls his boys to order, puts them in line, and, though no very strict disciplinarian, tries to learn what material is under him. "Who are you, Sir?" "John McCrae." "Where from?" "Fayette." "A son of the old Irishman?" "He 's my father." "Good, my lad," says the Colonel; "mind you keep up the honor of the McCraes. I 've heard you had scarce their blood in you." Dora's flashing eyes and expanded nostril made the Colonel fairly jump. "It 's a scandal, a slander," muttered Oldham, as he moved on; "the fellow has soul, has pluck, if I know an eye from an acorn." Slowly, through the wilderness of stumps, called playfully a road, the troops dragged on towards the point where Fort Hamilton was to be erected.

During the march, no "evolutions," except the common one of getting out of a quagmire, were called for, and our genderless McCrae got the run of the corps, the outline of operations, quite clearly in mind. But at the Miami was to come the trial; there, in the intervals of mud-heaving, were to come the military movements, and Dora had as yet no solution to her problem. Sickness, or a sprained ankle even, might lead to detection; she dared not get into the hands of the doctors. That young McCrae had forgotten all that he had learned at Fort Washington was not to be believed for a moment. What could be done? When her wits, hardly tasked, failed to answer, the power which men term Fortune stepped in with a reply.

The day after they reached the Miami, Colonel Oldham had no inspection, and his men lounged about, killing that aboriginal who never dies, old Time. McCrae, guided by fortune, went to the field, where certain of the regular troops were under drill. Among them was a fellow whose heels had been stolen by Bacchus. He knew nothing of the acute "right wheel" and "left wheel," but kept up a chronic wheel in all directions. The eye of the officer caught him; a reprimand, an arrest, a sentence of confinement till the army moved again, were the product of a moment. Our misclad heroine looked and listened, at first laughing, for such curves were no new thing in her forest geometry; then troubled, then thoughtful; lastly hopeful, for her problem seemed less perplexing. Homer might have said that Minerva came to her aid; we ascribe the help to another spiritual agent, — whiskey. "Will not whiskey explain all my awkwardness?" said she to herself.

John McCrae, for fear of a quarrel, had always shunned the bottle. That night John was beside himself. His companions were sobered with amazement. "McCrae, my boy, you 'll catch it on the parade to-morrow," were words that cheered Dora's heart, as she suffered the abominable liquid

to trickle over her bosom, and sink into the folds of her ... ments.

The morrow came, the prophecy was realized, such ... enly habits of musket-handling, marching, moving, ... young man four weeks under drill, could not escape ... ham's eye. The goddess of whiskey, however, explained ... all. "He shall be made an example of," swore the Co... nel. "It 's the first time he was ever known to drink," ... the captain at his elbow. "So? so?" mused the com... mander. "Call him here." The trembling masker came. "McCrae," said the officer kindly, "you are plainly drunk, but I 'm told it 's the first time. You will, however, consider yourself so far under arrest as not to appear on parade again until notice is sent you." Dora's heart beat prayers and thanksgivings till long after midnight.

Shut out from any participation in the exercises, but allowed to witness them, McCrae was soon so well acquainted with what had to be done, that, when called to the ranks again, while Fort Jefferson was slowly rising from the sods, no more ignorance was noticed than a month out of practice would easily account for.

It was a weary march, that of St. Clair's doomed army. Through muddy, timber-cumbered roads, often making only seven miles a day, with scant and poor food, through early snows and ceaseless rains, cold, wet, and hungry, the troops toiled on from Fort Jefferson toward the fatal field. And yet this march was the brightest period of Dora's life. She had saved her brother, so she trusted. That was much, but it was not all. On such a march as that we speak of, strict discipline could not be observed, and the members of the different corps were frequently during the day intermingled. Now it happened that, on the way from Fort Hamilton, McCrae was thrown into the company of some of the New Jersey regulars, or rather those who had been such during the Revolutionary War. Among them was Captain Kirk-

wood, an old veteran, and with him, in a manner under his charge, a young man, son of a Mr. Grey of Trenton, who was acting as a volunteer. Grey's father had been in the New Jersey regiment himself, and the son had been from his boyhood a soldier in purpose and in spirit; and yet a more gentle being never lived. Fearless of danger, calm in battle, he was horror-struck by the rudeness, the profanity, the vulgarity of a camp, and had taken up an especial dislike to the Western soldiers or hunters.

It was with no good-will, therefore, that he saw McCrae rapidly becoming a favorite with Kirkwood, whose tales of Camden, Guilford, and Eutaw the beardless Kentuckian never tired of hearing. But as Grey noticed his new companion more closely, and remarked that no oaths, no vulgar slang, no bitter taunts or foolish boasting, ever passed those almost effeminate lips, as he thought them, he began to fall in with the old Captain's liking for the boy, and before the halt at Fort Jefferson took place the two youngsters were inseparable. Grey was amazed and charmed by the spirit of refinement which marked the wildest sallies of his comrade, and grew more and more attached to the gentle savage. Dora, — who had never before met an educated, polished, and yet free-spoken and open-hearted man, — need we say how her brain began to swim, and her blood to tingle? how her ears grew deaf to old Kirkwood's yarns, and her eyes blind to every wonder but one? For the first time, she dreaded the day of battle. She prayed that the roads might grow deeper, and the rains mightier, and the weary march endure for ever. But her prayers even could not prolong it for ever. On the evening of the 3d of November, the army reached its charnel-field, and McCrae passed, with the rest of Oldham's corps, beyond the creek, and took up a position a quarter of a mile in advance.

The night of the 3d was by no means a pleasant one for a bivouac. The ground had been covered with a light

snow the day before, which had partially melted, saturating the earth with moisture. As night came on, it grew more and more chill. Crystals of ice began to skim over the little puddles, and stiffen the wet ground. The soldier, whether standing or lying, had his choice between a ducking snow or a freezing bog. The troops had for some days been on short allowance; and as the wet and half-starved wretches crowded round the watch-fires, happy was the man who could find a dry, comfortable log to sit on, and a chunk to support his freezing feet. Under these circumstances our heroine, who was less used to cold and wet than her companions, and whose feelings made their company distasteful, determined to keep in motion, and went to Colonel Oldham to ask the privilege of acting as a scout; for it was rumored among the militia that they were not more than fifteen or eighteen miles from the Miami villages, that the creek behind them was a branch of the St. Mary's, and that St. Clair thought the Indians who had been seen north of the creek when the army first came in sight of it were the advanced guard of the body of savages. When McCrae made the request stated, Oldham readily granted it, adding that the commander-in-chief had ordered the greatest care to be taken to prevent a surprise, and had directed the woods to be thoroughly searched. He therefore cautioned the young soldier to be noiseless and watchful; to use the rifle only in case of absolute necessity, and to trust to speed or the hunting-knife in case of danger. "A select body of regulars under Captain Slough," added the Colonel, "is to take a position a mile in advance of us, as a still farther precaution. Take your range to the left, move slowly, so as to come to them about midnight, then turn on your track again, and be in the camp for morning muster."

Dora started upon her solitary way, having first learned the watch-cry — the trill of the little owl — by means of which the scouts were to know one another. How calm her feel-

ngs as she moved through those solemn woods, catching now and then a sight of the half-starred, half-clouded heavens, through the leafless branches! A few weeks had changed the girl into the woman. She had risked her life to save her brother's honor, as much from the recklessness of her Irish blood and backwoods breeding, as from any higher impulse; but now she felt a serious heroism strengthening every limb, sending a nobler life into every fibre. Love, in her true, pure nature, was not that selfish passion which binds us to one fellow-being; it was that divine power which, opening the spiritual eyes, and changing all nature, binds to all through one. She went upon her path silently, watchfully, not for her own sake, — not because Grey's life might depend upon her care, — but because his life and all other lives around her might hang upon it.

We need not follow her through those tedious hours. She was fearless, because, little as she had heard of religion, she knew, by a sense just developed, that God was with her. Toward midnight she drew near to the outpost; gliding from tree to tree, she approached the watch-fire; no one was by it, the logs had burned to cinders, and were unrenewed. Startled by this desertion, she was doubting whether to return direct to the militia camp, or retrace her steps as directed by the Colonel, when a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned, and by the light of the mouldering embers beheld an Indian, his finger on his lips. For an instant *the woman unmanned her*. During that instant her rifle and knife were taken. She bowed her head in bitter silence, awaiting the tomahawk. The Indian, in equal silence, took her by the arm and led her away; he plainly thought he had caught a coward. After a little while the low whining of a fox was heard, her companion repeated it, and in a few moments more they stood amid a band of savages. A short talk in Indian followed; her hands were then bound behind her back, and she was tied to a tree, with

a significant gesture, which told her that a word, a cry, would insure her a cleft skull. It was perfect darkness. But near her she heard the sound of some one breathing heavily, as if asleep or gagged. Her heart grew light with the hope of a fellow-captive, — so selfish at times are the best of us. At last an Indian, bearing a torch, drew near; and as the welcome light brought the world back to her, she saw, not one, but eight captives, each bound to his tree. Some wore the careless dress of the militia, others the uniform of the United States: and as the torch-bearer drew nearer to where she stood, examining the bands of the captives, or inquiring as to St. Clair's strength and position, and as not only forms, but features, grew distinct in the glare, Dora recognized with a kind of horrid joy the person and face of Grey.

He had been one of the volunteers under Captain Slough. That officer had placed him, with others, upon the outskirts of his party, as sentinels, having been convinced, soon after taking up his position, that the savages were numerous in his vicinity. Grey, like many, unused to Indian tricks, had been taken noiselessly; some had fired their guns and been killed. Slough, some time before Dora reached his watch-fire, finding clear proof of the enemy's force in these frequent captures, had returned to make his report to General Butler.

Dora's first sensation was a horrid joy, as we have said: but the horror soon outweighed the joy. She could have died and smiled in death; its worst pang would have been, that her brother after all was not saved: — but that *he* should die! A faintness never felt before in her young limbs came over them. Excitement, horror, cold, fatigue, had weakened soul and body. When Mechecunnaqua — for the torch-bearer was the Little Turtle himself — came to the tree where they had tied her, she was hanging senseless in her bonds.

The chief looked amazed; the pale lips showed no sham-

ming; he laughed silently in scorn of the Longknife who had been scared to death;—or was it the faintness of a wound? He ordered the belt which held her to the tree to be loosened, the wrists to be set free, and, laying the body upon the earth, threw back the hunting-shirt to discover. A grunt of extraordinary astonishment burst from the group of bending scalp-locks, for one glance showed the sex of the captive. At that moment came messengers who reported the white army alarmed and in motion; for Slough, on his way in, had informed Colonel Oldham that the foe were near in force, and that they should certainly be attacked in the morning or sooner, and Oldham, thinking the same from the reports of his spies, had detached several small parties to bring in the scouts. The Little Turtle, who knew of St. Clair's habit of getting his troops under arms before daylight, and then dismissing them to breakfast, had planned — what he actually performed — a surprise between daybreak and sunrise, when all would be off guard; but this information, that St. Clair was alarmed and in motion, made him fear his whole plan abortive. Hastily directing a follower to send a squaw to the young pale-face, he at once went, therefore, to re-arrange his red men. One captive, and that a woman, was of small interest compared with the news just delivered, and Dora, still insensible, was left deserted on the icy leaves. At last, life painfully came again, — then recollection; she moved, — she was free; she tried to pierce the darkness, but could not. Where was she? How came she free? Presently she heard that heavy breathing again. Reassured, she rose, and, directed by the sound, reached the tree where she thought Grey was tied. Whispering in the captive's ear that it was a friend, with trembling fingers she took the gag from his mouth. She had been right; it was he. A few minutes more, and he too was at liberty. He had seen the body of a captive laid upon the ground not far from him, but had not seen the face amid the circle of savages. Deep was

his gratitude and joy to find his deliverer to be his dearest friend; but how much deeper the joy of that deliverer!

And now they would have freed the others, but again a torch was seen; the squaws were grumbling on their path in search of the pale-face. Not knowing whither they went, the two Americans glided away.

They took, fortunately for them, the very opposite course to that which they would have taken had they known the points of the compass, and so went directly north. It was fortunate for them, because the Indians, when Little Turtle had at length prevailed in the council soon after midnight, had drawn in close about the devoted army, and when Dora first saw by the stars the direction they had taken, they were far behind the foe. They then changed their course, and, judging the savages were between them and their comrades, made a detour to the west, until, shortly before daybreak, they struck the creek on which St. Clair had encamped, but some distance below him. This they crossed, to escape any flanking party of red men; and soon heard the drums of the regiments, then about being disbanded for the morning.

"Thank God, they are alive and up," cried Grey. "Slough gave the alarm, and the old man will have the red-skins now in spite of his crutches." And Slough had given the alarm, but to heedless ears. He had reported to General Butler, as was proper, his own conviction, and that of Colonel Oldham, that the enemy was before them in great force, and would attack in the morning, or earlier. Butler, an old Indian trader and hunter, despised the regulars with whom he acted, whenever Indians were concerned; the militia he despised for their insubordination; St. Clair he despised also, as a worn-out invalid, — indeed, they were not at that time on speaking terms. Slough and Oldham communicated nothing definite, — only their own convictions. What were they worth? Butler sent no word to St. Clair, — took no measures to prevent a surprise. A brave man himself,

he would have felt like a coward to alarm the whole army on such grounds. His courage cost many lives. Had St. Clair received the accounts of Slough and Oldham, he would have attacked the Indians, and Mechecunnaqua's plans would have failed.

As Grey and his comrade drew nearer to the army, they moved with greater stealth and care. Day had now fairly broken. Presently, far to their left, were heard yells, shouts, rifles, and that sea-like sound of many feet shaking the earth. In a moment more the drums beat again; and in front of the fugitives the clash and hubbub of ranks forming suddenly rose on the frosty air.

"It is the attack," said Grey, pausing; "but what are those sounds to the left?"

"The yells of the savages; the cries of the Kentuckians," answered McCrae. "The militia has been driven back."

Dora was right. Oldham, waiting for orders, had taken no efficient steps to prevent a surprise. His corps were taken unawares, and, rushing back upon the regulars, threw all into confusion, and lost the day. We need not follow the details of the battle; they are known but too well. When the fugitives of our tale reached the field, all was confusion. The survivors of McCrae's company were scattered wherever there was shelter. Kirkwood was killed. Through the dreadful carnage of those three hours and a half, the friends, seizing the arms of the fallen, fought side by side. At last the word spread that the troops were to retreat. "Like a drove of bullocks," as a spectator says,* the survivors pressed to the right. In the press, Dora found herself alone. She struggled forward with what was thought the despair of terror, — he was not there; she lagged amid the hastening crowd with what men deemed the apathy of

* Van Cleve, *American Pioneer*, II. 150.

cowardice, but she could not see him; she turned, and strove madly to stem the human torrent, and die with him under the tomahawks of the pursuing savages, but the torrent bore her along. Once more she pressed forward; he was strong, active, — he was in the advance. She ran till her limbs which had not rested for so many hours, failed her, and she sank by the road-side. The flying troops still hurried by.— men, women, and boys,— some on foot, some on jaded horses. The yells of the foe, who, stopping to scalp those they slew, followed slowly, were just audible. Amid the crowd of terrified runners she could see no form like his. The tide of life, that had once before that morning ebbed, again flowed backward. The hideous scalp-shrieks drew nearer. She closed her eyes, and resigned herself once more to death.

A hand was laid on her shoulder. She started, looked, sprang up; — it was Grey, but so deathly pale she scarce knew him. What was it? A wound, a ball through the shoulder; his dress was dripping with blood. He had sought his saviour of the morning in front and rear, had pressed too near the enemy; a rifle had sped its ball close to his heart. In an instant Dora's wearied limbs seemed rested, even as Grey sank exhausted by her side. The scalp-screams came nearer. She gave one glance at him, — he was senseless; one at the chances of escape near by, which her own fate had never led her to look at. Snow still covered the earth, but here and there were patches of bare leaves. At a little distance was an old moss-grown tree-skeleton, fallen half a century before. Many a time had Dora hidden in such, in her childhood. A few steps carried her to it; it was, as she guessed, hollow. She returned, lifted with her whole life-energy the body of him she loved, and bore it to the rotten log. With great difficulty she brought back his senses by the help of the snow around them; bound his wound; pointed out his danger, and the only place of refuge; and, just as the Indians appeared in

the road almost beside them, filled the open end of their hiding-place with the leaves that had before been hidden within it by November winds.

It was a happy thought thus to push those within out, rather than to draw up those that lay about the opening. Dora and he whom she had twice saved lay feet to feet, unable to speak; but though speech was denied them, hearing was not. There were steps, — voices; nearer and nearer they came. Low guttural sounds were made just above them. Presently two or more Indians, invited by the mossy seat, sat down over their heads; then they heard a gurgle as the whiskey-canteen of some dead regular was applied to savage lips, — then laughter and yells. Presently a white man's voice — perhaps Simon Girty's, he is said to have been there * — asked what was in that log they were on. The tipsy Indian stuck his hand into the hollow, and answered, "Leaves, leaves."

Ere long the love of blood outgrew that of the fire-water, and the green log covered less agitated hearts. Then came the sounds of the returning victors, and then the silence of night. The fugitives ventured forth. The cold earth and mouldering wood had stopped the bleeding wound, but Grey was still weak from the blood he had lost. They both needed food; they had not eaten for twenty-four hours. Dora silently disappeared. She went to the corpse-cumbered road; she took flour, meat, spirits, from the bodies of the slain, — for very many of the army in the absence of legal supplies had provided illegal. She tore from the dim-seen dead men linen to make bandages for him that lived; she took their coats for his bed.

Four days passed. The Indians, loaded with scalps and spoils, had gone northward. The whites were getting their breath and spinning their yarns in Forts Hamilton and Wash-

* Stone's *Life of Brant*, I. 310.

ington. The vultures, and the buzzards, and the carrion-crows possessed the battle-field. Grey, his strength almost restored, had gone out to look at the traces of death, while his comrade, having now for the first time dared to light a fire, prepared some civilized food. The young officer wandered some way toward the ground of the engagement, but warned by weakness, he turned again. Sauntering along in that luxury of laziness known only to the valetudinarian, he saw suddenly a figure before him. It was McCrae, whom he had left over the kettle, only so differently dressed.

"Where, McCrae, did you get that?" cried he.

"Ha! you know me!" said the other, with a savage, reckless gravity, that astonished Grey beyond measure.

"Know you? My dear John, I have reason to know you. But why this masquerade? Is breakfast ready?"

McCrae stared with the air of one who had met a madman. "Who *are* you?" said he; "where have you seen me? what do you know of me?"

Grey thought the gay young woodsman playing a part, in his joy for their safety; so, putting on a part himself, he replied, "You 're mad, John, raving crazy. Our escapes, our wounds, our starving, our freezing, have turned your head, John. I must bleed you, my boy."

The boy — it was John himself — stood stupefied. He had from his hiding-place gone back to Cincinnati; had learned that John McCrae had marched with his company; had guessed his sister's sacrifice; and when the breath of the defeat reached him, stung into heroism by despair, reason, love, shame, fear, had gone to seek her, — to die if she were dead, if she were a captive to redeem her with his own life. At Grey's last words a light broke upon him.

"Have you known me?" cried he, eagerly. "Where am I? where did we freeze and starve? where are we? Take me to her!"

The young officer began to think his comrade indeed in-

cane. "Come," said he, taking McCrae's arm, "we'll go to our log."

They came to the spot: Dora had gone for water.

"Do you feel better?" said Grey.

"Where is she?" replied the other, fiercely. "I'll have her, or your life."

Grey scarce knew whether to weep or laugh; he still thought it all pretence, so he laughed. John sprang at him, grappled him, they rolled together in the leaves. At that instant a clear, ringing voice came up the little hollow, charming the echoes into silence.

"It is she," cried John, springing to his feet.

"It is you," said Grey, almost speechless.

Slowly the young man's eyes turned from the brother to the sister, from the sister to the brother. He was himself going crazy. Dora embraced her counterfeit.

Why dwell on what is known? The secret was out, — the maiden overpowered with shame, the soldier sick at heart with gratitude, admiration, and love.

John redeemed his character under Wayne; and for Dora, — are there not Greys in New Jersey until to-day? Who was their ancestress?

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

AN INCIDENT OF WAYNE'S VICTORY.

Among the early settlers of Western Pennsylvania were several Highland families, and naturally enough where there were Highland men, there were Campbells. One of them, Arthur Campbell, the son of "old man Arthur," who lived in Alleghany County, is the hero of our sketch.

The boy was as active, strong, and intelligent as the descendant of mountaineers, himself a dweller among mountains, ought to be. No summer field of grass or wheat, no winter forest of massive trunks that were to be chopped and split into fire-wood, no wild-cat of the hills, nor fish of the stream, could tire out or elude him. He was early trained to follow the beasts of the wilderness, and to track its wild savages to their wigwams. His childhood was amused with tales of the days of Braddock, and his youth instructed by the study of the frontier campaigns of Washington, Armstrong, and Bouquet. At sixteen, no keener scout, no stouter wood-chopper, no bolder hunter, was to be found about the Salt Springs of the Kiskiminitas, than the young Scotch Highlander. But Arthur was too ambitious to rest content with even the renown that filled a county. He had heard of Boone and the pioneers of Kentucky; he had read of the exploits of George Rogers Clark in the far

Northwest; and when at Pittsburg, in the winter of 1787–88, he had seen and talked with some of the first settlers of Marietta, who were then busy at "Sumrill's," on the Youghiogeny, building the boats which were to convey them, when spring opened, to the vast regions of the Ohio, which the whites had as yet spared. His imagination and his vanity were both excited to the highest point, and he longed to make himself known, as Logan, and Clark, and Putnam were known already. Under these impulses, young Arthur, in the spring of 1788, about the time he supposed Putnam's band would be descending the river, determined to take his rifle and knife, and make his way by land to the mouth of the Muskingum, and rejoiced in his soul silently, as he thought how wonder-stricken the Dodges and Captain Devoll would be to see him at their location before them; and how he would be made known to the general, and would become a scout for the party, and would be chosen to lead some band against the Indians, who, as every one said, would oppose the new-comers; and how he would surprise a great band of Shawanese, and be the hero of a terrible struggle; and so on, and so on; the whole winding up with his marriage to one of the pretty girls that were coming out from New England when all was ready for them. So one morning young Arthur, with a strange big lump in his throat that kept him swallowing every half-minute, told his father and mother, and his dear little sister Peggy, that he was going to hunt for a day or two, and they, thinking nothing of it, as it was not yet ploughing weather, kissed him as usual, wished him good luck, and went on quietly about their chopping and spinning. He, poor boy, looked back at the old man, with his Scotch bonnet thrown back as he wielded the axe, and at the window, behind which *they* were working and singing, he could hear Peggy's voice, and his heart almost gave way; but vanity and the love of enterprise are, after all, stronger in a lad of sixteen than home ties or brother's love, and he tearfully turned to the forest again.

He apprehended no danger. The animals of the wilderness he had no fear of; the Indians were friendly or neutral; and though the way was unknown to him, he had a general notion of the direction in which the mouth of the Muskingum lay, and, confident in his powers as a woodsman, crossed the Alleghany in a canoe which he used when on his common expeditions to the North, intending to keep northwest until he should pass Beaver Creek, and thence hoping, by nearly a direct west course, to strike the Tuscarawas in the vicinity of old Fort Laurens, from which point he would follow the waters down to Fort Harmar, at the mouth of the "Elk Eye."

His plan was well laid, and would have succeeded, probably, so as to bring him to the desired point about the first of April, but for one thing, — the fall of heavy rains about the heads of Beaver Creek. Owing to these, when our young adventurer reached the banks of that stream, he found it an impassable torrent; but he could not wait, for the very waters which opposed *him* would help forward the boatmen whose arrival he longed to anticipate. So, hastily, too hastily, he fashioned a raft of the floating logs and boughs which were rolling by, and with his only treasures, his rifle and powder-horn, trusted himself to the stream, which he hoped to cross gradually by the aid of his setting-pole, and the eddies which here and there sucked shoreward. Alas! those eddies, like many a seeming aid in the voyage of life, were caused by and concealed deadly dangers. The one which Arthur tried to make serviceable was the result of a huge stump, which caught the drift, and held out to the navigator a tempting harbour. With his whole strength he tried to make the proffered landing-place, and in trying failed to see the ragged remnants of the huge boughs, which, reaching up from the submerged trunk of the prostrate sycamore, were grinning at him, like shark's teeth, from just beneath the surface. Another push, and he will be in the

eddy and ashore ; — yes, but for them. He puts his shoulder to the pole ; the rude raft swings round, the shark's teeth seize it ; the rushing waters tug and tear at it ; the grape-vines, loosely knotted, give way ; the severed logs again strike out, each on its own voyage, and among them is struggling for life, for room to breathe, the young builder of castles in the air.

Arthur would have been in no real danger, however, for he was as much at home in water as on land, had he not clung to his rifle. With the instinct of a woodsman he had seized it the instant he felt the raft strike, and heard the bands which held it crack ; and amid drift and raft and eddy he still clung to it, struggling for life ; for his life was in his breath and his rifle, and he strove to save both. A few moments, however, proved it impossible to do so, and with a groan, more of indignation than regret, he let go his hold and struck out for the shore.

And now he was once more on land, — not very dry land, to be sure, for a cold, penetrating, drizzling rain was falling ; but beyond the reach of the mad waters at any rate. Yes, he was on land, but how helpless ! how hopeless ! No gun, no food, his powder afloat, no means of kindling a fire or securing a meal, and in spite of himself shivering to his inmost bones. Two hours he had stood in the water making his unlucky vessel, and the warmth which had been produced by his exertions in trying to land could not counterbalance the physical depression and exhaustion which those two hours had produced, and the shock of the ice-bath that had followed. Had Arthur been an old hand in the wilderness, he would have spent five minutes in making up his mind as to the nearest point where food and warmth could be had, and, without awaiting still further exhaustion from famine and cold, would have used all his remaining strength and energy to reach that point. Had he done so, he would in two hours have been relieved, for he was not more than

five miles above the site of Fort McIntosh. But Arthur was not an old practical pioneer, an indomitable Boone, or all-conquering Logan, — he was a young castle-builder, whose airy towers had all been laid low by the swollen waters of the Big Beaver, and in utter despair he threw himself upon the ground, and regretted that he had been able to save his life from the flood.

How long he lay there, half insensible with cold and hopelessness, he never knew. When he arose, as he remembered afterwards, it was night, and fever-pains were shooting through every limb, and fever-phantoms were beginning to whirl their waltzes in his brain. Then all to him was darkness; nor was it ever known whither he went or how he lived during the next three days. At the end of that time, naked as he was born, thin as the skeleton picture of death, and still raving with delirium, he swam off to a boat which was floating down the Ohio, bound to the Beargrass settlements near the Falls, and was with difficulty secured by the emigrants on board.

Among those emigrants were two women who nursed the young sufferer, until at last nature effected a partial cure. A *partial* cure, we say, for neither nature nor art, nursing, medicine nor rest, could ever make Arthur Campbell again wholly what he had been before. His constitution, just at the age when most susceptible, had been so shaken, so shattered, by excitement, exposure, cold, hunger, disease, and delirium, that, though he lived till within a few years, to the age of seventy-two, he never recovered the effects of his trip to the Beaver. His nerves were so affected, that the slightest excitement or anxiety caused him to quiver like an aspen; and his spirit was for the time so changed, that when, in the midsummer of 1788, he found his way back from the kind friends who had saved his life to his old home on the Kiskiminitas, his parents and Peggy, who had long mourned him as dead, found him, though living, not

the same; the frank, active, hopeful, energetic boy had become a shy, dependent, moping hypochondriac. And so he remained for years, — yes, for life.

The settlement of the West went on. Harmar marched upon his unlucky and inglorious errand to the confederated tribes of the Maumee; St. Clair gathered his forces, and scolded, and limped to and fro, and inch by inch penetrated the wilderness, and then, stricken as by a thunderbolt, was driven back to the old stations; and all the while, amid the whole bustle of frontier enlistment and frontier panic, Arthur Campbell was as unmoved and as uninterested as the old house-dog by the hearth. His energy seemed dead; his vanity, his ambition, seemed dead; he was silent to all, and shunned even Peggy's company and sympathy. But he was also far more unselfish than formerly; was active for others, if not for himself; could not talk to any one, but would work for all. Not a day passed but the sister found that the hand of the speechless brother had done some work, removed some obstacle, sketched some improvement, which would have tried her strength, or patience, or ingenuity.

At length, in the summer of 1792, the troops of Wayne began to gather for the final conflict with the red men of the Northwest. From the Atlantic to the Mississippi, men were active during that summer in the great cause of white supremacy; the old feudal proverb having been in our day a little varied, so as to make it read, "White makes right." Among the candidates for admission into the legion of Mad Anthony came forward, to the amazement of all, Arthur Campbell, the victim of Big Beaver. Some hoped it was a proof that all was well with him again; others knew it was his insanity come back; others, again, thought he might have motives different from ambition, or gain, or the promptings of a crazy intellect. Among these last was Peggy. She, poor child, was from the first all of a flutter with the

enlisting and the drumming, the marching and sharp-shooting, which, under the orders of Washington and Wayne, filled the West of Pennsylvania that summer with powder smoke and shouts. Especially was she fluttered, being just eighteen, by the eyes and the movements of a young officer who was sent into their neighbourhood to gather up men for the battle-field. Poor Peggy, who had been flint to all men in leggings and hunting-shirts, was mere ice to the lieutenant in his regimentals; she melted and warmed at once. This Arthur had seen; and she knew, though he said not a word, that he had seen it. And when the young officer urged her to wed him, and she, trembling and delighted, promised to follow him, if need be, down the mouth of the Little Turtle, or into the inmost fold of Blue Jacket, she felt that, somehow, Arthur heard every syllable she said, felt every throb of her heart; so that when all others were at a loss for the enlistment of the invalid, Peggy knew it was because she had enlisted first.

We need not dwell on the partings and marchings; the tiresome winter at Legionville; the endless drillings at Hobson's Choice, just below the little village of Cincinnati; or the advance into the wilderness, where the second long winter, that of 1793–94, was spent by the cautious "black snake" of the Americans. During the whole monotonous movements of the army, Peggy lived in a long honey-moon, and Arthur performed what duties fell to his share with undeviating regularity. He had joined the army, not as a regular soldier, but as a scout or spy, for in that calling he felt himself at home; he dared not trust his nerves in company, but alone no granite hill could be firmer. The eye of a comrade could at any moment make him quiver, but an enemy he had no dread of, and could face and fight unmoved. At length, late in July of 1794, the mounted men of Kentucky, under Scott, joined the main body at Greenville, and the day of contest drew near.

On the 4th of August, the army being then about twenty-five miles beyond Fort Recovery, the young officer to whom our friend Peggy had been married was ordered with a party in pursuit of some Indians, whose traces had been seen near the camp, and Arthur obtained leave to go with him as a spy. This leave, however, was not had without effort, for the Highlander, moody and silent, had more than one enemy in the camp; and on that day, Bill Strong, who was from the neighbourhood in which the Campbells lived, and had been an old admirer of Peggy, had particular reasons for wishing her brother to remain with the army.

Bill was one of those men who are, unfortunately, too common in armies, and especially in those armies recruited from among the settlers of a frontier. Bold, and full of animal life, he was as brutal as he was powerful and determined; and without being absolutely malicious, he was capable of any extent of bloodshed and cruelty, under the inspiration of vengeance or the temptings of lust. He was one of the same class that wrought the massacre of the Christian Delawares.

This man, who had been long watching for an opportunity to revenge himself on the fortunate lover of his mistress, but who was not willing to resort to assassination, and could not succeed in fixing a quarrel upon Litcomb, Peggy's husband, had made his calculations on this day to lead the party which that officer was to command into an Indian ambush, and so take the life of his rival without his agency being seen, either by his commander, his companions, or even his own conscience. It was therefore a great annoyance to him to find that Arthur was to be joined with him in the service of protecting the flanks of the detachment. He knew all about Campbell's adventure on Big Beaver, his illness, his weakness, and was aware that he could at any moment make him quake by a glance of his eye; and

yet he feared the intelligence and the disinterestedness of the hypochondriac. He was like the imaginary lion in whose presence the maiden trembles, but which yet shrinks and crouches at her feet. But there was nothing to be done; the word of Anthony had gone forth, and Campbell and Strong set forward with the company under the charge of Litcomb.

Arthur had known his comrade from boyhood. In youth they had often hunted side by side, and never had any quarrel existed between them. But still they walked that day side by side, each suspicious of the other. Strong dreaded lest his secret plans had become known by words which he had uttered in his sleep, or in some way that mortals could not understand; while Campbell, who had long watched his sister's discarded lover, more than guessed at his enmity and his determination to do the young officer who was with them an injury. Indeed, he had exerted himself to obtain leave to go with the party that day, because he apprehended some ill purpose in his fellow-scout. With his whole soul, therefore, he was prepared to watch the movements of Bill, who, as the one that had discovered traces of the enemy, was entitled to assume in a measure the direction of affairs.

For some distance they returned upon the road made by the advancing army, then struck a creek which led them to the northeast, and in the direction of the Auglaize. They had not gone far down this stream before Indian signs became abundant, and a halt was called for consultation. Now Strong knew very well how the Indians were posted. Through a Canadian who was with them, one of Elliott's men, he had prepared every thing to secure the defeat of his own party, and the death or capture of Litcomb, and yet had so contrived as to secure himself, as he trusted, both from injury by the foe and discovery on the part of the Americans; for, to insure the latter, with that craft which

the Devil teaches his victims, he had made the Canadian think himself the duper of the Longknives, and the deceiver of their spy. Bill, therefore, advised a separation of the party. Ten men he would take and go round by a path which he knew, having scouted the ground some days before, so as to bring himself into the rear of the Indians who were supposed to occupy the bottom along the creek; while the twenty men who remained were to go forward with the Lieutenant and Campbell, until they came in front of the savages. All were then to rest until the moon rose, when the red men, lost in slumber, were to be attacked by the two divisions at the same moment. To this plan no objection was made. Arthur would not have left his brother alone, and he would not have left him under the guidance of Strong; but he never for a moment dreamed of treachery, and feared only the anger and direct vengeance of his former friend. All went, therefore, as the evil-minded man desired. The detachment divided; Bill with his portion took to the hills, and the remainder marched down the valley toward the point where, as Strong well knew, the savages, lying in ambush on either side of the narrow run, waited the coming of the victims whose march the traitor had disclosed.

But fortunately they were under the guidance of one whose disease and melancholy had made him far more thoughtful and observing than common men, and in whose mind suspicion, still lingering, kept every faculty awake. Influenced by this vague feeling of danger, Arthur proposed to the Lieutenant to remain with the party where they then were for an hour or two, and allow him to examine by himself the ground before them, — a delay which would not more than equal the time lost by Strong in making his circuit. To this proposition Litcomb assented, with the proviso that he should accompany his brother in the reconnoitre, — a plan which Campbell opposed in vain. So, leaving the

men with their sergeant, the two set forth together. Before they had gone far, the scout discovered signs which told him that the savages in considerable numbers had been ascending the densely-wooded sides of the ravine, and was about to point out to his companion the wisdom of an immediate return, when he caught the eye of an Indian glancing through the bushes along the barrel of his rifle. Assured by what he had seen that this warrior was not alone, and knowing that flight and contest must be equally useless, situated as they were, he made a sign of friendship to the threatening foe, and with a word or two explained to the Lieutenant their dangerous position. "We have been entrapped," he added; "we must submit as deserters, and trust to our ingenuity to save us." It was with great unwillingness that the young officer could entertain the idea of practising this deception, even on an Indian, and playing the part of a traitor. But no other hope offered itself; and while still but half resolved, he found himself surrounded and pinioned. The Canadian, Strong's friend, was present, and acted as interpreter. Through him Campbell communicated a number of supposed facts in relation to the body of troops they had just left a mile or two above, which had the effect of preventing any attempt to attack them, and, after some consultation, led the chiefs to determine to leave that vicinity for the towns near the Maumee, carrying with them, of course, the two professed deserters.

The sergeant who had been left in command of the twenty men, when evening came, and the Lieutenant and spy did not return, moved cautiously down the valley; but as he found no one to oppose him, saw and heard nothing of his officer or of Strong's detachment, he retraced his steps with wonder, and some dismay, and reported himself to Wayne early the next forenoon. Strong, who had expected soon after climbing the hill to hear the rifles of the ambushed

Indians, and who was afraid to trust himself near the ground which he supposed they occupied, was at a loss how to behave so as to prevent his men accusing him of cowardice and treachery; for although they knew nothing of the details of the plan he had proposed, they had gathered its outline. But while he rested upon the summit of the ridge or rise, where he told his men they had better remain till dark, the sound of an advancing body of men struck his quick ear, and he had scarce time to conceal his followers when the body of savages passed by toward the north, having in their midst his fellow-scout and his commander. As his forces were but ten in number, and the Indians at least a hundred, it was impossible to rescue his comrades, to say nothing of the fact that it gave him exquisite pleasure to see them in captivity. It was necessary, however, to seem to care for them; so he followed at a safe distance until nightfall. Then, taking with him one of the soldiers, he crept closer to the spot where the Shawanese were encamped; close enough, indeed, for both him and his companion to overhear portions of the conversation between Litcomb and Arthur on the one part, and the Canadian upon the other. In drawing thus near, Bill had no other object in view than to be able to carry back a satisfactory account in the morning to the commander-in-chief; but to his astonishment he overheard what seemed to stamp both the apparent prisoners with the character of deserters who were conveying to the enemy all the information in their power in relation to the American army. "Now, then," thought the devil-inspired man, "I am revenged any how. If they return, they shall be hung as traitors; if they do not, mistress Peggy shall be mine at last." So, with the strange news of the desertion of Litcomb and Campbell, and with the soldier who had overheard the conversation as a witness, Strong returned to the army, which he reached not long after the other portion of the detachment.

When Peggy heard of the reports brought in by the party with which her husband and brother had gone out, nobody could equal her sorrow, except, indeed, her anger. With a woman's instinct, she at once suspected some treachery on the part of Bill Strong; but how could she detect it? How rescue those she loved? Or, if they died, how prove their innocence? She had no female friends in the camp; Wayne had little taste for women on a campaign, and only peculiar circumstances had enabled Litcomb to bring his wife thus far. Arthur had seemingly none to care for him, for he sought the acquaintance and friendship of none. The Lieutenant was somewhat of a favorite, but Peggy was rather afraid of the young men who were his intimates. And so the poor girl mourned, with her teeth set resolutely against Bill Strong all the while, in utter solitude.

Meanwhile, in another portion of the camp, two men, whom Peggy had never seen, and would have shunned if she had seen, were deliberating also how to save her brother. One of these two was a New England boy, awkward to an absurdity, and cautious to a fault, but whose nature was generous and true, and whose conscience had the old Pilgrim stamina in it. The other was an Irishman, rash as a meteor and hot as the sun that exhales it. Both were of the corps of spies, though wholly unfitted by opposite qualities to perform the duties of a scout as they should be performed. Both had been in countless perplexities, and both, countless times, had been silently relieved by the thoughtfulness, the knowledge, the coolness, or the boldness of the hypochondriac. For months, with few words passing between them, a strong bond had been knitting them vitally to Arthur Campbell; and they felt that the proof of its vitality was now to be given.

While Peggy mourns, and threatens, and thinks; and while Benjamin Pollock and Johnny Grant try to make their discordant brains work together for the good of their com-

rade and helper, the two professed deserters are safely housed in a wigwam at Grand Glaize. As yet no plan for escape had opened to them. They were but half trusted, and treated rather as spies than real traitors. This Arthur expected, and knowing how little time remained for them to act in, and how necessary it was to establish confidence in the minds of their captors, utterly indifferent also as to his own life, if he could but save those dear to him, he determined upon a plan, which he dared not disclose to his companion, but which he trusted would accomplish all he wished, — the production of trust in them on the part of the Indians, means to aid the army of Wayne, an opportunity to betray the secrets of that of his enemies, and a chance at last to secure the liberty of his brother, and, if all went right, his own. His plan was this, — to ascertain from the Canadian the position of the American army; to offer his services, the unarmed and two armed savages watching him, to learn when any portion of that army had been detached, and to insure its capture. This capture he intended really to effect, if the number was not more than would probably go out to gather the corn and pumpkins of the rich Indian fields that made that neighbourhood one boundless garden, and the effecting of it would, he trusted, produce reliance in him, and so enable him to work out the problem, — to become most completely Wayne's spy, and to bring about most quickly the liberation of the Lieutenant. Two things, unluckily, were unknown to Arthur, — the treachery of Strong, and the conversation which had been half overheard by him and the soldier. He proposed his plan, however, to the Canadian, and through his agency the chiefs accepted it.

On the 8th of August, Wayne reached the confluence of the Maumee and Auglaize, and the advanced body of Indians retired toward the main force, nearly fifty miles down the former river. It was at this point, while Fort Defiance

was in progress, that the experiment of Campbell was to be made, if ever.

The evening of the 11th of August set in dark and stormy, and Arthur Campbell informed the Canadian that he thought no better opportunity could occur to examine the neighbourhood of Wayne's fort, now nearly completed, in anticipation of the attempt upon any party which might venture forth to gather food. Accordingly, in the evening, Arthur, unarmed, accompanied by the Canadian and two savages, each with his rifle, stole up the banks of the river, and proceeded cautiously to examine the ground about the American encampment. It was familiar, of course, to the natives, but Campbell could not carry out his plan without himself going over it. From point to point it was traversed, therefore, and each hollow and thicket pointed out to him as well as the night would allow. While engaged in this occupation, Arthur heard a low whistle, which he at once recognized as that of a scout; replying to it, he informed his companions that the American spies were abroad, and thinking it possible that Wayne was preparing to beat the woods for any lingering parties of the red men that might be about, he advised an immediate return to the Indian camp. To this advice the Canadian would not listen, for he thought it proceeded from cowardice, and the four, much to Campbell's discomfort, drew nearer and nearer to the camp of the Longknives. It was as Arthur supposed; a party of scouts, with a file of picked soldiers, was at this moment preparing to leave the fort to examine the neighbouring forest, where some of the enemy, as it had been learned, still lurked; and the little band of explorers had not gone twenty steps beyond the spy whose whistle had been first heard, before Campbell discovered that they were in the midst of a number of men, who, stationed at a distance of about ten feet each from the other, were waiting in perfect silence the command to move forward. These men perceived the pres-

ence of the Indians and Canadian about the same instant that Arthur discovered them; but, supposing the persons in motion to be a portion of their own body, would have suffered them to pass through uninterrupted, had not the commanding officer at that moment come forward to see that all was right, when opening his lantern, as he did so he made visible the copper countenances and streaming scalp-locks of the Wyandots. A cry of alarm and wonder was succeeded by rifle-shots and uproar; then came dead silence again. In the utter darkness, no man knew what had happened. A little while, however, revealed the result of the unlooked-for skirmish. Two Americans lay badly wounded; one of the Indians was dead, the other had vanished, the Canadian and Arthur were prisoners.

Our hero scarce knew at first whether to rejoice or mourn at this catastrophe. It secured his freedom if he chose to profit by it, but that he cared not for; it was Litcomb's liberty, not his own, which he was striving to secure, and he dreaded lest it should lead to greater mistrust of his brother, and perhaps his death. Again, it might enable him to arrange his plans with Wayne in such a manner as to put it into the power of that commander to free them both; but, meanwhile, would not the Wyandots, alarmed by the warrior that had escaped, at once join the main body, and carry Litcomb beyond all aid? While meditating these things, and considering how he could contrive to make the Americans treat him as a deserter in presence of his fellow-captives, he was brought into a blaze of torch-light, which for the first time allowed his captors to discover who it was they had taken, for at first they had naturally supposed both the white men to be Canadians: and what was the horror of Arthur to find in every word that fell upon his ear proof that he was already looked upon as a traitor and a villain. He could not account for it; it was something which had not entered into his thoughts, and in an instant he saw that, if

Wayne held the convictions which his comrades declared, all hope for him and his brother was gone; that he must die the death of a deserter, and Litcomb pass into the merciless hands of Elliot and McKee. He was left to pass the remainder of the night revolving these thoughts, more wretched and despondent than ever.

Early in the morning, while he yet lay wrapped in his blanket upon the floor of the block-house which had been made his prison, the American general entered. Arthur sprang to his feet, and confronted the eagle-eyed soldier with a face as calm and proud as his own.

"And you, Campbell, a deserter!" said Wayne, who knew the hypochondriac well, — "you, the son of a Highlander, traitor to your native land and your own blood! — deserting not only your colors and your comrades, but your own sister, and carrying her husband into infamy with you! — I could not have believed it!"

"And do you believe it, General?"

"Yes."

"On what proof? Why?"

Anthony opened the door and beckoned. Bill Strong and the soldier who had overheard the conversation between Arthur and the Canadian entered at the signal. When Campbell saw the former glide into the apartment, he caught a glimpse of the villany that had been perpetrated; and as he did so, intense anger, which seldom visited his breast, shook every fibre of his frame, and the whole force of the terrible disease under which he labored came back upon his brain and his nerves. Pale and trembling, when Wayne again turned to question him, his looks were enough; his quivering voice and wild eyes answered for him; and with scarce a moment's hesitation the General left the room, with a complete conviction of his treachery.

Neither Strong nor his victim failed to see the effect which had been produced by the nervous weakness of the latter,

and the real traitor resolved to profit by the weakness of the hypochondriac. Seeking his commander, therefore, he proposed, as he said he wished to be fair to his neighbour Campbell, that the latter should be asked to make oath that he was not guilty of desertion, and if he could do it without shrinking, all might be well, perhaps; but if he dared not call God to witness his fidelity to his flag, then there could be no more doubt. The proposition seemed reasonable, and Wayne, though rather to satisfy this lover of justice than himself, agreed to the trial. On the afternoon of the 12th of August, therefore, Arthur was brought before a tribunal, where the General presided, and informed that, if he would subscribe an affidavit solemnly declaring that he did not leave his fellows falsely, and basely give information to the foe, his case should be gone into fully; but if he refused to take this oath he would be adjudged guilty at once. All seemed just and fair, and yet Arthur so well knew his weakness that he foresaw he never could do what was required. The demon of hypochondria was on him; his hand was powerless, and thus called upon, he knew that he could not sign any thing, say any thing. And so it proved; his tongue refused to swear, his trembling fingers refused to hold the pen. As it fell from his hand, while big drops of sweat rolled down his pale countenance, the commander muttered, "It is God's judgment. Take him away and put him in irons; he shall die before we fight."

Meanwhile, the whole army had been made aware that one of the deserters, the silent scout, was taken. It reached the ears of Pollock and Grant when they came in from their rounds, on the afternoon of the 12th, and penetrated the mourning chamber of Peggy, if a loft in a log-hut deserves so grand a name. The news was not lost on either the spies or the sister. She sought and obtained leave to see the unhappy man that evening. Grant talked himself dry in his defence; while Pollock quietly set himself to unravel

the mystery of Arthur's sudden inability to speak or write: for as to its being conscience that shook him, Benjamin was too confident of his truth to heed that notion. All, as it pleased that Power who works for innocence, effected something for the victim of disease.

Peggy, omitting all mention of tears and words of affection, told her brother just what report the informants against him had brought in; the conversation they had overheard; the things they had witnessed; and thus enabled Arthur to understand what real evidence existed against him, and made known to him the weakness of his cause. She told him, also, of her determination to run every risk to save her husband; and was so calm and firm in her behaviour as she expressed her willingness to go anywhere, or do any thing, to free the man she loved, that Campbell saw in her agency a new means to effect all he coveted, but which he had begun to despair of, — Litcomb's release. Promising Peggy, therefore, to think how her spirit might best aid them all, the scout lay down in his fetters, thanking God for the hope that had risen upon his soul.

While these two thus communed, Johnny Grant was talking himself into a quarrel with the man who had borne witness against his friend, — "Big Bill," as he was called. Strong had not felt disposed to say much about Campbell's desertion to his fellow-spies until this evening, but now his tongue was untied. Before, he had been pexplexed by what he had heard, for in his soul he believed Arthur to be as true as Anthony himself; but the proof against him was now so mighty that he did not care how freely he condemned his old comrade, though the dread disease of the victim of Big Beaver was explanation enough, as he well knew, of his speechless tongue and powerless hand. And as the dispute grew fiercer, and the whiskey-gourd circulated more freely, Benjamin Pollock, the peacemaker and teetotaller, for once in his life fanned the flame and passed the cup. He had

caught some words from Strong's mouth which seemed to throw light into the dark places, and Benjamin hoped that warmth and liquor would give him yet more insight into the misfortunes of his benefactor. Nor was he wrong in his calculation, and, before the higher powers came in to quiet and reprove the backwoodsmen, had learned some things that he hoped to make useful. Thus recklessness and caution worked together for Arthur's good.

He, the condemned traitor, during that night of the 12th, lay in his irons, meditating how to solve the problem of his own and his brother's fate by means of a woman; and ere morning his mind was clear as to the solution. He determined to seek an interview with the Canadian; to get from him some token which the Wyandots would know; to send Peggy, disguised as a boy, with this token to their camp; to communicate by her his fate and that of his fellow-captive; to inform the Indians when the Americans would move forward, concealing, however, their numbers, and to arrange an ambush, in which Litcomb was to take part if possible; to inform Litcomb of the whole plot, so that, when the whites and Indians were engaged, he might pass with Peggy to the American side, and after the skirmish, which could not last long, might, if both were living, appear as witness in his behalf. Such was the outline of his rude plan; the detail, he knew, must be left to what we term chance, and to the ingenuity and energy of Peggy and her husband.

In the morning, the unhappy, but undaunted girl again saw him, listened to him, comprehended his projects, and gave herself, body and soul, to save those who were dearest to her. She could ride, run, swim, shoot, as a frontier girl should, and doubted not to learn when the army would leave Defiance, and to procure the disguise that was needed.

But Peggy, hopeful and brave as she was, would have been able to do but little had not our friend Benjamin been

devoted to the same cause with herself. He alone, of all in the camp, had the clothes which she needed; they had belonged to an adopted son of eighteen, who had emigrated with him, and died at Fort Recovery. Moreover, he alone, of all in the camp, had the true clew to the conduct of Campbell and Litcomb when they became apparently deserters. How he obtained this clew we must now relate. When the angry discussion between Strong and Grant took place, the former let fall sundry remarks in relation to the Canadian who had been taken with Arthur, which induced our Yankee friend to seek an interview with that prisoner. This he easily obtained, and in half an hour's cautious, insinuating, suggestive conversation, wherein what he knew through Strong's tipsy rage came frequently in play, he learned beyond question that worthy man's treachery, the way in which he had delivered up his comrades to the Indians, and various little matters which went to illustrate the true position of affairs. Thus much learned, the scout sought a meeting with his old companion, and it was not long before the keen wit of Scot and New-Englander acting together made every thing as clear as noonday. At this meeting, which took place about noon on the 13th, Arthur related to his friend the plan by which he proposed to release Litcomb, and learned to his great joy that Benjamin could furnish the disguise that was needed, and would, moreover, conduct Peggy so far upon her way as to insure her safety. Nay, further, he promised to learn when the army would move, and also proposed to go with her to the Canadian, and use his diplomatic skill in obtaining from that person the token which was needed to insure Peggy's welcome among the Wyandots. All went on as they wished. The token was procured; the disguise put on; the lines passed; the vicinity of the Indians reached unharmed; and then Pollock returned to his duties, and Peggy, — now the boy Peter, — unarmed but fearless, sped to the rescue of the Lieutenant.

It was just after daylight on the morning of the 14th of August that she approached the Wyandot encampment. She came boldly up to it, bearing a white cloth upon a staff, and holding up to view the plume which the Canadian had given her, and which was marked in a manner that made it equal to a signet-ring. At the first sound of a human voice she paused and looked around; for a while she saw no one; then she beheld a woman lying upon the ground about twenty yards distant, who seemed unable to move, scarce able to speak. Peggy almost forgot she was no longer a woman herself, as she sprang to the side of her red sister, and asked with gestures what was the matter. The squaw had been bitten by a rattlesnake as she was gathering dry boughs for the morning fire, and fear rather than the injury had deprived her of all power of motion. Peggy in an instant comprehended the evil, and applied the means which her mountain training had made familiar; and before the brown girl had ceased to wonder at her rescue by this young warrior of the whites, the poison was sucked out, the healing leaves applied, and the wounded limb bound up.

It was a fortunate intreduction for our masquerader. It secured her devoted friends in the mother and brother of the Indian girl, and made the whole party ready to listen favorably to the tale which Peggy had to tell. And she needed to tell it well, for that morning Matthew Elliot himself, having just returned from Detroit, whither he went to make the final arrangements for the approaching struggle, had come up the Maumee to the advanced Wyandot band; and the Highland maiden, when brought before the chiefs to give an account of herself, found, instead of a common Canadian interpreter, the most sagacious and unscrupulous of that class of white men who used the savages as implements of war and plunder. She told her story, however, so well, — was so exact and true upon every point whereon the Indians could possibly be informed, — for such had been Ar-

thur's repeated advice, — that even Elliot did not suspect the inventions to which she was obliged to resort in regard to those private matters of which he knew nothing. On one point of public interest only did she deceive him, but that was a vital one. It was in reference to the mode in which the American army would move forward from the new fort. The time of probable departure Elliot had ascertained, and Peggy's account agreed with that which he had heard from his spies; so that he was ready to give credence to what she added in relation to Wayne's determination to move down the Maumee with divided forces, one half of his troops on each bank, — a division which the British agents had been trying to bring about, but scarce hoped to effect. After a consultation among themselves, Litcomb was called in to be confronted with the new-comer. When he entered the wigwam and saw the lad who stood there, he paused, puzzled with the sense of half-recognition; and as his conviction became firmer that it was Peggy herself, he would have spoiled all by clasping her in his arms, had she not, seeing the danger, stepped forward and said, — "Perhaps the Lieutenant does not remember the boy Peter that joined the army with Benjamin Pollock." Her husband comprehended at once that her disguise was to be retained, not thrown off now that she had reached him, and, clasping her hand, acknowledged that for a moment he was at a loss, though he was sure the features were familiar; — nor, once put upon his guard, could Elliot's cross-examination bring any thing out tending to throw discredit upon the story which the boy had told. This story was exceedingly simple. Several other of Wayne's spies besides Arthur were desirous of going over to the side of the allies; and among them Pollock, whose son Peggy claimed to be. By him she had been sent to open a communication with the enemy, and brought promises of aid on the part of several of the scouts, provided the savages would do all in their power to save Camp-

bell. But how to aid him? The plan suggested by Pollock through his messenger was this. Arthur was to be with the party that would move down the north bank of the river, and which was to leave early the next day; this party the Indians, headed by Litcomb, were to attack, and it was asserted that the presence of the young officer would cause a considerable portion of the troops of Wayne who would be there to stand neutral at least. If the American Lieutenant were not present, the success of the effort might be doubted; if he were, there was no difficulty to be apprehended. It was not so easy to induce the Wyandots to place so great confidence in the deserter, but the message sent by the Canadian seemed to make it certain that the officer and scout had in reality gone over to the side of the red man, and that the latter now lay under sentence of death for having done so. One by one, therefore, the savages yielded to the conviction that the proposed plan was the best for them, and preparations were made to attack what was supposed to be the vanguard of the American army, but what in reality would be the chief force of the "Legion."

On the 15th, the Americans, as Pollock had sent word, moved forward. Litcomb, with Peggy as an aid-de-camp, had been placed in charge of the small body of Indians who were to attempt the rescue of Campbell; but his followers in name were his masters in reality, and he found that he was neither to choose his ground or arrange his plan of attack: his function, indeed, was limited to appearing in his regimentals and bespeaking the favor of his fellow-soldiers. Nor was this all, for, while no other arms were allowed him than his sword, two of the grimmest of the grim Hurons, with unfailing rifle and tomahawk, were obviously placed to watch him through the contest. Such had been the advice of Matthew Elliot. The Lieutenant, seeing these things, made up his mind that he and his wife must die, whatever the result of the conflict might be. If the Indians were

destroyed, it would not be till they had first slain their deceivers; and if they escaped annihilation by the forces of Wayne, the stake and brand would surely become the portion of the white spies, — for it was not to be doubted that the appearance of the whole American army would satisfy the Indians that they had been deceived.

As he ruminated these things, and meditated what advice he ought to give Peggy under the circumstances, the party reached the place selected for the attack; it was where a marsh, filled with weeds and bushes, extended parallel to the river, leaving room for the whites to pass on solid ground between it and the bank, but of such a character that no troops could enter it. Here the savages were concealed with great care, and with instructions to shoot down from their cover every officer that came in sight, and then, showing themselves, with Litcomb at their head, to call for the discontented of the American force to join them. In order to mislead the faithful scouts of Wayne, a few Indians were to show themselves at the west end of the morass, and pass north toward the woods, as if to a main body concealed there.

Day was just breaking as these arrangements were all completed by the Wyandots, and as the light veiled the stars, Litcomb perceived with a joy that almost forced him to shout in triumph, a fog rising from the river and marsh that would soon wrap every thing in uncertainty.

While the Hurons and their half-trusted white allies were making these preparations, the army of the States began to move, and Pollock with Johnny Grant, to whom he had communicated every thing, took his place as a scout in advance of the regulars. As the fog enveloped them shortly, it became necessary to move with great caution, and the two spies found themselves almost at a loss. It had been Pollock's plan, or rather his hope, to learn the position of his friends and their savage attendants before the army came

in sight; and he doubted not that he should be able to aid them to good purpose if he could do so. But the same fog which gave Litcomb some hope of evading his watchers, took from his friends on the other side all chance of helping him to do so. In an atmosphere less transparent than that of midnight, therefore, the Legion of Wayne, or rather its front guard, which on that morning consisted of two companies about half a mile in advance of the main body, came to the swamp. This atmosphere made useless the proposed feint of the Hurons, and so the whole of the red men, in number about forty, lay listening for the tramp of the foe. But the mist which puzzled our friend Pollock defeated also the plan suggested by Elliot for getting rid at the first fire of the American leaders, and made it necessary for a volley to be fired into the dense mass of moving soldiers, and then a rush made with tomahawks and knives. Word to this effect was passed from bush to bush, and the Lieutenant became more hopeful than ever that, in the confusion which must follow such a rush, he and his helpmate might escape.

The troops drew near, and the Indian rifles were half-raised to their positions, — all, as Litcomb noticed, except those of his two watchers, whose eyes never seemed to wink even as they followed his slightest movement. Observing this, he beckoned to the dim-seen chief who plainly directed affairs, and saying that, as his appearance in such a mist would be useless, it would be wiser for him to go to the rear of the body, began to move, with Peggy by his side, away from the coming troops. The chief interpreted this sudden movement as Litcomb meant he should, into an evidence of arrant cowardice, and, with a smile of disdain, motioned to one of the two Wyandots who had watched the Lieutenant to follow him still, while he called the other to his own assistance. The tread of the Americans was now near by, and so loud as to make it needless for Litcomb and his attendant to be very cautious as to the sounds they made

themselves; they pressed rapidly, therefore, toward a little hill which rose at a short distance before them, it being the captive's determination to close with his guard as soon as the battle began, and make one desperate effort for life and liberty.

Meanwhile Pollock and Johnny Grant, who had often gone round and through this swamp in their excursions, had determined to examine it this morning, as they thought it not unlikely the Indians might be there. Entering it on the rear, they had discovered the ambuscade, and, retreating again, lay concealed among the bushes of the hillock, towards which Litcomb, Peggy, and the Huron were hastening, it having been their intention to attack the rear of the Indians while engaged with the companies in front. But when they saw the Lieutenant, the boy Peter, and their companion, and comprehended, as they soon did, how matters stood, their plan changed, and they lay in utter silence, waiting the attack in front of them to shoot the frowning Wyandot, who, on his side, itched to slay and scalp the pale-face that took him from the skirmish with its harvest of hair.

A few moments only passed before the expected attack took place; the Indian rifles gave one fatal discharge, the shriek of death sounded in the ears of the bewildered soldiers, and the savages with knife and hatchet were among them. At this instant, Litcomb sprang to his feet to battle for himself, when, to his wonder, the tall Indian before him was bent double, and, with a shiver and a groan, fell to his knee, and forward upon his face. The bullet of Pollock had gone through his heart. The instant appearance of that worthy and his companion, explained all, and there was no time for words. But what next? The three men must plunge into the foggy fight, so much was certain, — but for Peggy? She said she was not afraid, — no one would touch her there, — and, speedily concealing herself, bade her hus-

band take the rifle of the fallen Indian, and prove by his acts that he was no traitor to Wayne. It was the only plan to be thought of, and the three Americans, with arms in readiness for action, moved cautiously through the mist, so as to come upon the rear of the savages, if they were acting still under cover of the bushes, and left Peggy to her fate.

To her fate! could Litcomb have foreseen it, he would sooner have poured the contents of his rifle into her bosom than have left her.

Bill Strong had been aware that Pollock had suspected him of foul play for a day or two past; and when the two scouts set forth that morning, Strong dogged their steps, and at the moment of the rescue of Litcomb lay not twenty yards off, watching for an opportunity of closing Pollock's mouth, and stilling his brain for ever. He understood, from the little he could see and the little he could hear, that Peggy, though in disguise, was present, and that she was left to her fate. He waited till his comrades were far enough away, crept to her hiding-place, and before she was aware, seized her, bound her mouth, confined her limbs, and before her husband had closed with the enemy was bearing the captive of his treachery away in his arms as readily as a lion bears the antelope of the desert.

The skirmish over, and it did not, could not, last long, for the body of the legion came quickly up, our Lieutenant and his friend hastened back to the hillock, but no boy Peter was there. Their quick eyes, however, detected the heavy foot of a larger man than either of them in the prints upon the neighbouring marsh, and these they followed until they were lost amid the crowd of marks which showed where the savages had retreated when they found that no desertion took place from the American ranks to their own. All individual traces being lost there of necessity, Litcomb, more mournful than ever, returned to the American army.

We cannot stop to detail how the Lieutenant, Pollock,

and the Canadian, by their joint evidence, proved the innocence of Arthur Campbell, and the guilt of Strong. We need not dwell on the interview, in which Arthur, as the only reward for his fidelity, asked leave to seek his sister. Nor can we follow him in those investigations which led him to think she had fallen into the hands that had sought her husband's blood, and that in some way, probably through losing his path in the fog, Strong and his victim had passed into the power of the Hurons. We must content ourselves with saying that Arthur, informed by Litcomb of the devotion to Peggy of the Indian girl she had helped when poisoned, made up his mind to visit the camp of the savages, wherever it might be, and to effect the freedom of his sister or share her fate.

It is near the noon of the 17th of August, three days before the battle which closed our Indian wars in Ohio. The survivors of the skirmish of the 15th, and in the darkness of that day few on either side had been killed, had rejoined the main body of Indians, some fifty miles below Grand Glaize, and had borne with them, chance prisoners, Strong and his prey, who had wandered into their hands. The sex of Peggy had been discovered, and while the squaw she had saved was thereby more bound to her than ever, the mass of the savages became perfectly satisfied that all the whites who had been among them as deserters were in truth spies and deceivers. Having lost Campbell and Litcomb, therefore, they condemned to death by fire the only two in their clutches, Peggy and her brutal gallant. It is, as we have said, near noon of the 17th, — clear, crystalline, summer weather. The natives are gathered in a large opening, in the midst of which Strong and his fainting companion are bound among the selected fagots by the hands of the torture-loving squaws; and, strange to see, the girl that had been bitten by the serpent, and her mother, are most active of all in binding her benefactress to the stake,

and pouring insults into her ears. The chiefs come forth; the crowd presses into a more regular circle; the torches are waving in the hands of the old women, volunteer executioners; a moment more and all will be alight, when from the outside of the throng arises a cry, shrieking and scolding, mingled with a laugh so full of madness that the blood was chilled by it. The fire-kindlers pause; the cries increase; the crowd wavers and parts, and, rushing through it bent almost horizontally, comes a human being with matted hair, torn clothing, a skin bleeding from a hundred wounds, and eyes like those of the hyena. A delirious, raging white man, — a prophet, an inspired, God-protected white man, — and from the fragments of his clothing, it would seem a Canadian. All stand amazed, doubtful. With a cry of madness the new-comer springs upon the torch-bearers, snatches their brands and extinguishes them; then, laughing and dancing, takes his place before the doomed. The Indians look on, awe-struck, overcome. The madman, or prophet, scoops with his nails a little hollow in front of each prisoner, — blows into it; then on each side he scoops others, and so, too, behind. And now he takes the extinguished, but yet smoking torch, closes his hands over it, raises it to the sun, mutters a few words of magic, and it bursts into a flame again; then he passes round the condemned with his taper, and, as he goes, a circle of fire kindles along the ground behind him, and from the cavities he had hollowed clouds of dense white smoke arise. Nay, with a shudder, the Indians see that it is pouring from the man himself, — he seems about to burst into flames, and, as he approaches, the boldest warrior shrieks and falls back. Again and again the stranger conjuror walks his round until his own form is undistinguishable, and the victims are lost in the vapor, which rolls away into the woods on the north, and from the fumes of which all turn dismayed. And now in front, toward the river, from the white smoke-cloud burst colored flames,

blue, yellow, red, purple; and, more astounded than ever, the crowd presses to behold the miracle. Then the flames cease; the smoke thins; the crowd slackens and wavers back. But where is the conjuror? Where the woman that should have died? Where the Wyandot girl that had been saved from death by her, and yet bound her death bonds? Did she bind them too slackly? Strong stands where he was; but the post of the woman is vacant.

It is evening of the same day; let us glance at two scenes and we are done.

At the spot where the two spies were to have been burnt that day, are gathered again a multitude. They come now, not with the torch, for they are yet doubtful as to the power that defeated them at noon, but with their rifles. Strong is bound to a tree; his body to the waist is bound; and, as the sun sinks towards the horizon, the young men of the Shawanese practise at a distance their hands, and eyes, and guns, upon the wretched sufferer; and inch by inch, minute by minute, cut his flesh and spill his blood, but shun the heart and the brain.

Round their camp-fire at the head of the Rapids, where they had just arrived, sat Litcomb, Pollock, Grant, and an officer connected with the artillery department. The latter is telling his companions of the wonders of pyrotechny, of the wonders that can be wrought by sun-glasses and means as simple as the kindling of a common fire. "And all this," says Litcomb, "you laid before him?"

"For the year past," answers the artillerist, "Arthur has been using his quiet movements in the study of these secrets, little dreaming that he should ever use them as he has done, I trust, to-day."

The Lieutenant looks, however, more mournful than hopeful; he has faith, and so have his companions, in fire applied to a musket or a rifle, but smoke they make little opinion of, except when used to make bacon; and as for col-

ored flames, they take those to be Satan's private property. So they sit, more and more mournful, when, like a thunder-clap, Anthony himself bursts in, laughing till the tears run down his cheeks, and bringing with him the conjuror and the captive, the victim and the hypochondriac.

A WEEK AMONG THE "KNOBS."

"Before you leave us," said the Judge one morning as we were waging war against the corn-cakes and honey-comb, — "before you leave us," said he, "I reckon you 'd like to see a specimen of the Kentuck nabob; so, if you please, we 'll step over the first fair day to Colonel Marshall's, and make a call." "How far is it?" asked I. "Thirty-five miles," said the Judge. "And you are going thirty-five miles to make a call?" "Ay, my dear fellow; what 's your trouble? We 'll call round and spend a week, — make a Kentucky call; that 's the idea."

In the course of a couple of days the wind veered westward, and the young leaves of the surrounding forests, and the herbage of the knobs and valleys, came forth greener and brighter than ever. The thousand birds, whose names I know not, sung merrily; the calves in the meadow gambolled; the young colts frolicked, and the honey-bees hummed round the open windows in momentary idleness; the very swine that rooted and grunted in the orchard seemed to be more light-hearted, and to grunt with more *gout*. But though the little run at the foot of the garden, which had foamed and sputtered so two days before, was now quiet and civil again, yet the creek, we were told by old man Anderson, was still too high for a dry passage, and we determined to wait another day and let it run down. The

next morning in due season arrived, as bright and as merry as any young belle of the country round; and, our horses being brought to the block, we mounted and set off amid the shouts of twenty little negroes, whose hearts leaped for joy to think that "massa would be gone long while," and they escape "mazing deal o' work." The roads were somewhat deep, and our "leggins" became very much spattered, and my own feet soaked; but the Judge, more used to Kentucky riding, managed to cross the creeks dryshod. However, it was warm, and my blood was running swiftly, and I cared not a whit for wet feet. The Judge had a bottle of cherry-bounce too, and that he reckoned was enough to thaw us out had we slept twenty years under an iceberg. As we journeyed, the Judge gave me a clew to the character of the Colonel. "He 's a very fair specimen," said he, "of the noble Kentuckian, with all his faults and all his virtues. He was born here in a log fort, brought up with a tomahawk in one hand and a bowl of mush and milk in the other, until he was big enough to tote a rifle, and then he took to that. He fought the Indians while there were any to fight, and when they were gone turned to and farmed. He raised stock, and still does so, and receives ten thousand dollars cash for what he sends to market yearly. He was a colonel in our last war, and did wonders in some of the frontier skirmishes; for his courage is that of a lion, and his strength, too, for that matter. In high party times, when it was dangerous to go to the polls unarmed, Marshall did more than any man about to keep the rabble in order. They feared him, for if his word was not heeded, they knew his fist, foot, cudgel, dirk, pistol, and rifle were all ready to enforce obedience. He 's a man of strong prejudices, and despises the Yankees; so you must mind and not let out that you 're one. For myself, he forgives my Yankee origin, and swears 'by Old Virginny' it was a mistake. His hospitality is unbounded; cheap as living is to a planter, all his

ten thousand a year goes to the winds in a mighty small time. In short, he 's rough as a bear, noble as a lion, kind and faithful as a mastiff, and withal full of that wisdom which comes from men, and not books, from studying character and nature, and tracing for himself effects to causes."

We spent the night at a little inn on the road, and the next day about noon reached the place of our destination. We entered through a very rusty and broken gate, which slammed to behind us, as if very much offended at being opened, upon a natural park. The greensward was short and velvety; the undulation of the surface and roundness of the declivities, almost, as it seemed, artificial; while the scattered clumps of trees, beneath which the cattle and horses stood in sleepy and solemn happiness, gave to the scene an English air, which was scarce destroyed by the worm-fences and droves of swine, both truly American accompaniments. Nearly a quarter of a mile from the road stood the mansion, half seen, half hidden by the mass of foliage which covered the trees and vines around it. It was a rather old-fashioned looking domicile, with large windows, having very clumsy frames and small glasses or lights, and with a long piazza or stoop upon the north and east sides. The main building was flanked by two smaller ones, and surrounded by an infinity of log-cabins, barns, stables, and I know not what all.

Soon after we entered the park, we started a whole covey of little woolly-headed fellows, who grinned, turned up their great eyes at us, and then set out for another part of the domain with all speed, tumbling now and then head over heels as they rushed down the hill-side. The pigs, too, half wild, would start as we came near them, look up, give a quick, sharp, angry grunt, and scamper away as their ancestors of the forests of Europe did before them. Presently, as we came near the white garden-fence, we were brought to by a voice from the right. "Halloo, Judge," shouted

some one, "I reckon you aint your spectacles on this morning, or else your Yankee blood is getting the better of your Kentucky raising"; and as he spoke, the speaker pushed his way, his rifle in advance, through a mass of shrubbery on one side the path. He was a tall man, and stout almost to corpulency; his face was square, his mouth small, lips thin, his nose hooked, and from under his gray and knitted brows his eyes shone with a look of suspicion and defiance; his head was gray, as I saw from the long locks which fell upon his coat-collar, and his breast was open. "Ah, Colonel," said the Judge, as the Colonel wiped his brow, "so we 've caught you playing Indian, lurking in the bushes?" "Playing Indian, indeed!" said the other; "I reckon if I play Indian with you, most learned Judge, 't will be with Ellen's shot-gun or Aunt Dinah's syringe, and not this old deer-killer; but who 's this you 've got along, Judge?" "This," answered the man of law, "is a young shoot of the Buckeye bar; he came over to see some of the wild Kentucks, and so I brought him down to spend a week with you." "He 's right welcome," and the Colonel strode up and shook me fiercely by the hand, — "he 's right welcome, I say, and I reckon if he don't find us Kentucks wild as we were, he 'll not, at any rate, think us too tame. So come, stranger, you go on to the house, and I 'll soon join you; and mind, now, you need n't knock, as I 'm told they do in Cincinnati. I reckon we don't do nothing in our house we 're afraid to have the world see"; and so saying, with long and rapid strides the Kentuckian took his way for the wood.

We jogged on to the door, threw our reins to an old negro who stood ready to receive them, and who took off his remnant of a hat to the Judge with an unutterable grin, and walked into the house without knocking. My friend had told me that the Colonel's wife was dead, and that he had but a single daughter, Ellen, upon whom he had not, however, expatiated, and in whom I expected to find a very

ordinary maiden. What, then, was my surprise, when, having thrown our saddlebags into a corner, hung up our overcoats and hats, disposed of our leggins, and walked into the parlour, I saw through a window which looked out to the west a girl of eighteen dancing along the grassplat, her straw bonnet hanging upon her shoulders, her light shawl wrapped round one arm, her dark hair swaying with the motion, and a face, form, and complexion which somehow went direct to my heart, or rather the place where my heart should have been, for it had been absent some time. She evidently did not know any strangers had come, and, singing as she ran and skipped along, was at a back-door and in the room before I could say a word to my comrade. Seeing us, she stopped, blushed, and then, recognizing the Judge, sprang past me, grasped his hand, welcomed him warmly, and then, bless me, kissed him! I drew my breath as one does when he steps into a bath of cold water. She turned to me, — the Judge introduced us, and, with a mingled delicacy and freedom of bearing that might have done honor to the goddess Diana, she took my hand and bade me welcome. But there was no kiss then, — in truth, I did not expect one.

"Did you see my father?"

"Yes, he met us in the path, rifle in hand."

"Was there a young man with him?"

"No; is there one staying here?"

"There is, — a young man from your own Yankee land. Mr. Clay gave him letters to father."

"A Yankee! Why is he here? I should think your father would be afraid to have him in the house."

"So he is, and plagues poor Ned almost to death. He 's been here for a month past; I don't know what for, I 'm sure, but I reckon he wants to write a book about us, for he 's always in his own room, scribbling like a mad man. But I must see to your rooms and your dinner, and tell

Job to turn your horses out. Where is your baggage, or I suppose, as a Kentucky girl, I should say, plunder? In the entry? Well, good-by till dinner-time. And so Julia 's married, is she? How funny it seems! Does she look much older?" Then, turning to me with that same kind smile again, she said, pointing to a book-case, "If you should wish to read, Sir, we have a few volumes, not written in Cherokee, either. I have some in my room beside, and if you are not as afraid of a lady's boudoir as Ned Vaughan is, come, and I 'll show you the way to my castle." And away she went, as light and rapid as if innocence and health had clothed her with unseen wings. She took me to her room, a little attic, crowded with books, and pictures, and flowers, and needle-work, upon which the sunlight played fitfully, falling through a curtain of leaves, and bidding me consider it all my property, "except the needle-work," said she, "and the rest, when I want to be alone," away she bounded again, leaving me standing in her boudoir, in a happy maze of wonder, admiration, and — let me see, I think the proper word is — respect. I took up a book which lay open upon the table, and started to find it was an English edition of Coleridge's Friend, the margin crowded with pencil writing, and Ellen Marshall's name upon the title-page. To find a woman who could *con amore* read Coleridge, in the wilds of Kentucky, took me by surprise, and I never so envied the philosopher of Highgate Hill as at that moment. By its side was a volume containing translations of several of Schiller's plays; below this was Madame de Stael's Germany, then Spenser's Faerie Queene, and I cannot say what else, for the rush of thoughts into my head made it swim.

To give the particulars of our sojourn at Echo Vale (for so the estate is named) would take too much time and paper; and I will merely sketch as I can the scene of the day before our intended departure. It was Ellen's birthday, and the house was thrown open to all, friends and strangers.

But first of Edward Vaughan, the young New-Englander, of whom I have as yet said nothing. The truth was, that he proved to be a highly respectable, talented, and good-hearted fellow, and was, as I soon discovered, dead in love with Ellen. The Colonel liked him in all points, only that he was a Yankee; how the lady looked upon him may be guessed from the transactions of that last fatal day.

A week of fine weather soon passed amid hunting, and riding, and racing, and shooting, and fishing, and gardening, and eating, and drinking, and the other occupations of a Kentucky gentleman, not to mention the devotion of an hour or two a day to my backwoods blue-stocking, whom I found as much deeper than myself in the mysteries of *belles-lettres* as in those of woodcraft, and who, as her tastes and habits were at variance with those around her, seized upon me as a fellow-countryman in a foreign land, and read with me and talked with me in a manner most dangerous and bewitching. Vaughan was afraid to trust himself alone with her, but *why* was a mystery to her. "I won't bite you," she said, as he turned off to his solitary chamber, while I bounded up to her little studio. "Look at *him*," she continued, pointing to me, "he is not either dead or crazy, Edward, though he comes to my enchanted castle ten times a day." But poor Ned shook his pate, and went his way sorrowfully, for he would not do any thing to bring about what he knew would make the Colonel mad and miserable, though he could not at the same time but linger round the treasure he dared not touch. "What a pity," she said to me, as I threw open the little window, "what a pity he 's so silent and hermitish! I really think he must be in love." Then, catching my eye, she blushed, though why she could not have told for her life; and, taking the volume we were reading, "Come, Mr. Sarcastic," said she, "read your lesson, like a good boy, and don't stand there staring at your mistress"; and at the word mistress she blushed again. In ten minutes we were

deep in the lore of Jeremy Taylor, and as I gazed on her yet flushed countenance, over which the sunlight gleamed, broken by the leaves of the honeysuckle which shrouded the window, and her own fair tresses, I did long to be a limner; not that she looked so very beautiful, but because she looked so good, so kind, so Christian. A week, I say, soon passed; every day one or more persons were with us, but when Ellen's birthday drew near, they came in, not singly, but by companies of five and ten. Every room, every outhouse, was filled; the pastures teemed with horses, and saddlebags were as plenty as blackberries. Ellen was forced to give up her chamber, and sleep in the little attic, so that my visits there were at an end.

The eventful day came, clothed in beauty. Nature herself seemed to consider it a kind of Sabbath; at least, in our eyes it appeared so. The negroes, headed by a venerable piece of ebony from Virginia, woke us with music and dancing; and, to the sound of the banjo and fiddle, sung most uncouth songs under fair Ellen's window. The forenoon was passed by some in shooting at a mark; by others in wrestling, jumping, running, swinging, or lounging, and of the last I presume a Kentuckian can do as much in as little time as any man in the world, that is, if he has leisure. The Colonel and his daughter were busy preparing dinner. At one o'clock we dined. Of the dinner I will attempt no description, for I have no time to say what we had *not*, much less what we had. A vast deal was eaten, and no little drank. At three the feast was over, and a more uproarious set of mortals than came forth into the lawn, it would be hard to find of a summer's day.

Now it chanced that the Colonel had been told by some of his guests, that it was reported that Ned Vaughan was to marry Ellen. It was a new idea to the old man, and his blood was boiling in a moment at the notion of a Yankee being wedded to his daughter. His wrath against Vaughan

was not diminished by that youth's abstinence from, and open disapproval of, ardent spirits; and he had, moreover, heard something about the iniquity of slavery fall from him. "The swindlers," said he to some one near him, "they would come here with their cold-water doctrines, their fasts, their prayers, and their Abolition notions, and make us the same miserable, snivelling, lizard-blooded things with themselves, fit only to dig the earth, and cheat all their honest neighbours; but I reckon they 'll find it mighty hard to mount old Kentuck, after all."

In the kindly state of mind evidenced by these words, the Colonel, when a ride after dinner was proposed, ordered Job to saddle Devildam for Mr. Edward Vaughan. "Why, father!" cried Ellen, "you surely don't mean so; Edward 's but a young horseman, and you can scarce govern that mare yourself." "Mr. Edward Vaughan, if you please, Miss Ellen," thundered the Colonel; "as for the horse, Mr. Vaughan can have that or stay. But I trust he 's not a coward, or afraid of a mare; if he be, he 's no business in Kentucky." "Father," replied Ellen, catching his arm, "I will stay, and Mr. Vaughan can have Flora." "You shall neither stay, nor he have Flora. Go and rig, girl, and say no more." With tears in her eyes she did so, for she saw her father was angry and heated with liquor, and knew remonstrance would be useless.

The truth undoubtedly was, that the old man wished to make Vaughan ridiculous by putting him upon a horse he could not control, for a poor horseman in Kentucky meets with but little quarter. The horses were saddled, and with many a whoop and halloo the company mounted. I assisted Ellen to her seat, and then spoke to Vaughan, who was was quietly tightening his girth, and whose composure was not shaken, though he had heard all the conversation which had taken place, and knew his danger. "Never mind," said he, "faint heart never won fair lady." I smiled, and so

did he, at the appropriateness of the proverb. We mounted and were off. At first Vaughan's mare was restive, but he soon made her almost as calm as himself, and trotted quietly on by the side of Flora and her mistress. The Colonel, finding his plans were making things worse instead of better, determined that, if the mare would not go of her own accord, he 'd make her, and slipping behind his guest and daughter, he managed, unobserved, to strike the mare a smart blow. It had the desired effect; the rein was loose, and in an instant, seizing the bit in her teeth, she was off. But she was not alone in her race. Flora also was a horse of spirit; her rein was also loose, and, started by the sudden spring of her comrade, she was off like an arrow, too. Away, away they went, now on the hill, now lost from sight in the valley, scattering to the right and left those of our company who were in advance. Away, away they still went, side by side, like riders on the course. Presently we saw them rising the side of a hill upon a path which deviated from the main road, and which, as we all knew, terminated in an abrupt precipice, where the hill had been dug away for stone.

The Colonel, who had ridden on in silence and evident anxiety, when he saw the route the runaways had taken, set his horse at full speed, shouting as he did so, "Ride! for Heaven's sake, ride, gentlemen! On! on! They will be over the bluff, they will be killed! For God's sake ride, ride to their rescue!" and he was off, too, like the wind. We followed him as we could. I saw the fugitives near the top of the hill; I saw Vaughan struggling with his horse, and then he was by Ellen's side, and, as I thought, catching at her bridle, and then we swept down into the hollow and lost sight of them. When we gained the next ridge, there was but one horse to be seen, and but one figure, and that was not erect. On, on we spurred, and now the whole party is racing up the hill-side. The horse that is in sight

is Flora, the kneeling figure is Ellen. I shuddered as I thought of the fate of my late comrade. Nearer and nearer we come, and now we see that Ellen is leaning over something. It is Vaughan, senseless and bathed in blood, and she is chafing his temples. Her father is at her side, and in a moment we all surround the group.

A physician chanced to be of the party, and, while he took charge of the wounded man, I walked to the edge of the precipice; the mutilated, but still quivering, creature my friend had ridden lay among the rocks below.

A few words from Ellen told the tale. Vaughan found they were approaching certain destruction, and, nearing Ellen, he managed to grasp her rein, and throwing himself from his own horse, by his weight he succeeded in stopping Flora in time, but only by being himself trodden under foot and almost killed. The physician pronounced that he was only stunned, and had a few ribs broken, that was all. He was taken home on a litter made of boughs by some of the woodsmen, and placed in bed. Ellen and her father returned together, and neither, I observed, said one word. For forty-eight hours it was doubtful if Vaughan would live or die, but the third day he was much better. About noon of that day the Colonel came in, and, after sitting a few minutes in silence, holding the sick man's hand, "Edward," said he, "you 've not only saved Ellen's life, but have saved me from being a murderer, and of my own and only child," and he laid his face upon the bed. "Colonel Marshall," said Vaughan, "I know all that you have done, and forgive you. You meant me no harm, and though your conduct was rash, it was not criminal." "Do you forgive me!" and the old man raised his hand to heaven. "Then I may hope my Maker will forgive me. Edward Vaughan, I have suffered more in two days than in all past time else, for I felt myself a murderer; but you have relieved me from that load of guilt. For Ellen, I know your wishes;

you 've saved her, and she 's yours." "I hope I may live to receive her from your hands, Sir." "Live! you *shall* live. Come, my dear fellow, none of that talk; you must live, you 'll soon be well."

We staid another week for Vaughan's sake. He recovered rapidly, and though nothing was said to Ellen by any one, yet from certain symptoms, the lotions and beverages that she made, and the way she administered them, it was evident to me that Coleridge, poor fellow, would soon be neglected, and another "Friend" studied and noted; and that as to Jeremy Taylor, he would thenceforth be seldom called upon, except, perhaps, for his sermon on the marriage ring.

THE JUDGE'S HUNT.

DENNIS O'SHAUGHNESSY was as true an Irish lad as ever was born in the county of Tipperary. His father, who was always in hot water, — perhaps because he never would meddle with cold, — mourned and drank so hard at his poor wife's wake that he soon slept himself in consequence; and, Dennis was left with scarce a friend in the world, save the old sow that suckled him.

There 's a bump on an Irishman's head for whiskey; and the poor little O'Shaughnessy had been taught early in life to believe that drinking the "raal potheen" was no more than a short-hand way of eating potatoes; and now that he was a lone orphan boy, he kissed his foster-mother, and, giving her a breakfast of the raw material, took himself a little of the essence, from the big jug that had murdered his father.

At eighteen years of age, as near as he could guess, Dennis came to America, as sturdy a young tippler as ever worked in a canal; full to the brim of fun, fight, and forgiveness; ready to work well and faithfully for six days, if at the end of the six he could have one to himself, on which to enjoy a "raal drunk." On one of the countless waves of emigration, Dennis was cast over the mountains, and landed in a small settlement in the east of Kentucky, among the Knobs, — a part of the world where men sell their wives for

rifles, and swap off a promising family for a race-horse. It is here that my story catches him.

So much for my hero; now let me introduce the lady. Contentment Carter was born in the valley of the Housatonic, in the west of the respectable, and once great, State of Massachusetts.

> "She was not very beautiful, if beautiful it be
> To have a forehead and a lip transparent as the sea."

No, she was freckled, and had a pug nose; and yet, to the swains of her native village, she was "dreadful pooty," there was such a good-natured cast in her eye, and so sweet a welcome in her smile. She broke half a dozen hearts before she was twenty, though most of them were coopered up again by other damsels of the neighbourhood; and yet, when twenty-five came, she was still but 'Tent Carter, and on the savage side of the Alleghanies.

But here she found another beau more devoted than even those of her native valley, — our friend Dennis, of course, known at first as "Dennis the Biter," in contradistinction to some in the settlement who were only snappers, but of late more generally called "Dennis the Sponge," in compliment to his unlimited powers of soaking. 'Tent Carter, however, was not the girl to marry a man whose gains were mere consolidated whiskey, and whose clothes were all in tatters, — in short, of such *loose habits*, — and so she told him, and left him to choose between a wife and a whiskey-bottle.

Things had staggered to and fro in this way for a year or more, when I arrived at the settlement, in company with my respected friend, Judge R——, the judge of that district. Being unable to go to business at once, in consequence of the court-house having been used as a barn during harvest, we spent the first day after arriving, I in shooting, the Judge in assisting the settlers to finish a large log building, wherein justice was for a time to abide. At evening, we again assembled round the ample fireplace.

The Judge had just rolled in a log which he had been attempting in vain to split, and with his feet upon the rough stone jamb, and his chair at a comfortable angle, was working out some law point, or thinking over the Major's account of how he fatted his pigs, when we were both startled by hearing a number of voices, and the trampling of many men. The judge opened the door, and there was half the village. A *guerilla* warfare of question and answer immediately commenced, from which we gathered, with much difficulty, that Contentment Carter was missing, and so was Dennis, her suitor; and as Dennis was a mighty desperate fellow, and Contentment had pulled his ears publicly only a week previous, and as they had been seen together that afternoon, — why two and two make four, and it was voted unanimously that Dennis ought to be tracked, and the poor girl rescued. The Judge agreed, and in fifteen minutes it was settled that, at daybreak the next morning, he and some half-dozen others should start in pursuit of the kidnapper. This done, the bustle subsided, the man of law again assumed his *American* position; and I, with infinite relish, eat my hoe-cake, and meditated upon my destined bed; and in due time we all retired to our corn-shucks.

When the Judge shook me in the morning, although the gray streaks of day were visible, the stars were still pursuing their silent and mystic courses, and a moon in the last quarter looked down coldly upon the damp earth. An October morning among the interminable forests of the West is not peculiarly agreeable to a man whose bones are a favorite manor-house of the rheumatism; and when I looked down into the run, where the mist lay clammy and dead, and up at the dripping trees, and the skim-milk sky, which seemed parboiled, like a washer-woman's fingers, and thought of a wet horse, and a soaked saddle, and a long stroll through the damp woods, and among the tall weeds of the clearings, such a twinge shot through me, I thought I

should have to turn in again. But, on the other hand, before me stood our party, all equipped, save the Judge, who was washing himself at the spring; and as I should be ridiculed if I stayed, and might, if I went, see some sport, I too ducked my head in the bucket, saddled my nag, clapped a few corn-dodgers in my pocket in case of need, and was ready as soon as my senior.

Some of the party had been out the evening before and learnt the direction in which Dennis was going when last seen; and one said, that old man Wood, who had seen Dennis, had met Contentment on her pony but a little while previous. This, of course, confirmed our suspicions. Following our guide, therefore, Indian file, we descended into the run, and stood up its course, northwardly, through a fog that was indeed "darkness visible." For hours we toiled on slowly, at times in the broken and stony bed of the shrunken stream, and at times upon the side of the steep and slippery bank, where no nags but those of the backwoods could have trod in safety; and for hours we could see nothing but the man before us, and the ghostly shapes of the dim trees, and now and then a branch which stretched across the path, apparently self-supported in the mist; and heard no sound but that of the horses' feet, and occasionally the scream of some startled bird far in the tree-tops above us.

At last, just as my patience was becoming somewhat ragged, a halt was ordered. All of us that were rearward, supposing the enemy in sight of the warriors in front, prepared our rifles; and I felt a cold sweat stealing over my body, and my teeth began to chatter most indecorously, until I learned that our party was here to separate. Part of us struck into a buffalo-track, which led over the hills westward, and part kept on, in order to inform an uncle of Contentment's, who lived somewhere in the distance, of what had taken place.

As we rose into the hills, we mounted above the regions of dampness, and made acquaintance with the morning sun. On the brow of the first rise, a scrap of woods of a few hundred acres had been burned, and we rested, and looked back at the Pluto-ish realms we had just quitted. The sun had been up long enough to wake the mists; and around the distant knobs the lazy fogs were climbing and clinging, looking as loth to leave their calm beds as ever did a school-boy on Sunday morning; or perhaps it was modesty, — they hated to be thus forced to leave their hermit-cells, to go up into the heavens and be looked at all day by the impudent sun, — indeed, they blushed as they rose. After gazing a moment at the scene, and breathing our nags, we resumed our line of march, and for an hour longer toiled on over the ridges and across the runs of the broken country. At the end of that time we had again become fairly warmed, and, as our appetites appeared to promise well, a regular halt was called, and preparations made for breakfast. One brought forth a large specimen of that eternal Kentucky dish, to wit, bacon, of which I should think more was eaten yearly in that State than the whole world produces; another presented his array of corn-bread; a third possessed a few baked potatoes; a fourth, a bottle of milk; a fifth, one of whiskey; and so, among the whole, we soon managed to congregate a breakfast. A stump served us for a table, a few logs for seats, and at it we went. The Judge, who was a man of humor, coarse, racy, and backwoods-like, rolled up the sleeves of his hunting-shirt, doffed his cap, and laid himself out to entertain us; and under his administration we were all just gathering our faculties for a universal roar, when his countenance changed, he laid his finger upon his lip, while his eye pointed our attention to the northern slope of the ridge on which we were sitting. Upon this side the hill fell away abruptly, and was covered with a scanty growth of some underwood,

— papaw-bushes, perhaps. Among these, the lynx-eyed man of law had spied out a human form; and, motioning all else to remain still, he crept, with his rifle in hand, toward the object.

Too long versed in forest stratagems to be caught by a trick, the Judge glided from cover to cover, still approaching the space where lay the object of his search, and where he must either expose himself, — there being in that spot only underbrush, as I said, — or else must make sure of his game by using his rifle; and with that we all knew he was able to touch a pigeon on the wing. He himself seemed disposed to try the latter plan, for when he came to the last tree, we saw him stoop; his gun was cocked, and in a moment more drawn to his shoulder. We could hardly think he wished to kill poor Dennis, — if, as we supposed, it was he, — for his imputed sins, although he might wish to wing him, and momentarily looked for the Biter to spring to his feet, and show fight.

For a moment the Judge's rifle hung in air, and then it fell into his open hand; and, quitting his cover, he stepped on tiptoe to the prostrate form, bent over it, and then, laughing noiselessly, beckoned us to approach. We did, and there beheld Dennis, an empty bottle by his side, and breathing with the ponderosity of one over whose slumbers Bacchus as well as Morpheus presides. "Is this the varmint?" asked the captor. "The identical cretur," said a little man in a deer-skin shirt, whom I afterwards discovered to be a justice of peace. "Well," said the Judge, "I reckoned the skunk was playing 'coon; but he 's mighty near drunk, I guess, by the buzz he makes." And so saying, he walked up the hill, took the spare girth, which he always carried in riding the circuit, from his nag, and, coming down again, turned Dennis fairly over, and strapped his arms behind his back. This delicate piece of attention roused some consciousness in the sleeper's head, and a

few shakes brought him fairly to life again. He looked round, rubbed his arms against his sides, squeezed his legs hard together, and burst into a fit of crying. "By my shoul," sobbed the poor, conscience-stricken Sponge, "the last bottle, St. Stephen bedevil it, has toted me fairly to the old boy, I reckon." "Not altogether yet, my blosser of Kentuck," growled the Judge, as he led the unresisting Americano-Irishman off towards the encampment.

There was a settlement, consisting of two log cabins, a couple of miles to the south, and, Dennis being tied on to a horse, we started for it, it being the appointed place for meeting the rest of our party.

As soon as we arrived, poles were cut, branches lopped, and in half an hour we sat within an extemporary court-house of boughs and logs, such as a Kentucky trial was once often held in. The Judge sat one log above the rest, his rifle on his knees, and, the day having become warm, stripped to his shirt-sleeves, with his jeans hunting-jacket for a cushion. The justice, as clerk *pro tem.*, sat below, with an old chair-bottom and a bit of charcoal, to keep the records. The prisoner was made fast to the tree which was main prop to our shanty, by an ox-chain, the rest of us lay at our ease on the greensward which formed our floor. The complaint was soon made, and the usual question of guilty or no, put; but deuce of a word was forthcoming from Dennis; all the blood of old Ireland and Kentuck united was boiling in him. He had come to a full sense of his situation, but the why and wherefore still seemed to his mind a mystery; and though words occasionally came to his throat, he choked them down and sat in gloomy silence.

The evidence of three or four was taken, all going to show that Dennis had been refused by Contentment; that she 'd boxed his ears; that he had followed her out of the village while still angry, and that she had disappeared. To all this the Biter said never a word; and no defence being

made, the Judge bade the clerk enter the crime confessed in open court, by wilful silence, and moved an adjournment; bidding, at the same time, that the prisoner be committed to two men for further trial; and the august assembly broke up.

We had not got ten rods from the place, when a cry from the extemporary constables brought us to the right about. The chain had been taken from Dennis's leg, and, as he seemed cowed, his masters were not careful of his hands; so that, watching his chance, he had broke from them, and when we turned was in the act of seizing a rifle. Another instant, and he was behind a tree. Quick as thought the woodsmen all sprang to cover, and a skirmish seemed to be nearing. But, as it chanced, the man whose rifle Dennis had seized was with the Judge and myself, and he at once told us, in a whisper, that it was not loaded. The Judge pondered a moment, and then his mind was made up; and, to the surprise of our companions, who sat, each watching the just visible muzzle of the Biter's gun, the man of law, without rifle and without coat, — for he had only thrown his hunting-shirt over his arm when the trial was done, — walked from his cover directly up toward the tree where stood the dreaded marksman.

Dennis, he knew, must be a formidable foe with a rifle in his hand, though unloaded, and his object was, of course, to wrest it from him.

We heard the deep tones of the Irishman, bidding his foe beware, and saw the barrel fall lower and lower, till it was pointed at the heart of the foolhardy assailant. The Judge walked at his usual pace, his head erect, and his frame ready for action, full toward the death-dealing tube; he was within five feet. We held our breath from fear. We heard the rifle cocked; it almost touched the body of our champion. It was raised to the sturdy shoulder of the prisoner, and we heard the trigger pulled; and then, just when the

Biter's hold was insecure, the Judge seized the barrel, and we saw the gun go whirling into the air, and the brawny Hibernian in the grasp of him of the ermine.

Dennis was a stout fellow, big of bone and strong in muscle; few of the woodsmen could stand before him in a wrestling-match; and now his wrestling was for life and death. But he had met his equal. For bone and sinew, my learned friend would compare with any man; and his was a spirit of the cool, determined, unflinching cast, that won our Revolution, and made Bunker's height immortal. Many a time and oft, when party spirit was strong, had he gone to the polls, pistol in hand, to record his vote in opposition to the popular party; many a time, when at the bar, had he first out-argued his opponent, and then thrashed him in fair fight; and this was by no means the first time since he ascended the bench, that he had been his own executive.

Dennis griped hard; his teeth were set, and his lips were covered with foam; thrice he lifted his weighty opponent from the ground, and thrice when his feet touched the soil again, he stood like a tower, unmoved. A fourth time he collected his energies for the attempt; but now the prisoner found himself, in his turn, in mid-air; one moment he hung there, and then, descending, his legs failed to support him, and the formidable Biter lay locked in his victor's arms. At that instant we heard the sound of horses' hoofs; nearer it came, and nearer; we saw through the trees glimpses of a woman riding at full speed toward us. The Judge raised himself, his knee upon his foeman's chest, to gaze; but the Irishman lay with eyes closed, dead in despair. Another instant, and, with hair loose and cheek flushed, the female was among us; she sprang from her steed, cast one look at the prostrate figure, one at the giant that bestrode him, and sunk by them upon the earth. Dennis looked up, he struggled, he spoke. She looked up, too; she saw he was not dead, and shrieked for joy. "O, the swate crathur!" murmured Dennis.

In a moment more came rushing in another rider, one of our original set. The matter was soon explained. Contentment was at her uncle's, and, hearing of Dennis's danger, had rushed to the rescue. The eyes of the blind were opened; Dennis forswore whiskey, shook hands with the Judge, felt of him from top to toe, cut a caper as high as his head, and went his way rejoicing.

* * * * *

I rode the circuit again the next year. Dennis had remained faithful to temperance and Contentment, and waited but our arrival to take to himself a wife. It was a mild autumnal evening, the close of an Indian-summer day, and the atmosphere wore the rich, calm, slumberous hue peculiar to the season. The bridal party, consisting of the whole village, came out to meet us, and the caper-cuttings which some of the young ones indulged in were a caution. Dennis himself looked grave, and kept order, but finally dashed off into more capers than any of them.

On the brow of the hill we found a Kentuck entertainment, — ham, hoe-cake, dodgers, honey, milk, and, at the far end from the bridegroom, a small allowance of the "crathur." They danced, they sung, they roared, they wrestled, they romped; and the old justice of peace had no little difficulty in restoring peace, that the company might drink "a roast or toast, or whatever the name was," which Dennis had been mustering courage to propose. At length out it bolted, and you may be sure the forest rang with our response. "Our respectable guest," said the happy O'Shaughnessy, "the only man that iver squazed the Sponge, and he squazed it dry."

THE MURDERER'S DAUGHTER.

As we climbed the steep and slippery hill-side, scrambling through the dry runs, over rocks, and into hollows, — now bruising our shins against some stump which had fallen from the bank, and lay hid under the snow, and now slumping knee-deep into some standing pool, thickened to a mush-like consistency by the feathery shower, — my heart misgave me. Soaked, bruised, shivering, my clothes torn, and my rifle an encumbrance rather than a help, I wished Job Strong and his whole race where I knew he deserved to be. Nor was it any better when we clambered from the waterless brook, and put out into a half-cleared spot, where countless unseen logs served as traps to the unwary. Even the Judge's stalwart form bent low against the tempest; and as the darkness grew upon the face of things, I shuddered lest we should lose our path in this truly howling wilderness, and become as motionless, ere morning, as the ghastly and skinless trunks that stood around us. At times, as the wind lulled, we heard what might be the cry of the wolf or panther, and the moaning of the forest all about us was horrible to me; — it was almost like walking through a field of the dying.

At length, in one of the hollows, the Judge halted, shook the snow from his bear-skin cap, and looked keenly to the state of his rifle-lock. "I reckon it can't no how be more than a mile now," said he.

I could scarce find blood and breath enough to ask, in reply, when he trod that path last?

"Never before this night did I see the first stone of it," answered the Judge, "and if I 'd known how powerful rough it was, I 'd been mighty cautious how I took the trail. But there 's no backing out now, so, up the hill and ahead, boy"; — and with the but of his gun he heaved his huge frame forward again.

Despair now and then lends a novel-hero wings. On the present occasion it lent me legs, — and I managed to stride shoulder to shoulder with my guide, stopping occasionally to pick myself up. For a time I tugged on with set teeth, and straining sinews. I knew that if I opened my mouth old Boreas would cram my words down my throat again, and was mum. But at length we took up a hollow, where, being no longer obliged to hold our ears lest a sudden snap should sweep them off, the floodgates of my impatience gave way.

"And who," I cried, "is this throat-cutter, Job Strong?"

"A damned Yankee," growled the Judge.

"And how long of Kentuck? and what 's his calling? and in what part of Yankee-land was he raised? and what ——"

"Hold on," shouted he, turning on me, "don't try for all, or you 'll get none. Job 's a Green Mountain boy; he come to the West, and fought the Indians before our time a mighty long while; but he 's quick as a flash, and given to whiskey. When he 's drunk he 's right mad, and when he 's mad he kills; he 's dangerous you may depend. For his wife, she 's an old psalm-singing Connecticut Yankee, that aint worth the logs that cover her. As for Temperance, the child, there aint such a one to be seen nowhere hereabout but she. My Esther aint a priming to her. She loves the old man sweetly; and I 've seen her, I disremember how often, keep him from mischief. She 's done her do to fix him right any how; but 't wont stay fixed; he 's

drunk and elbow-deep in blood, and must hang, there 's no two ways about it." And, with that comforting remark, the Judge nestled into the fringe of his hunting-frock, and we again set our faces to the blast.

We were now moving along the ridge of a hill over which the wind swept unbroken. It had long been cleared, and, except where a stump offered to the snow a hiding-place, it was unable to make any stand against its pursuer, and we trod upon the bare, crisp grass with a strange feeling of ease and relief. Presently, afar off we spied a light. "There," said the Judge, pointing to it, — "there I reckon we have the old woman's hut; and there we may catch the cutthroat in the chimney-corner."

"And do you mean to arrest him?"

"If I can."

"Well, do you hope to?"

"It 's pretty mixed whether I do or not," said the Judge; "but I 've played sheriff mighty often, and never was the rogue yet raised that I could n't lay hold on, and hold on to, when I was so minded. And now, if you 'll stand by and shoot him, should he run, I 'll lay mine to a coon's skin that he do n't live to see daylight a free man."

The hut was a common, low log hut; it stood just at the end of the ridge, and the ground all about it had been cleared and cultivated. The Judge placed me behind one of the out-buildings, through which came an agreeable warmth and scent, from sundry porkers who had found shelter there from the storm; while he went himself to reconnoitre. The light that shone through the single pane of glass spoke of a roaring and dancing fire within; to this simple window the man of law addressed himself. For a moment his big head hid the light from me, and then it shone clear again, and I sunk into my warm corner. "He 's not here, after all," said the Judge, bitterly, as he strode up to me again; "but we 'll go in, and see if we can suck any thing from the old wom-

an." So, at his bidding, I followed to the door. He knocked. "Who 's there?" said a female. He gave his name, and the simple latch was lifted.

In one corner of the rough room stood the bed, covered with a patchwork comfortable; along the end opposite the door was a row of plates, cups, saucers, milk-pans, and pots; an old-fashioned brass-mounted sword hung along a log, just above a single shelf of well-worn books; over the large stone chimney-place were two or three rough engravings of the Sacrifice of Isaac, the Prodigal Son, &c.; while the two solitary women that abode in this deserted spot sat upon a pair of rough stools over a rougher table, before the well-heaped fire. The floor was of flat stones throughout, with a scrap of carpeting by the bedside. Upon a pile of logs near the fire lay a clean and civilized-looking pussy, black and white.

The mother was, to the eye, a hag. Her gray locks, her bloodless and wrinkled face, her bent form, and the almost maniac fire of her eye, were startling; but her voice was low and sweet, and as, with her spectacles thrown up upon her high forehead, and her skinny hand pressed firmly down upon the open Bible, from which she was reading by the light of a pine-torch stuck into a crevice in the table, I could have fancied her first cousin to Hecate. "And what want ye here?" she said, and my rough comrade, despite his contempt for her, doffed his cap unawares. "Why come ye here when the Lord of the storms is walking abroad, and wishes to be alone in the wilderness?"

"Stay, mother," said the maiden, "I know the man"; and, drawing a bench from the shadow beyond the chimney, she, in a silent manner, asked us to sit down.

Although the Judge had praised Miss Temperance, her looks were not bewitching. She was tall, raw-boned, and hard-featured. Her black eye and brow bespoke character, and her cool and measured step and speech, self-command.

The self-made sheriff felt awkwardly for an instant, and fingered his rifle-stock unmeaningly; when both of us were startled by the voice — quiet, and calm, and musical — of the mother. "Let us pray," she said, and she bent her stiff knees to the stones. I expected a wild rhapsody of unmeaning quotations from Scripture, and senseless exclamations; but I heard, instead, a prayer which rung in my ears for months afterward, and made every nerve quiver. She prayed for her husband, — for the father of the pure maid beside her; she prayed for the man of riot, blasphemy, and blood; she prayed for him whose pursuers, whose judges, whose executioners, it might be, were even then kneeling by her hearth-stone. "They will bring shame upon us," she said, in that low, deep, burning tone, which was heard above all the shouts of the air-demons. "They will bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, and embitter the dregs of a drained cup. But ours, not theirs, is the fault, and ours be the woe and the wailing." The Judge even could not withstand the simple, sincere, deep petition of her whose husband's life he was seeking, and, for the first time in many years, tears gathered in his eye.

After the prayer that we had heard, it was needless to explain our visit, and it would have been cruel to ask where he might be found. In silence victuals were set before us, and we ate. The daughter also placed upon the table a bottle of spirits. I do not know if we should either of us have touched it, but before we had time to do so, the mother rose, and taking it, opened the door and cast it, without a word, out into the tempest.

We now prepared to go again, and for myself I must say willingly, much as I dreaded the tramp. There was something in the old woman's bright, still eye, and in the calm, queen-like strength of the daughter, which awed and troubled me. Seeing us about to depart, the aged mourner

opened her Bible, and unbidden read aloud. It was from the tenth chapter of Job. "My soul is weary of my life; I will leave my complaint upon myself; I will speak in the bitterness of my soul." It was fearful to behold her; not a fibre of her frame but shook, and her tearless eyeballs burned like fire. With a power that seemed not native to so worn a frame and broken a spirit, she poured forth the closing petition. "Are not my days few? Cease, then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little, before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death; a land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness." And her head sank upon the Holy Book.

We rose, and in silence left the hut; but we left it not alone. Temperance threw her cloak over her, and said she wished to return to the village, and would, if we pleased, go with us. And again we walked in the storm, though I felt it not, and heard it not. The backwoodsman went before us, to see that all was safe and clear, while the maiden leant upon me, giving rather than receiving support, however.

Safely, but slowly, we retrod our path, and had now reached the last hill-top, when we all saw before us a man, his dark form set out by the snow. The Judge hailed, but the figure was gone. Our way lay down the slanting and bare ridge, upon either side of which was a hollow, more or less filled with papaw and other bushes, among which a thousand men might have lain hid. I felt the grasp of my companion tighter upon my arm, until it was very painful; and, thinking her alarmed, I said that we had nothing to fear. She made no reply, but I saw a look pass over her face which then I did not understand. The Judge had dropped back to join us, and was looking keenly for tracks, when the crack of a rifle close beside us made my heart jump, and the poor girl by my side trembled like a leaf of autumn. It was

an instant only, and the rifle of the Judge was levelled; for his eye had caught a glimpse of the foe, and the report, and the death-cry of the victim, were, and were gone, before I could think. With the caution of an old hand, the Judge stopped to reload, but while the sharp yell of agony was yet ringing in my ear, Temperance sprang toward the bushes. I seized her cloak and besought her to stay. She left it in my hands and plunged down the descent. As quick as might be I was after her, but for a moment was lost among the undergrowth; then, as I burst from the thicket, I saw her supporting a dark form which I knew must be his who had tried to take our lives. She was bending over the dim-seen face, in which there was no sign of life. The eye was open, but upturned and red; the mouth, too, was open, but no breath came from it; a little quivering of the limbs was all that bespoke any remains of life.

"Do you know him?" said I.

She looked up at me with a countenance which, in the dim light, was calm and placid; and if it seemed ashy pale, it might be but the light of the snow.

"It is my father," she said.

When the Judge joined us, he saw at a glance whose life he had taken, and while a curse upon Job Strong's malice rose to his lips, he could not but feel for his child.

"Is it all over, gal?" said he; "let me hold him awhile, you 're too much fluttered." She said nothing, but, placing her finger upon her wrist, held it towards him; it was an action full of meaning, and the woodsman felt it. "May God have mercy upon his soul!" was his simple reply to her gesture; but it went to her heart, and she bent upon the yet warm body of her parent, and mourned as do those who mourn but seldom.

We hastened for help to the village, and then bore the corpse to the hut, where Strong had lurked.

The next day, I went alone to the house where we had

left Temperance, and where she had long lived with him whose death I had witnessed. She was busily engaged in packing up the few utensils she possessed, to have them taken to her mother's hut. Her manner was as calm as ever, though her face was swollen and distorted. She bade me welcome kindly; wiped a seat by the fire, and asked me if I would eat. She spoke of the funeral, which was to take place toward evening; of the kindness that had been shown her by those near by; and then insensibly turned to the character of him that was gone. "They tell'd me," said she, "not to cry for him, because he was a bad man; and he was powerful bad, to be sure. But God gave him to me to be my father, Sir, and God made me love him like life. He was hard to some, Sir, but *here* was as good as a child; he raised me kindly, and never was the first blow struck, or oath uttered, within that door. They tell'd me I should n't love him, and could n't think no how I did; but the cub of the wolf never asks whether its mother be good, Sir, and why should I? He was my father, bad as he was, and God, Sir, made me love him; and now, only but for her sake, I could wish I was dead with him."

I did not attempt to comfort her, or stop the truly instinctive grief to which she gave way; but I spoke of the world beyond death, and of the hopes that all had of forgiveness. She sat, her arm upon the window-sill, looking up, as if for hope, into the broken snow-clouds that were drifting cheerlessly from the northwest; her eye was moist, but bright, and her lip trembled with a feeling short of despair. "And is there," said she, without turning, "a right good chance for them that sin?"

"The mercy of our Father," I replied, "is boundless."

"But if I was there," she continued, still looking up into the sky, "I reckon I could help him, might n't I?"

"Every tear you shed, every prayer you breathe, helps him," I answered, "and gives you hope."

She drew her coarse sleeve across her face, and came and knelt at my feet and prayed.

Toward night the little company that cared to follow, in the cold wind, a murderer to his grave, met at the log inn. Temperance, clad in such weeds as she chanced to have, walked as sole mourner. She was supported by him whose hand had taken the life of the dead before us. We walked in silence to the grave, and in silence the rude coffin was placed in the cold earth; the Judge read a simple service, and the frozen clod fell upon the board. The daughter stood calm and motionless at the head of the grave, until all was done; she then came forward, and taking the Judge's hand, "Till this moment," she said, "I never thought to thank God that he had been saved from the fate of the murderer." She then turned to the rest of us, and tried to speak, but her breath choked. Half a dozen voices at once offered her all they could give. I caught with difficulty her reply; she asked only their forgiveness and prayers for *him*. We left her alone with her Maker.

Some hours after dark, the Judge and myself had occasion to pass the graveyard. The wind was high, and the snow drifting; the clouds at times hid all, and at times the moon looked out through the frosty air. We stopped a moment to look at the grave round which we had stood. "The snow will not lodge on it," said my comrade; and he pointed to the dark spot on the field of white. I looked, and thought I saw the object move. We got over the fence and went toward it; it was some sort of garment. I took hold to move it, and found it held down. I thought at first it was the snow, which covered a great part of it; but the Judge guessed more rightly, and, stooping down, he grasped and raised the stiff and lifeless body of Temperance Strong.

THE KINDNESS THAT KILLS.

I.

Come with me. Look at that cottage. Mark the rosy children; the observant pigs, watchful for stray morsels of bread and apple-peelings; the dirty, noisy, gabbling, companionable, gossiping ducks; the sleepy dog, with his eyes wide awake; the all-sweeping, all-scolding, all-spanking mother. Is it not a beautiful scene, — worthy of the Miami valley? See that young good-for-nothing, who has clambered over the garden fence, and is busy looking in the grass for apples; how plump and solid! a New-Zealander would keep him for an Australasian Fourth of July. The rogue deserves to be whipped; he 's stealing the russets from the tree. But what does he do with them? They are all quietly made over, under cover of the tall iron weeds, to the thin, pale girl, five years older than himself, whose flesh has been shaken off by the ague-demons which haunt these same luxuriant valleys. But, while we are musing over the great problem of rich lands and bilious dwellers, the pale, diffident girl, knowing how little beauty she has, — for her wavy looking-glass tells her the worst as to that, — and not knowing what a well of inner, of soul beauty, of soul-taking beauty, springs up in her dark eyes when the magic of kind acts opens them, — the awkward, bashful girl, we beg you to notice, has stumbled backwards. Against what? As I live,

it 's a bee-hive! She 'll be stung to death! What can be done? We are so far off; and the children run; the sleepy dog wakes and runs; the pigs run faster than any; the all-sweeping mother has gone in doors; and round her bowed, devoted head, as though all the wealth of Hymettus or a sugar-hogshead centred there, the roused legions of the insect Victoria sound their gathering-cry. She, poor scared creature, bows submissive, — never lifts a hand in self-defence; both hands, indeed, are busy holding up her apron full of apples. "Better be stung," (so says inarticulate affection,) "than throw away Ned's gift"; — which, by the way, Ned will certainly be spanked for giving. Meanwhile young scapegrace himself runs. "Shame on him!" do you say? Ask first why he ran. Napoleon might have run at the right time. He runs for help. Good. "But still," you say, "he should have helped his sweetheart himself." Very true. Notice now what he does. At ten steps off stand empty flour-barrels, waiting the advent of those very apples Ned has been stealing. Quick as a hawk on a chicken, Ned pounces on one; staggering, he shoulders it, grasping simultaneously a handful of the straw which lies ready to embrace the coy russets. Ellen, paler than ever, calm as only a sick child can be, stands with bowed head, holding her apron full of apples. Only an instant has elapsed since the hive was upset, long as it takes to write and read about it; the bees still dance their war-dance with uplifted tomahawks, when, like a new Achilles, Ned, barrel on shoulder, wisp in hand, rushes in, scatters the myriads for a moment with his straw sword, and plumps the barrel over the astounded Ellen, who comes to her knees, losing all her russets. "Stay still," says Ned, "one minute"; and before the defrauded honey-hoarders know what 's what, or who 's who, he 's into the house, and out again, with a bunch of matches, and Ellen, half-choked with gratitude and brimstone, is trying to cough out her thanks in the back-kitchen.

II.

Look again! A little boy, about Ned's age, sits knocking his heels upon the counter of a country store. His father and grandfather, good, sensible, steady, rising people, measure out calico and cloth to the clodhoppers who swarm in, this fine fall afternoon. Women, with children and without, come and go; jean-coats enter and exeunt; the flies buzz with the prosy tone of autumnal old age; and Bob kicks his heels. "My boy," says the grandfather, who has nerves, "please stop your noise." "I won't," says Bob. "Robert, my son!" emphasizes the immediate parent. Bob kicks on. The young democracy conquers. "Bob," pleads the nerve-torturing grandsire, "here 's a fip; save it; save all your fips, and you 'll be rich." Bob understands the bribe indirect as well as the bribe direct, and gives his ancestor a wink that implies, "Old fellow, make the young one pay up too, and I 'll quit," and kicks on. "Robert," says the defaulter after a moment, "if I give you a fip will you go home to mamma?" "Just you try," answers Bob, with watering mouth. The experiment is tried, and succeeds; but, as the youth hears frequently the moral lesson that "we must gather as we go," he reaches home with such an accumulation of candy on his face and feelers, that it is well Mrs. Pond's unhoused bees are not by at the time, or they would surely suck him up by mistake.

III.

Turn the kaleidoscope. Moonlight falls through the trees; silent, silvery mists, full of beauty and poison, steal inch by inch from the river. Are these twain, walking here now that the drops gather on the leaves, strangers to Ohio? No, they are Buckeyes. Then they are either crazy, or charmed, or full of the magic might of calomel. Neither: they are merely lovers, and think and care not for

mists, man, misery, ague, or any thing. It is strange, too! for the girl looks hollow-cheeked in the moonbeams, and her shawl is thin, and her shoes nothing but slippers. And now that we see her face, is it not Ellen? she that was saved by the flour-barrel? And Ned, too! the rosy apple-stealer, rosy and plump as ever. Hold your breath, and listen to them for a moment.

"Mother must have the old place," says Ned; "come what will to us, Nelly, she must have that." This his voice roundly asserts, but his arm somehow makes a note of interrogation on Ellen's side; and she answers with a pressure that hardly roughens the wing of the moth that has just flown between them, and yet opens to him her whole soul, as the star which is but a point to the most powerful telescope seems often to reveal to us the soul of the Infinite. "And if she has the place," continues Ned, "and the girls have the money that father left us in bank, and if we are to be married, Nelly, I must take Bob Strong's offer, must n't I?"

What thoughts go on under that close-drawn bonnet! How she tries to solve the problem, "Ought I not to refuse to be married, if it 's to drive him to town, to a store, to drudgery, to sickness, and perhaps to death?" And as she imagines all her hopes, and wishes, and plans, and fears, and thoughts at an end, she shrinks so close to him that, in the ghostly moonlight, under the dripping trees, she seems to vanish; as well she might, for what is she, poor orphan, but hopes, and wishes, and fears, and thoughts? Yes, she is something else; for the soul of her soul is Faith, and more mighty within her than fear or hope, wishes or plans, is the power of Prayer: and as she rises to the only sure Helper, she becomes conscious that her union on earth with him she loves so deeply is not the one thing needful, and so turns to the problem again with new eyes, and new powers of solution.

"Perhaps, Ned," she says very firmly, but very faintly, "perhaps we had better not be married quite yet." Ned drops her arm, steps back alarmed, he does not understand her. How should he, great strong boy, understand her, whose whole life has been one of suffering, struggle, sacrifice! The deep bonnet is turned down, he cannot see her face, but he hears her beating heart; she magnetically feels his heart answer throb for throb; she lifts her face, the moon steals silently in, and he sees her dark eyes smiling through tears; he takes her arm again, and the dialogue ends. Without a word the whole affair is settled, they are to be married next week, and he is to see Bob Strong to-morrow.

IV.

Here sits Bob, — no longer a candy-clothed urchin, but the buck and the millionnaire of the village. The old grandfather, worn out with half a century of calico-selling and cent-saving, has passed beyond the reach of the kicks and coppers of this world, leaving to Bob's father countless acres, and cords of promissory notes, not all capable of discount, however. Bob the elder, who has become a convert to Methodism, and withal somewhat superannuated, though still but sixty, does little business now-a-days, looks after the spiritual welfare of his neighbours, and leaves the store and the till to the easy, lazy, cigar-loving, good-natured, kindly counter-kicker. Bob is a business man now, but he wants a partner to do the business; and knowing the poverty, the love, the engagement, the doubts of his old schoolmate, Ned Pond, and touched by the homely beauty of Ellen, out of pure kindness he has offered Ned a place at the counter, a share in the profits, a chance to make his way in the world; taking all the risk and trouble of having a partner that has never even lived in a town, much less wielded a yard-stick. However, Ned was always good at

figures, and can keep the accounts and write the letters. So Bob, in his kindly-selfish fashion, like the warm-hearted, thoughtless, spoiled child that he is, amiable and generous while he has his own way, but ready to slay and roast whoever thwarts him, has come down to the store to settle matters finally with Ned, his new colaborer. Like all thoughtless men who are generous from impulse, and from impulse alone, Bob's intentions are liable to sudden changes. He has just heard that a certain hundred-dollar note, upon which he relied for cash to pay for his new horses, is not likely to be met at maturity, and the brimming well of kindness in his heart somehow ebbs at the information. His father, moreover, who does not think much of Mrs. Pond, with her quiet, Connecticut, congregational ways, has just been pointing out to him the disadvantages of his proposed arrangement, and has succeeded in awakening a certain habitual love of money-making and money-saving caught from the old grandfather, whose Poor-Richard proverbs were the reading and writing lessons, the morning and evening prayers, the Sunday psalms, and constant torment of Bob's boyhood, which habitual love of money underlies all the youth's lavishness and beneficence. And so he sits here, his cigar defunct and retained in his mouth only as something to bite at, his mind running on unpaid notes, borrowed money, his comparative poverty, the necessity of saving, the utter want of any claim on the part of Ned, the kindness he does him in taking him into his store, the folly of being too generous, &c., &c. Presently Ned enters; flushed, panting, dusty, but brisk and bright as the squirrels, whose society he is going to leave for the living death of a country village. The young merchant catches the healthy tone of the farm-boy, and the old grandfather's ghost, which was strong upon him, creeps under the counter again. Then Ned is so quick, so grateful, so diffident, so willing,—ready to write, to run, to measure, to learn; no one can

help liking him, trusting him, buying of him. Bob feels he 's a treasure, will double the custom of the store, will assure prompt payments, will keep every thing like clock-work; the crabbed selfishness which possessed him melts into his habitual kindly selfishness; the new horses, unpaid note, borrowed money, are forgotten. Ned is admitted to the firm on what he looks upon as excellent terms, on what Robert Strong, Jr., regards as conditions of unexampled generosity, on what Robert, Sen., denounces as a footing that is adverse to all wisdom and success.

V.

Let us turn the tube again. It is the old store, with the old sign, but so improved inwardly, so stocked and methodized, that the grandfather's ghost must have long since deserted it. The picayune look has given place to a complexion of golden eagles. Business has quadrupled under Ned's hands, for he can talk to every farmer of his crops, to every dame of her poultry, to the village belle of the last novel, to the lawyer of the latest news from Washington, and yet all the time can measure, and count, and write memoranda, — as though every finger had a mind and a mouth. Never was so popular a salesman, so accurate an accountant, so tasteful a purchaser of stock, so accommodating and clever a fellow known before in the town of Huntville. Let us step in, and have a chat with him. Which is he? That! that Ned Pond! That pale, thin-faced, hollow-eyed man! Why, Ned was health itself in a human form, when we saw him last; and that man is marked for the grave. Very true, sad as it is; but to rise at daylight, bend over the counter till dark, and write till midnight, are things that might turn health itself to a skeleton, especially if health had lived till twenty-two in the open air, and gone to bed with the birds. But why, you ask, does he not desert for the fields again, throw his yard-

stick at the head of the first person who opposes him, and save his ebbing life, while it is not yet too late? To answer this to your mind, we must look elsewhere.

VI.

Tread softly; speak low; or, rather, speak not at all, but look and listen. It is a sick-room, that 's plain. The easy-chair, the phials, the half-drawn curtain, the little messes on the hearth, the solemn old skin-and-bones in a petticoat, that is gliding about, tell us so much. It is the room, too, I guess, of one whose life is sickness, not of a fever patient or sudden sufferer of any kind. The air has the subdued character of hospital air; the doors turn on their hinges as though they had not slammed for years; the windows are listed at every crack; the little saucepan by the embers hums as though it had hummed there from childhood; the night-lamp, the worn Bible, the wrapper, the watch-pocket hanging to the mantle, — every thing bears the mark of the constant sufferer, the habitual invalid. The nurse draws the window curtain a little, to look into the mysteries hidden in the little humming saucepan, and now you catch a glimpse of the sick woman. You were right; it is, as you guessed, Ellen, — thinner, paler, with an eye that lets the soul forth even more than formerly, but still the same as when she stumbled over the bee-hive. "Is it almost seven?" she says. How the voice goes through you, like a voice from beyond the grave. The old atomy fumbles for the watch, then fumbles over it, rubs her eyes, rubs the watch, and while she still hesitates between the hands, and is not quite sure whether it 's just past seven, or half past twelve, an outer door opens, feet are heard on the mat, on the floor-cloth, the silent hinges of the sick-room door revolve, and Ned is bending over the thankful face, and has kissed away the tears of joy that rise from those dark, fathomless soul-fountains. "I shall be at home this evening, Ellen."

What good news! But why does he call her Ellen? It is only when very serious, that Ned and Nelly turn into Edward and Ellen. She asks him with her hollow eyes. He smiles, and says he has to talk to her of business, of new plans, of an offer that may give him leisure, and perhaps with leisure renewed health. And now the nurse arranges the little table by the bedside, where the childless couple eat together. Childless! yes, so men say, — not so they feel. Two infants have been born into this world under that roof, and — shall we say "alas"? — have been also born there out of this world into a higher. Their dust lies where that of the mother, at least, must soon mingle with it. While they talk of common things until the curious old woman goes to her own domains, let us look into another household.

VII.

This round-shouldered, dark-browed, middle-aged man, who sits scowling, and pouting, and shaking his head at the fire, as if he saw some mortal foe there, is a new acquaintance, I think. So is his wife, comely and comfortable, who is nodding in the rocking-chair opposite, without any vision of a mortal foe in the universe. If you please, I will let you a little into their history. This is John Strawbridge, whose sign for five years past has been opposite to that of Strong & Co., and whose heart for five years past has been getting more and more entangled by the junior partner of his rivals over the way. Mr. Strawbridge and his wife are English people, with that dogged virtue, that bigotted excellence, that narrow-minded generosity, which marks the true Anglo-Saxon; the American branch of the great Teutonic stream is wider, but not half so deep. Mr. Strawbridge, we say, has been charmed by our friend Ned; his kindliness, his open heart and hand, his industry, his care of his sick wife, all have enlisted John's sympathy, respect, and love. He has watched Ned's fading, thinning

cheek; he has wondered, as you did, that he clung to what was killing him; he has learned the secret, in Ellen's sickness, in her need of that rest, that attendance, those luxuries, which a poor man on a farm cannot command; he has learned, too, that Ned has to labor as he does, because he cannot afford to pay an assistant, and will not ask Bob Strong to do what their agreement does not call for; and having learned and talked over these things with his wife, Mr. Strawbridge made up his mind yesterday to interfere, and save Ned. To-day he did interfere, and all this pouting and scowling comes of it. Let us see why. Immediately after breakfast, this morning, he brushed his hat very carefully, wiped the dust from his shoes, and walked up to see Mr. Robert Strong, no longer Jr., for the father has followed the grandfather.

He found Bob as easy, as happy, as jocose, as self-satisfied as ever; he was delighted to see Mr. Strawbridge, offered him a cigar (John would as soon have put a scorpion's tail into his mouth), asked his opinion of a new pattern of spittoon he had imported, proposed to sell him twenty town lots in an imaginary village, somewhere between Chicago and the north pole, and rattled on about horses and crops, Baltimore oysters and native wines, until the patience of the Briton was more than threadbare. At last Bob rested for a space, and Mr. Strawbridge introduced his business.

"A fine young man your Mr. Pond."

"First-rate," answered Bob, suspecting nothing.

"But not well; ill, very ill, I think."

"O, as the world goes," said Bob, who had never been sick a day, had suffered nothing, denied himself in nothing, and knew no more of Ned's condition, state of body, and frame of mind, than a butterfly does of the United States Constitution,—"as the world goes," said he, "Ned Pond is a strong man, does an immensity of work."

"Too much work," suggested John; "killing himself, Mr. Strong."

"O, trust me for that," replied Bob; "I 'm his friend. He 'll be a nabob yet. I 've put him in the way of fortune. I know he feels grateful, and works hard; he 's right; never you mind his health, Mr. Strawbridge."

With this, Bob cocked on his hat, lighted a fresh cigar, and intimated a wish to walk down town; and so the narrow-minded Englishman found himself nonplussed.

John Strawbridge went to his store almost too angry to care for Ned or any body; but when the pale, clear-eyed young man came by, and stopped to speak, first to one, and then to another, and at last to himself, saying to each, somehow, the very pleasantest thing possible, John's fog rose, and he was the same sunny soul as ever. Then he determined to talk to Ned himself, and urge him to quit his close, killing confinement. So he sent over his boy and asked Mr. Pond to spend half an hour with him after dinner. Ned, wondering, went to the rival counting-room, anticipating some business perplexity, some misunderstanding or trouble of one kind or another. How astonished was he to learn the object of his interview, — to find this heavy-browed neighbour of his anxious that he should earn an independence on easier terms, and even ready, if it could be done without violating contracts, — John would not have violated a contract to pay the national debt of Great Britain, — to give Ned a birth himself, which would insure him a competence, and time enough to preserve the life that yet throbbed in his veins! But he was bound to Mr. Strong for ten years; six only had passed. True, but he had made Mr. Strong's profits fourfold. Ought he not to receive a portion with which to hire aid, — aid which was required, because he had so increased the business, and with it the profits? Ned scarce liked to open the matter to one who had befriended him in time of need, had enabled him to marry, buy a house, and

give his sick wife all she wanted, — who had done every thing for him. He would consult his wife, however, he said; and to this Mr. Strawbridge, who always consulted his, when she was awake, could not object; and thus came about Ned's evening at home, and John's faces at the unoffending fire.

VIII.

Ned and Nelly talked the matter over at length, and passed a unanimous vote that Ned had better say nothing to his partner about the matter. Nelly, however, down deep in her soul, determined that, the first time she was well enough to write, she would herself pen a line to Mr. Strong, and ask him to be, what he had always been, a true friend. But do not think because she proposed to write, that Bob never came near his partner's sick wife; he was too kindly not to do that, and, more than once in the month, usually, drew up his horses at her door, and perfumed her chamber with the sphere of Havanna which accompanied his steps. Nelly, however, dared not trust herself to talk, so she determined to write. And she did write, and, foolish, unsuspecting child that she was, told of the offer made by Mr. Strawbridge. Had she not done this, Bob's easy, kindly selfishness would probably have led him to do the very thing that was wanted, when urged by the gentle, persuasive tone of the invalid. But to learn that his partner and his rival were conspiring, — conspiring to break the agreement which had been acknowledged by Ned as a great favor done him, — conspiring to defraud him, the benefactor, of his dues, and make him pay a clerk, that the poor country boy he had befriended might live in ease and luxury, — we cannot tell how much virtuous indignation at such treachery and meanness bubbled up in Bob's breast; bubbled over, indeed, into a reply, which tore another year, it may be believed, from Ellen's short span of life. She burned it, she tried to forget it; but

it never left her. Why? Because she feared that, God forgive them, they *were* ungrateful to their greatest earthly benefactor.

IX.

Let us turn the glass once more. The little town is in utter consternation. Mr. Strawbridge is rushing, bare-headed, for the doctor; the clerks of Strong & Co. are so pale and palpitating, that every ribbon and silk in the store might be carried away and they unable to resist; the very lawyer runs out, leaving all his papers for the winds to play with, in order that he may learn the particulars. Alas! the particulars are few and soon learned, — Ned Pond in lifting a case of goods has broken a bloodvessel, and has been carried home, dying or dead. Every man, woman, and child, as the word spreads, feels as though a little piece had been taken from his own heart. No one knew how dear Ned had been to him till now that Ned is gone, — that bright face gone, that pleasant voice stilled to all earthly ears. Night comes half an hour sooner than it ever did before, — sinks upon every threshold with deeper darkness. Away in the country men put their hands to their chins and tell how sudden it was! and at his mother's? at his home? dare you go thither?

X.

Look at this scene. Bob has been suddenly wakened from his afternoon nap by slamming doors. He starts up with a look of singular anxiety. He has been dreaming, what he often dreams lately, that Ellen, pale as a spirit, has been to beseech him to save her husband. He had heard the doctor say three months ago that Ned could not live if he did not stop working so. "He chooses to do it," said Bob to his conscience. Conscience entered into no discussion, but intimated that he was not telling the truth, and

Bob turned away. But in his dreams conscience plays the tyrant; he is haunted before his time. A year has passed since that cruel note to the sick wife, and day by day he has seen the husband fail, and speak no word. He begins to tremble; he questions whether he has been as generous as he deemed himself; he is resolved to release his partner from his old bond that has enslaved him now these seven years. He starts up, as we say, with a strange look of anxiety; rubs his eyes; resolves he 'll do it to-morrow, and lay this ghost that pursues him. Calmed by his good resolution, he tries to sleep again, when the door opens, his eldest girl rushes in, and, forgetting all in her grief for Ned, whom she loved dearly, throws herself at her father's knees, and sobs out, "O papa! papa! he 's dead!" "Who? what? when?" "Dear Ned Pond, papa! he died at the store, — died at his work!" Died at his work! How will you lay the ghost now, selfishly generous man?

XI.

Once more we look into the chamber of the invalid. The little saucepan is silent; the voice of time, as instant after instant is told off, alone breaks the stillness. Who sits by the bedside? It is the beetle-browed Englishman, calm and mournful. Is he watching by the sick? No, but by the dead. And where is Ellen? Too ill to be here? No, she is here, and never did her plain features seem so beautiful; but the eye is closed, — yes, closed in death. The blow was too much for one so weak. Side by side they lie there; or no, not they, but their decaying and corruptible frames. They at last are free: the family circle is again formed: the parents and the children have met together.

A knock is heard on the door, a step in the entry; the silent hinges turn; Robert Strong enters the room. He has been requested to watch there with John Strawbridge, and he dares not refuse. How the night lingers! Not a word;

not a motion, unless when the air from the half-opened window stirs the bed-curtains, and the shadows dance and whisper, and then sleep again. Hour after hour the watch ticks, and the pulses of the living beat, and their breath comes and goes, and memory and conscience have all the conversation to themselves. It is a terrible night to Robert; but is it only terrible? Does no clearer insight into life and duty come to him? no comprehension that mere impulse is not God's voice, and that no kindly-selfishness will take the place of true, thoughtful, consistent, enduring, self-denying kindness? Let us trust that he is learning in these silent hours that there is an aid which is no aid, a generosity which is robbery, a kindness that kills.

CHARITY IN THE COUNTING-HOUSE AND OUT OF IT.

It 's a desolate place, that suburb of Fulton. Of a cold, dark evening, when the easterly wind draws down the valleys, and the clouds drift by with a snow-spit now and then, I know not of a more desolate place on earth. The long Front Street of Cincinnati, which runs by the river-side, and follows the vagaries of the stream, at length runs close under the hills, and melts into the single avenue which forms the thoroughfare of the superb city of Fulton. In front rolls the turbid Ohio; behind rise the precipitous hills, whence clay avalanches for ever noiselessly slide, pressing houses and stores hourly forward, forward, like an inexorable fate.

Slowly, wearily, through the mud of that single thoroughfare, now on planks, now on the railway which runs in the midst of the street, now on the curb-stone of some intended, but never completed sidewalk, the straight, soldier-like form of Ferdinand Spalding glanced amid the increasing snow-flakes, as he struggled, after a long day's work, to seek the material of more work. On his left lay the ship-yards, with their ribs of future leviathans glistening in the ghostly snow-light. Hill-pressed houses, nodding in tipsy reverie, uncertain when to tumble, glowered on his right. Before him, the locomotive, filling the street with its black-white

breath, and turning the snow-flakes to grains of gold with its fiery eye, came screaming, crushing onward. But Ferdinand saw not the silent spectral forms around him, heard not the shriek of the monster that drew near. The voiceless electricity, which, overhead, was carrying on the chit-chat of men a thousand miles apart, had no interest for him at that moment. He had left hungry children, a fireless hearth, a sick wife, behind him; and his soul, commonly as free from care as a bird, was for a while bowed down. Slowly, wearily, Ferdinand has passed by the embryo steamers, the grating saw-mills, the chipping, splitting, planing machines, the subterranean rolling-mills, where half-clad, brawny men struggle for ever with red-hot serpents of iron, and has entered the city, as street after street becomes conscious of gas.

It was the same snow-spitting evening; two men, longer in conversation than usual, still sat over the store stove in Main Street. The gloomy night grew darker, and still they talked.

"I give freely," said the younger, buttoning his sack-coat over a somewhat corpulent person, and drawing himself up with an air of satisfaction. "For my means, Deacon Stiles, I give freely. I know the wants of the poor, Sir. I have visited the poor. My wife, your niece, Sir, does nothing but mother them. I give freely, but never blindly, Deacon Stiles; never blindly."

The elder, who had been sitting, doubled up, with his small, quiet eyes fixed upon the stove, suddenly opened those eyes to double dimensions, laughed in a supernaturally noiseless manner, and turning his cud, repeated, "Never blindly, never blindly, Reuben; freely, I know it, but never blindly"; and he chuckled again, like a spectre.

"There are men in business," said Reuben, emphatically nodding his head, "who do as well as I do, and buy real estate out of their profits, and who give *nothing* to the suf-

fering. I know the men, I can put my finger on them. Others give to every beggar; they make beggars. They are beggar-breeders, Sir. They ought to be fined, taxed, to support the paupers they bring on us. In this country, Deacon Stiles, no honest, industrious man need want; if he has health, you know, of course. Show me the well man that says he is suffering, and I 'll show you a rogue, Sir, — an impostor, Sir, — or a lazy, drunken vagabond. I know the poor; I have been in their houses."

"Wife," said the Deacon, laughing through his nose, as he spoke, "children, — scarlet fever, — measles, — can't work, — no tools, — doctor took them."

Reuben's mind seemed hardly to follow the argument of which his companion gave the heads, so he went back to his own experiences.

"My neighbour, next door here, has a theory that a great many can be helped best by making them loans, giving them credit, and so on. It 's all nonsense. He makes beggars. Such fellows need to be dealt with strictly. Make them pay for what they buy, pay cash; that 's the way to make them active, thriving, prompt."

At this moment the door opened, and the same soldier-like person that we saw coming through the mire of Fulton entered, took off his straw hat, bowed stiffly, and asked if "the proprietor" was in. Reuben coming forward as such, the inquiry was made for red flannel. "I am usually a purchaser from your neighbour," said Spalding, "but he is closed. I have an order, which must be completed to-morrow noon, or I shall not be entitled to my pay; and I must work till past midnight to complete it." As he said this, his lip trembled, and his eye swam. Reuben turned to present his goods, when the other stopped him, and said, painfully, it seemed, but resolutely, "If I buy, Sir, I cannot pay you till to-morrow, when I shall receive payment myself."

Reuben looked at the Deacon, and smiled. "Did not I tell you so? My neighbour makes beggars, does n't he, Deacon?"

"I am no beggar, Sir," said Spalding, half amazed, half angry.

"I spoke to this gentleman," replied Reuben, as he took his chair again. "I have no flannel to sell you, my friend."

The stiff bow was repeated, the straw hat replaced, and the cashless purchaser passed out once more into the storm. He tried one or two other stores, but to no purpose; so, making up his mind to come at early dawn to his usual place of purchase, he turned to retrace his steps over the desolate path he had so lately trodden in vain.

"My neighbour makes beggars," repeated Reuben, as the door closed. The Deacon, who had watched the countenance, manner, and voice of Spalding with his half-shut eyes, laughed in his soul, and said to his companion, in a queer, confidential way, as though the store had been filled with people, "Wrong, Reuben; honest, — works hard, — seen better times."

Reuben would have gone into an argument to prove that he was right; but the Deacon, shaking with noiseless mirth, stopped him with, "No talk, no talk; mind, I want flannel myself. Cash here."

The young tradesman laughed heartily at the idea of requiring the rich old Deacon to pay cash, but nevertheless took the money, and the two soon parted. Reuben returned to listen — over his steak and young hyson — to his wife's account of the poor she had been mothering that day; while the old man, who lived near Columbia, got into his wagon, and began the perilous journey through the heights and depths, the broken pavements and immeasurable mudholes, of the same pathway which Spalding was pursuing on foot. Deacon Stiles knew very well that Spalding was pursuing it; he knew where he lived, had inquired into his

condition, had sent him, or rather his wife, customers; and yet this dismal evening, as he passed the weary walker, though he looked closely at him, he did not stop, as one might have supposed he would, to take him up; but drove quietly by, and left the straw hat to catch the snow-flakes at its leisure. Had Reuben been there, he would certainly have said, "Wrong, Deacon." Perhaps the old man thought so; for his head shook as if palsy-stricken with the laughter that filled him, as an earthquake might some gray old continent.

Round a fireless fireplace stood four shivering children. In their midst, on his knees, a fifth was trying to kindle some wet chips that he had just brought from the ship-yard, as he returned from his day's work at the bagging-factory. On the bed lay the mother, a new-born infant, and a little girl with the quinsy. Of the two boys and two girls who stood about the fire-builder, but one had on shoes, — it was the smallest, not two years old. A pile of red-flannel shirts lay upon a bureau. The room was clean, and, had there been a fire, would have been quite cheerful, with its white curtains and engravings. Over the mantel hung a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, and above it, the sword of an English officer.

The fire kindles, goes out again; once more it lights up, and the little solemn faces around glisten, and half smile; but the wet drops a second time extinguish their hopes.

"It 's too hard on you, John," said the pale mother, faintly, "after your twelve hours' labor."

"Make it go yet, mother," answered John, with a tone that was a perfect challenge to despondency. "Father 's had many a worse time making fire in the mountains."

Hope and perseverance conquer; the oak-chips slowly catch the blaze; picture after picture on the whitewashed wall wakes up, and the little bare toes on the bare floor forget to curl with cold any longer. The child with the quinsy

tries to speak her gratitude through her swollen throat, and the mother closes her eyes, to thank God.

There comes a knock at the door. John, who had stood back to give the youngsters a chance, opens it. A muffled form is seen holding out a bundle of some kind; a pair of eyes which are small, then large, looks in at the scene, at the just kindled fire, and comprehends it all.

"Flannel for to-night for father. Pay to-morrow, next day. Dollar, — work to be done next week."

John takes the flannel and the dollar-bill, knowing nothing of what it all means. The visitor kisses the little girl that has gone to the door to see who is come, slips something into her hand, and slips himself down the abrupt hill, over the rail track, to the road, where his old white horse and green wagon are waiting for him. No one on earth heard that small laugh through the nose, as he turned his cud with closed lips, and wiped what he thought the snow-water out of his eyes.

"So father bought his goods," said the poor woman, thankfully, "but what the dollar means I don't know. Let us thank God for it, though, for there 's not a mouthful in the house but John's dinner."

John was about to say he had his dinner at the factory, — and, indeed, he had eaten his usual chunk of bread; for his dinner was always kept till evening, it tasted so much better at home, — but he remembered the dollar, and saved himself from the temptation. He did not want to lie, even to give them a meal.

Little Mora, meanwhile, had run to the fire, to see what the strange man had given her. It was a paper of sugar-plums and candy, with an orange at the bottom of the bag. "That was for mamma; they all knew that was for mamma"; and the most delicate morsels of cream-candy were for poor Kate; they would n't hurt her throat one bit. "But who could the strange man be?" There was no end of

wondering. In half an hour, the father's step was heard. The door opened; the children sprang to meet him. He embraced them with a mournful face; but their hearts were so bright that their eyes were dim, and they saw in his countenance reflected the joy that sparkled in their own.

"And who was it brought your flannel?" said the mother, "and what does the dollar mean?"

"Flannel! dollar!" cried Ferdinand, with amazement. The articles were shown him, but there was no end of wondering. The cry still was, "Who *could* the strange man be?"

However, the dollar was used, and John ate his dinner in company.

Long after those merry eyes were closed, and those cheerful voices silenced, Ferdinand was at work. The sick child turned and moaned, and he gave it drink, and it, too, slept at length. He beat up his wife's pillow, walked the uneasy infant to rest, and in the intervals, and after all were lost to this world's trials, his needle was busy. It was a strange sight, doubtless, to any ghosts that flitted through Fulton that night, — this old soldier of the Peninsula making flannel shirts on the banks of the Ohio.

Spalding had come to America with a competence. He had bought a farm in Ohio, — had been ruined by Merino sheep and indorsements. Giving up every thing, he moved to Cincinnati, where he knew one man; that man was on his deathbed, and could not aid him. For months he had sought in vain for employment. He knew no one; his manner was abrupt, his pride strong; and but for some sewing which his wife was doing, they might all have starved or begged. When John got into the bagging-factory, it was a help; but when the wife was prematurely confined in the midst of a contract which she had taken, and the pay for which depended on the exact completion of her work upon a specified day, all seemed lost. But Ferdinand was a man

of resource; as a soldier, he had used the needle, and he now used it again.

By noon the next day the shirts were placed before the employer, and, with straw hat in hand, the Englishman awaited his payment, — *six cents for each shirt*, beyond the cost of material. With microscopic eyes the contractor examined the stitches; he detected the *man's* hand.

"Wont do; wont do. Who made these?"

"My wife part, I part."

"Thought so; thought so. Can 't have them. Poor trash," replied the store-keeper. "I 'll give you the cost of the material; not a cent more."

"My wife is sick; we are starving. Take her's, they are well made," cried the unhappy substitute.

"All or none. Cost of material or nothing. Keep them. Find a market if you can."

Too proud to chaffer, in debt for the flannel, wholly unused to such scenes, Spalding took the offer of the human vampire, and, with a heart sick against his fellows, and half rebellious against his God, turned away.

He paid the merchant who had trusted him for most of his materials. The remainder of the money, and the remnant of flannel left from his last piece, he laid away until the owner should appear.

And now began a series of sacrifices, self-denials, and sufferings, which we dare not attempt to describe. Every salable article was sold, except the sword and the portrait of Wellington. John's wages were reserved for rent. The money due the strange visitor of the snowy night lay in the drawer, but no one thought of touching it. At last, an offer was made of some work, if a peculiar material could be had. Ferdinand went to his old friend; he had none; there was none, he thought, in town, unless at Reuben Small's. With feet of lead, Ferdinand once again presented himself before the man who gave freely to the poor. Reuben remembered

the straw hat. Had he cash? No; but he could refer to next door to prove his punctuality. Reuben shook his head. The article was scarce, — was a cash article.

"But I am poor, Sir, — destitute."

"Then work."

"How can I, without material?"

"Are you a seamstress?"

"My wife is, Sir."

"And you, like a lazy vagabond, depend on your wife, do you, Sir! Leave my store!"

Reuben went home, full of virtuous indignation.

How placidly falls the fire-light over this Saxony carpet, these velvet-covered lounges, these damask curtains, — how merrily it dances in the tall pier-glasses, — how roguishly it opens for an instant the beauties of that landscape by Whittridge, then plunges it in darkness again, and laughs at you from the engraving after Teniers, or glooms from the copy of Rembrandt! The silent centre-table is heaped with the soul-heard voices of the dead, — Milton, Dante, Southey, — how strange they must feel in their suits of gold and morocco! A little woman sits by the grate, rocking anxiously. She shades her face with a paper. Perhaps it 's the National Era? No; she 's a kind little woman, and mothers the poor, but she hates Antislavery. She has an uncle, a rich uncle, in Louisiana. The negroes she feels sorry for, but what business has the North to meddle with slavery? She would like to have that question answered. She gives a dollar a month to send King James's translation to Rome, but what has Ohio to do with slavery?

The outer door opens; there is a scrubbing and grunting, a knocking of feet, clearing of throats, and blowing of noses, and the little woman rocks more and more nervously. Then Reuben enters. "O Mr. Small," says the little wife, hurriedly, "I 've heard of such a case! such a case!"

Reuben had that day — it was just a week after Spalding

last saw him — given five dollars to the agent of the Protestant Society, and something almost like a frown crossed his brow at this threatened attack on his pocket; however, it might have been a wrinkle of fire-light.

"The Thompsons, that had n't a pillow-case in the house, was nothing to it," said Mrs. Small. "The Browns' case was a sad one," she continued; "no tea, no sugar, for an age; but this is real starvation, Reuben, — positive starving to death! You must go with me to-morrow morning and see it. We 'll have the carriage, and go after breakfast, and you can be back by eleven."

"Where is it? Where would you take me, my love? I 'm a man of business; remember, Mrs. Small, a man of business."

"But you must go, Reuben; you must go. Uncle Stiles, who told me about it, said you must go; he wished you to go."

"Ah! well, my love, well! Deacon Stiles! Well, if he desires it, of course. I respect the Deacon, Mrs. Small. But how comes he to know any thing of the poor? Does he visit the poor? He 's a rich man, a fine man, Uncle Stiles; but a little careful, I think, my love, — a little close; hardly gives like some of us," and Reuben laughed happily. He thought partly of his own free-giving, partly of the unencumbered property of his wife's bachelor uncle.

This same old bachelor, after his visit to Spalding's with the flannel, had been tied to his bed by rheumatism; perhaps that hunt in the snow for the shirt-maker's house had some hand in it. However, on the morning of the day we now write of, he had got out again, and on his way to town had called at the same house, with some work he had trumped up, to pay for the dollar he had given them. He knocked at the door; no one came. A second and third knock were unanswered. He ventured to lift the latch, and enter.

It was a bright morning, but the curtains of the little apart-

ment were all drawn, and at first he could see nothing. Then came to his eyes a bed, and by it were kneeling some sobbing children. What was on the bed? He could not see. He drew nearer. A sheet covered the whole surface of the shuck mattress. With pious hands, gently he folded it down; three forms, cold as the ice on the threshold, lay there, side by side, — a mother, an infant, and a little girl of five or six years old, — all so wasted that it was terrible to look upon their hungry faces. Shuddering, the old man turned back the shroud. He looked at the kneeling children, who had at last noticed him. They shook with cold; the skin around their temples was half-transparent; their eyes seemed phosphoric in the twilight.

"Did you bring us some bread?" said little Mora.

The whole hideous truth — which he had held away, afraid to think of it — came like a blow upon the old man's heart. Faint and staggering, he hastened to the nearest store, — scandalizing old Mrs. Strong, who saw him issue from the door, and told all her neighbours, for twenty-four hours, how Deacon Stiles, of Columbia, had been up drinking with that lazy fellow, Spalding.

He bought some food, begged some firewood, caught the first woman he knew by the arm, and dragged her with him; and when the widowed soldier, haggard and heavy-eyed, opened his door with his armfull of ship-yard chips, he found a fire blazing on the hearth, a pot simmering over it, the pale-faced children nestling in its blaze, and the Deacon doling out to them very small mouthfuls of very dry bread, bidding them be careful to eat slow, and "masticate thoroughly," — a direction which resulted mainly in opening their sunken eyes till they looked like four dwarf spectres.

A few questions identified the present helper with the friend of the snowy night. Little Mora, indeed, had whispered twenty times that it was he. A few words explained the misery of the Englishman. The sale of the shirts for

their cost; the necessity of paying their rent with John's earnings, — for while the wife was sick they could not move; the last disappointment at Reuben Small's; the short and shorter allowance of food, dwindling to nothing; his constant attendance for nearly forty-eight hours by the triple deathbed, which had taken away even the fragment of a meal and the semblance of a fire, — these things were soon told.

As the husband and father closed his melancholy tale, he rose, went to the drawer, and brought to the Deacon the remnant of flannel, and the price of what he had used, telling him what it was. The old man sprang from his chair, upsetting the table, with the pitcher of milk and the loaf of bread, and dropping from his lap the morsels he had been cutting with his jack-knife.

"Great God! and you have been starving with this money in the house!"

"It was not mine," said the soldier, quietly.

The next morning, the comfortable little one-horse wagon owned by Mr. Small was floundering on its way to Fulton, every mud-hole bringing a malediction half-way up Reuben's throat. He wished the Common Council, and Deacon Stiles, and all folks who were fools enough to starve, just where they belonged. When he got to the turnpike, his soul grew smoother, but presently came the locomotive, that demon to the eyes of horses, and the unhappy man was forced to scramble out into the mire, and wrestle with his terrified beast, until, from hip to ankle, he was a real-estate owner in "that detestable town of Fulton." In what state of mind, therefore, he drew near the end of his journey, may be imagined.

At length, they reached the point where the Deacon had told them to stop. The horse was hitched, the hill climbed, the house recognized by the black crape on the latch, the latch lifted, and Reuben stood in that dwelling which might

never have been visited by death, had he but asked a few kind questions of the man whose wife was a seamstress, or been willing to take his neighbour's assurance that a poor man might be trusted, — an assurance he would have taken in a moment, had a country merchant been the customer.

On the bed, the only resting-place, were the two coffins; from the one, the wasted features of mother and babe, from the other, the sunken eyes of little Kate, spoke of woes that few know on earth. The other children, decently clad, but still shrunk and pinched from the cold and famine they had gone through, sat upon a bench by the bedside. The father had gone for the clergyman.

Reuben, whose heart was a kind one, felt strangely troubled, as he looked upon the reality of starvation, — a thing, as he had always thought and said, unknown in Cincinnati, where all is so abundant and so cheap.* He turned to the Deacon, and asked the particulars of the scene he witnessed.

"Father," said the old man, "soldier; man of property; ruined; no work; knew nobody; proud; honest; would n't ask, sooner die."

"A soldier?" said Reuben. "Did I ever see him?"

"Be in presently"; and something like the usual silent laugh shook the Deacon's breast. Then he went on, "Wife sewed; boy in bagging-factory; never ran in debt; no debts, no debts; wife sick; little girl sick, too; father sewed" — Reuben grew uneasy — "all day, all night; cooked; nursed; sewed. Was cheated, — old Stump, clothes-man, you know him, — cheated out of all his work and her work on seven dozen red flannel shirts." As the Deacon

* Lest our readers should think with him, we would say, that one case, at least, has occurred in Cincinnati this year, in which both parents starved to death; they were English, and left several very fine children. Our story is, in all its features, drawn from facts within our own knowledge.

grew warmer, he spoke louder and more like other men. "Yes, Sir," and he opened his eyes on the Main Street dealer, whose gaze was now on the still coffins, now on the hollow-cheeked children, "the making of seven dozen red flannel shirts were they cheated out of." The red of the flannel seemed reflected in the cheeks of Reuben. "Then they began to starve," continued the speaker; "the sick felt it most; they sold all to the bed, that portrait of Wellington, that sword, which this man had used under the eye of Wellington. More work was offered; a rare material was needed; the only man, — hear me, Reuben," — for Reuben had risen and gone to the window, — "the only man who had that material would not trust him, though he offered the best references."

"Cruel wretch," cried Mrs. Small.

"Yes, cruel," said her uncle, "through his thoughtlessness; through his theory that charity was not to be given by trusting, by loaning, in the way of business, at the counting-house."

"And did they starve?" cried Reuben, turning, with tears running down his cheeks, after a fashion that made his wife admire him more than ever. "Did they indeed starve?"

"They had money in the house," continued the Deacon, "but it was not theirs; they would not use it. They lived on corn-meal; they picked up bones and boiled them. But starving on such things dried up the mother's milk; the child died; the mother's heart sank, broke; she could eat nothing they could buy with the few cents they earned now and then, — her stomach rejected it; she died; the little girl, with the quinsy, had no medicine, no food, no warmth, no mother, and she died, too. You may say yourself, Reuben, if they starved or not."

"And I am their murderer," cried the conscience-stricken man, pressing his hot head against the wall, as if to crush the thought that haunted him.

"No, Reuben," said the old man, kindly, "you are not their murderer; but neither are you what you might have been, — their saviour. God put it in your power to save them, but you did not dream that a counting-room, that cloth-selling, might be made the field and the means of such wonders. You had not learned that the best sphere of charity is our daily walk in life."

Just then, the father and the minister came in; the neighbours gathered; the service proceeded; the broken-hearted family gathered around the coffins, and gave the last look. But *their* hearts, much as they suffered, did not suffer as Reuben's did that day, when the clods fell on the victims of want, for their consciences were unclouded.

LIFE IN CINCINNATI IN 1840.

Few of us know how our neighbours live; few of us ask even what are the daily doings of those about us; and yet to learn more of the strange world in whose midst we walk is, perhaps, the surest way by which to put off prejudice and error, and acquire in their stead liberality and wisdom.

To present true portraits of some of the many varieties of life which now, at this hour, have their being in this city, is my object; and every portrait is from life.

First Scene.

A room twelve by eight, with a window of four panes of glass, and a chimney-place five feet by three; a bed is in the room, a table having three legs, and an empty candle-box, set upon the end to serve as a seat; no chairs; in one corner three sticks of wood. In the bed and among the clothes upon it — which consist of blankets, coats, petticoats, pantaloons, and ragged quilts — are a mother, her son of sixteen, her daughter of fourteen, and three younger children. All are asleep but the mother, though the hour is half past nine, A. M. The mother lies with her eyes fixed on the three sticks of wood; presently she shakes the oldest boy by the shoulder, and says, "Bill, I say, when did the Council tell you they 'd give us some more wood?" "Next week, I telled yer last night. Let me sleep." So he drops

away again into slumber, while the mother, with many a deep-drawn breath, makes her calculations for fuel during four days, her capital being three sticks. Her financiering thoughts terminate, where so many do, in concluding to borrow. Having settled this, she gets up, puts on her outer clothes (the under ones are never taken off except to wash, at rare intervals), and proceeds to fish out the smaller children, whose faces she rubs with a damp crash towel till all are red and roaring. Sally and Bill, much relieved by the absence of the juniors, stretch themselves and prepare for a new draught of oblivion; while the mother makes ready her thick coffee, and puts a little fat into the frying-pan to melt before the one stick which she has kindled at the end, while she mixes the unleavened flour and water which are to supply their staff of life.

At first glancing into this room, one thinks it the home of vice, the abode of intemperance, licentiousness, idleness, and probably dishonesty. The glance is deceptive. The mother is honest, industrious, and religious; but without work and without tact. Moreover, she was raised in a Slave State, and learned inefficiency from her sugar-trough cradle. The eldest boy is in a bad way, it is true; for, being out of work, he has fallen into the company of boys whose parents are bad, and is learning evil rapidly. He and his sister sleep so late this morning because they were up by turns through the night with a neighbour's child; however, they rarely rise before nine, having no work, and animal warmth being cheaper than fuel. The sister is by nature one of the most beautiful girls in the city, — modest, intelligent, full of feeling; but slatternly, careless, and inefficient.

The father of this family has gone to that great receptacle of husbands and sons, known by the somewhat vague name of "down the river." Nothing has been heard from him for eight months. This is probably, then, one of the deserted families. The mother goes out to wash; the elder daugh-

ter takes care of the younger children, one of whom is a cripple; the elder son works in brick-yards, tobacconists' shops, printing-offices, and when out of work runs the streets, and by intervals goes to school. For some days all have been out of work. They have no money, no meat, no bread; a little lard, a few pounds of flour, a "drawing" or two of coffee, without milk or sugar. Behold their possessions! Rent is due, also, and wood fast drawing to a close. Friends on earth this family has not; but the mother has still her faith in God's presence, and in his providence. The power, the value, of that faith, those of us who dwell not under the constant pressure of want do not, cannot, realize. To that poor woman God is no abstraction, but a living father; he is not among the stars, but by her bedside. When the hour of great need, of hopeless need almost, comes, her Bible and Methodist hymn-book have a Divine power in them, and her last crust becomes, like the five loaves in the desert place, enough for a multitude.

But want of food is not so hard to bear as what follows,— the temptation to forget want in whiskey; the temptation to supply want by dishonesty, by what many tongues suggest, —the prostitution of that young girl. It is when we see the immense "purchase" which Satan has whereby to move such hearts, and look at the frequency with which he moves our own, that we may learn tolerance for the vices of the poor. Let a man or woman fall down drunk in the street, or be caught in a petty theft, lo! the refined pass by in disgust and contempt; the worldly with a sneer; the vulgar stop and look on with a laugh. The pity without condemnation, without contempt, without derision, — such as becomes a Christian, — we seldom witness.

Second Scene.

A room twenty-three by eighteen; twelve feet high; windows reaching to the floor; splendid curtains. Sofas of

rosewood; pier-tables; mirrors; pictures; hanging and mantel lamps; seats of various kinds worked in worsted; a carpet into which the foot sinks half-way to the ankle. It is the edge of evening. Two old ladies sit, looking at the fire, one keeping time to an imaginary band of music with her foot. One young lady, near the window, is engaged in running her eyes over Marryatt's "Diary." From an adjoining room is heard that peculiar kind of uproar which commences toward dusk in a dinner party. A young man enters and throws himself full length on a sofa.

The door-bell rings; servant enters and says there is a woman wishing to see Mrs. A., — the same woman who called this morning. "Tell her to call to-morrow morning," says Mrs. A. "Why not see her to-night, aunt?" says the young man. "Why, my dear John," cries the second old lady (Mrs. B.), "don't you know how many houses have been robbed of their cloaks only just last week, and within a month? To be sure, the woman must come by daylight, and not in this kind of thievery way at midnight." John groans, gets up, and goes into the entry. He asks the poor woman her errand: she is after some work promised last week. John tells his aunt. "Say she may call day after to-morrow; it is n't cut out yet," is the reply, which John transmits. The woman turns, goes to the door, hesitates, bites her lip, swallows her heart once or twice, opens the door, stops again, and turns round, looking downward so as to hide her face, though it is too dark to see color or feature. John says to himself, "Well, I do believe she 's a thief, after all," and watches her narrowly. She asks, after another gulp or two, if she can have the half-dollar yet due her. John, fearing a trick, remains in the entry, and calls to his aunt. The reply is heard indistinctly, mingled with renewed roars of laughter from the dining-room. "Tell Mrs. Page," is the reply, "call — pay her — own leisure." Mrs. Page turns; John draws out a half-dollar, and, putting

it into her hand, asks her place of residence. She tells him, and departs. John walks once or twice through the entry, and then returns to his sofa. "Do you know that woman, aunt?" "O, no; she 's a poor thing. I give her work to keep her from pestering me; but it don't do." "She is not content with work," says John, "but wants money! — Most unreasonable!" Mrs. A. does not understand, and yawns. The young lady rubs her eyes, and says, "Marryatt 's a right fine fellow." Mrs. B. proceeds to remark how wicked it is to beg, instead of working; and how strange it is that the benevolent societies do not provide for the poor; and how wonderful it is poverty should be allowed. John begins to say something about "fellow-men, and fellow-Christians," but his aunt cuts him short by asserting that Mrs. Page is neither man nor Christian. "Why not Christian?" cries John. "Because she told me herself she had never been to church for time immemorial." "Did she say why?" "O, as usual, something about clothes; just an excuse, of course. Every body knows a true, humble Christian don't mind the like of clothes." The dinner party breaks up, — eight men, in the four hours, having consumed as much (in cost) as would support a "poor family" of three or four, the year round.

Third Scene.

A small room in the suburbs, shed roof, no plastering on the walls. In the closet a few plates and saucers neatly arranged, a bed smooth and orderly, a fire of saw-dust. On some chunks of wood sit a man and two little girls of eight and ten, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, looking up into their father's dim-seen face. He is telling them the story of Joseph. The door opens and Mrs. Page enters, puts down her basket, kisses her children, who jump up to meet her, turns down the bed-clothes to look at the sleeping baby, and then sits down by the fire. "No work, Edward," she says,

sighing. "But you have the pay for the last?" "I have some bread, and some sugar, and your medicines; and paid up at the apothecary's." "Then we will thank God, and go to bed, and to-morrow pray for our daily bread again." An hour is spent in talk and prayer, and all go to bed.

Fourth Scene.

Mrs. Page's house, 9 A. M. All clean and in order; breakfast over, floor scrubbed; Mrs. P. gone to get work, if possible. John enters; hesitates; looks round. "Is this Mrs. Page's house?" "It is." Asks for her. Is invited to sit down. Looks upon Mr. P. as an outlaw and ruffian, and prefers to stand. John inquires as to family, &c. The two little girls come and take his hand at their father's bidding, John rather shrinking, as from young scorpions. Mr. Page tells his story. He was a carpenter; he hurt himself by a fall, and has been sick all winter. His wife has supported him. Has been visited by few; helped only by poor neighbours. One who visited them, "an excellent Christian woman she was, too," he said, had talked hard to his wife for ironing some clothes on Sunday morning for his children to go to Sunday school in, though she was up till ten the night before working; it had dispirited his wife a great deal. "Does your wife go to church?" asks John. "She has not had a shoe of her own for months," is the answer; "when she goes out she borrows a neighbour's, who can't lend them of a Sunday." John returns to his aunt's with some new views of life.

Fifth Scene.

Front Street, of a sunny day early in January. A good-looking young man is going from store to store asking for work. Some have none; some ask his politics, and tell him he 's served right for voting for Van Buren; some ask his name, condition, birthplace, &c. He is named John Scott;

came from Cuyahoga County; has a mother and sister mainly dependent on him; worked all the summer and fall on one of the public works, and lost half his wages through some dispute between the company and contractor; has no home in Cincinnati, but puts up at D.'s on Water Street, when he can pay, and sometimes sleeps on the floor by the stove when penniless. Has no friend in the city, and no means of leaving it.

Finding no work, John leans against a post, and suns himself, and thinks of his poor mother's disappointment at receiving no letter from him. He fears to write, for he has no money to send, and is conscious of having misspent what little he has earned. His heart sinks, his blood grows bitter and savage; he would like to drown thought in drink, quarrel, any thing. A comrade touches him on the shoulder, — "Liquor, John?" With a mad alacrity he joins the drinkers. Had the good Whig who rejected him for his vote employed him, he might have saved a soul alive.

Sixth Scene.

A cold, snowy afternoon, late in January. Dusk is drawing near. Men muffled up to the chin step along quickly, and remark through their coat-collars that it 's quite a snow-storm; then drive on again, bending against the cold wind, with visions of hot rolls and buttered toast, of a cosy evening by the fireside, and a soft warm bed, in their minds. One of them is stopped by a man whose legs move under him as he stands, as if all his joints were of the ball-and-socket make; a large rent in the leg of his pantaloons reveals no under garment; another in the seat fails to discover a shirt; his teeth chatter; his whole frame quivers as in an ague; his fingers stand out like icicles. "Stranger," he says, "where can I get warm?" "Go home, go home, my good fellow," answers the other with mingled nausea and pity. "I have no home," growls John Scott; "I 'm cold; I 've slept

out two nights; two nights by the watch, stranger. I'm cold, I tell you; I have not seen a fire for eight hours. As God made you, stranger, where can I get warm?" Two more gentlemen come up, stop, and one asks what the matter is. "O, the man's only drunk!" cries his friend. "Come along, or the muffins will be burnt." They pass on. John Scott looks after them, and mutters something about their being burnt one day. While his eyes are wandering, the person first addressed, feeling himself unable to do any thing, pushes for home. John, muttering curses, and prayers, and promises of amendment, staggers up the street.

Soon after dark he was picked up from the middle of the street (where two or three persons had poked him with their canes to see what the matter was, and concluded he was "only drunk"), and taken to a tavern, by a young, chicken-hearted clerk, who was such an enemy to temperance as to pity an intemperate man.

Seventh Scene.

A small, dark room, unplastered; the crevices of the walls pasted over with leaves from the Bible. A small fire of pine boards (it is late in February). Two men sit by a table playing some game of chance by the light of a candle stuck in a knot-hole. One is John Scott, the other Mike Simmons. Mike was once a boatman, hale and handsome; he is still handsome, but dying of consumption. He was once honest, sober, industrious; he is now a drunkard, gambler, idler, and lives by stealing logs from the saw-mills and lumber from rafts. He keeps a child at a pay school.

The door opens, and Mike's wife enters, red in the face, and reeling. She places a jug on the table, and from a heap of crockery and old shoes pulls out a bowl and washes it in the water bucket. Drinking begins. Mike has a job on hand, and wants his wife out of the way; for even such women as she have hearts, and pity the victims in whose

midst they walk. The woman is drenched, and thrown into the heap of straw, bedclothes, and children in the corner. The children cry out, and wriggle from under their mother; one squirms out of bed, and is kicked back by the father.

Family matters settled, Mike goes on with his game. John Scott is kept on the verge of entire drunkenness by the whiskey, and prevented from going over by well-told tales of theft, robbery, and bloodshed, — exciting enough to rouse him from complete lethargy. About ten a third man enters, after a mysterious tap at the window. The three draw together and speak under their breath.

The results of that consultation are not yet evident, but at such moments bold deeds of evil are planned. By some such deed John Scott may yet prove that, when drunk in the street, his case was not that of "only drunk," but that of one hanging between a return to right and destruction. Even now, breathing this tainted atmosphere of whiskey and onions, in which the very candle burns dim, John thinks of his mother! O, were some friend by to help the poor struggling wretch! There is none. Satan smiles at his elbow, and, opposite, Mike smiles in answer, — little dreaming that his dear friend and gossip, th eTempter, is exchanging grins with the Death which is now looking from his own sunken and swimming eyes.

THE LOST CHILD.

It has been said that the morals of a city depend very much upon the manner in which it is laid out; if irregular, and full of alleys, lanes, and courts, there will inevitably be more of filth and iniquity therein, than if it be open, regular, and airy. High houses and narrow passage-ways seem to breed vicious habits, as dark crevices do foul insects; at any rate, they give shelter and shade. The ideal of a city would be realized when every passage-way was made broad and easy of access. It is an error, therefore, to build a town in squares, for the interiors of the squares become always, in a greater or less degree, sinks.

The mistake in the plan of Cincinnati, then, was, that the main squares are not traversed by large passage-ways; and many, that seem without noble and fine, are within foul and terrible to look upon. Under the very windows of the most beautiful and comfortable dwelling-houses of our city are some of the most miserable hovels in existence, unnoticed, because in the interior of a square.

In the door-way of an old wooden house, which stands, unseen by the passer-by in the street, in the midst of one of the fine squares of Cincinnati, a white woman, of some thirty years old, sat looking stupidly at the golden sky of the west. The beauty of God's heaven soothed and interested her, though she knew not what influence it was that calmed

her spirit. The house was miserably dilapidated; not a window remained whole; the weather-boarding was broken, and the chimney in ruins. Close to the feet of the sitting woman, the hogs were quarrelling for some remnants of her last meal; and upon the ash-heap by her side, a little girl, about four years old, was playing with a yellow, scabby dog. Within, a straw-bed lay in a corner, and a block of wood from some lumber-yard contrasted strangely with a bureau veneered with showy mahogany.

"Mother," cried out a ragged and dirt-streaked boy, who came up kicking his furless fur cap before him, — "John ain't nowhere."

"He is," said the woman, without moving her eyes from the sky; "and if you don't fetch him in quick, mind yourself."

The boy gave the dog one kick, that brought forth a simultaneous howl from cur and child, and strolled out into the street again.

The twilight faded; the stars looked down upon the seething city, and through the stillness of evening the boatman's song rose from the sluggish river, and was listened to by many an ear far up town. The lady, leaning from her open window, heard it, and ceased fanning herself to catch the hearty tones; the gentleman, rocking in his piazza, heard it, and his cigar went out as his head kept time with the quick, full notes; the servant-girl caught the sound, and stood, cup and towel in hand, drinking in what reminded her of one who was braving the fever in the Southwest; the poor woman sitting on the threshold of that old frame-house heard that song also, and years were annihilated by it, and she laid her head down upon her greasy apron, and cried as the fallen alone ever do. While the fit was still on her, the boy whom she had sent out came back again, sullen and fierce. "He ain't to be had," said he.

"Who? John? Where ain't he? Who've you seen? What've you done? Answer me, Bill, — is John lost?"

"For all I know," said the boy.

The woman caught up her little girl, threw her, screaming, into an inner room, cast a shawl over her head, and, seizing her sullen boy by the arm, walked out into Vine Street.

"Now where did you see him last, Bill?" she said, pausing on the sidewalk.

"Down there," he growled, pointing to the opposite square, which was nearly vacant.

Letting go of her son's arm, the woman began her search among the lumber-piles where the lost child had been last seen; while Bill shuffled along to a coffee-house close by, where a store-breaker was just then consulting with his companions, and a young carpenter, fresh from New Hampshire, was trying to smile as he drank his dose of whiskey and water with a new bosom friend.

The clock of the Second Church struck eight; the groups about the corners were thinner; the laugh and shout and oath were less frequent; more lights were seen in upper windows; the active and faithful were going to their beds. More than one man, during the evening, had swung along to that old house in the centre of the square, had called for "Bet" and "Betsey" and "Bet Fowler," and, having no answer, had sworn and slammed the door, and swung away again. Now and then the little girl in the inner room had wakened, and whimpered a little, and sunk to sleep again; and once during the hour preceding eight, Bill had crept in silently, and placed something in, or taken something from, a drawer of the bureau. The clock of the Second Church struck eight, and people in Fourth Street, having counted the strokes, were just about to talk again, when the bell of the public cryer stopped all tongues: — "A child found," shouted that functionary, "five years old; blue eyes, one

black and blue; red hair; very dirty; had on, when found, calico clothes of no great value." Ding — ding. "Stop," said a woman, seizing his arm; "it 's my child; where is he?" "He! who said it was a 'he'?" answered the bellman. "Man," said the mother, griping the arm of the officer so that he felt his pleasantry ooze out of his fingers' ends, "tell me where he is." He hesitated. "For shame!" cried the spectators. "Well, come along, then," said he, "and I wish you joy of your beauty." She said no word, but followed him to a house from which she could look down upon her own miserable home; there was her lost boy, — not now what he had been, but washed and clothed with clean and decent, though over-large clothes.

"My good woman," said a lady, whose eye showed her sympathy, "whereabouts do you live?"

"Down there," said the mother, pointing, and answering with a defiant and hard manner.

"Whom shall I ask for?" inquired the lady.

"I would n't go and ask for no one," replied the other, bitterly.

"But," said the lady, after a pause, "I want to help you; you look poor."

"I am poor, but no beggar," was the reply; and the woman turned and walked away, leaving her benefactor in a state of mingled surprise and horror.

"Is it possible," said that lady, the next morning at breakfast, "that so much misery exists close by us as that woman's looks would show?"

"It 's a melancholy fact," said her husband.

"And what can be done for her?"

"Nothing, so far as I can see," and he opened the Gazette to learn if any new books were advertised.

That day the lady went through the square to which the woman had pointed the night before, but saw nothing of her or her boy. She saw enough, however, to make her flesh

creep, and could not rest when she went home till she had washed and dressed anew, — the open air in which she had been had seemed so thick with uncleanliness to her. "And all this," she said to herself again and again, "is right under my windows."

The next morning was rainy, but in the afternoon it cleared up, and putting on her thick shoes, and bracing her courage to the highest, once more this lady went forth to find the woman whose child she had clothed two days before. "Surely," said she, "if the mother could go abroad at night to find him when lost from her, I may venture by daylight to seek those lost to comfort, joy, and I fear to virtue and their Father in heaven."

She went, and not in vain; for she came this time suddenly upon the mother, with the little boy by her side and a still younger child in her arms.

"I tried to find you yesterday."

"I know it."

"How do you know it?"

"I saw you, and hid away."

"For what, in mercy's sake?"

"Because I don't want none of your money."

"But I may get you work, and your children places, if you have any older than these."

"Will you walk in?" said the poor woman, opening her door, which swung from one hinge. Her visiter shrunk, and hesitated for an instant, but choked down her disgust and went it.

"What may your name be?" said the tenant of the building, wiping off the block of wood, the only seat in the room.

"Mrs. Ellis is my name," said the lady.

"And why do you want to help me?"

"Because you seem to need it."

"And so do dozens and hundreds that 's innocenter and cleverer than I, Miss."

"Are there many in want about here?"

"Many! That there be. I wish you could ha' seen 'em crowd round one log here last winter; and that a log that I fished out o' the river when my petticoats was as stiff as a board afore I 'd well got ashore. O, what a crowing there 'd be down here, if that broad roof of yourn would only burn up some sharp night. But you need n't be scared; it ain't you, Miss, that we hate, it 's the whole world."

"But why do you hate the world?"

"Because I 've nothing to eat."

"Do you ever go to church?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

The woman literally howled as she answered,— "Church! there 's a church! I could throw a stone into the window. I used to go there, but not now; I found 'em out. How could I go to church with this on my back? When I went there, and dressed genteel, and had no rags and few sins on my shoulders, the minister never come near me; he never knowed me in the street, though him and me met frequent. And when the pinch come, and the Devil come, then he gave me to fire and brimstone because I would n't starve."

"What caused your poverty?" said Mrs. Ellis, shuddering.

"I scare you, don't I?" said the woman. "But don't be scared, Bet Fowler never hurt no one."

"Is your name Fowler, then?"

"That was my husband's name, when I had one."

"And where is he?"

"He left me years ago. He was a drunkard, and he left me when I did n't hardly know what hunger or harm meant."

"And how have you lived since?"

"Lived! I have n't lived! When I think of my father's house, and the stoop where I used to sit and hark of an evening to the boatmen singing; — Fowler was a boatman and followed the river regular, he drank some when we

married; — however, as I was saying, when I think of them times it seems to me I died years ago."

"Would you tell me your whole story?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"I hain't no story."

"But your life, — you 've had a strange life?"

"Strange! bless you, its the commonest life going. Dissipation, and want, and despair, and evil, — them ain't strange."

"But tell me how you came here, and when your husband left you?"

The unfortunate woman, who had thus far been standing by the door, touched by the voice and look of interest, came in, and, sitting down upon the straw bed, bowed her head between her knees for a moment, and then, lifting her face, which had lost something of its stupid and sullen look, told her short tale.

Her husband had been a river trader, clever and affectionate when sober, but given to frolicking. He had brought his wife to Cincinnati soon after their marriage, and they had lived quite comfortably; but within two years his habits became worse than ever, and at last he had left her to take a boat-load of flour to Natchez and New Orleans, from which time she had never heard from him. After he went, she had lived for a while on his credit, and when that was gone, had to pledge her furniture and clothing for food. She next tried work, but her little boy was first sick, and then she was herself confined. Debt came in consequence; people shunned her; she wrote to her father, and the postmaster sent back word that he was dead. She asked assistance of strangers; some gave food and some gave money, but all gave, she thought, in the hope of getting rid of her. She went to the physicians, hoping to get a place as nurse. She could find no place, — but one of those whom she visited marked her as a creature fast verging to that point

when vice might seem virtue. He watched her; helped her; condoled with her; abused the heartless world; sneered at the virtue which suffered others or one's self to starve; and, in the end, succeeded in his worse than murderous purpose. From that day degradation went on rapidly; as she said herself, it seemed to her that she died then.

Mrs. Ellis listened with surprise to a tale such as hundreds might tell, and felt her blood curdle as the hitherto unknown terrors of poverty were opened to her. "And all this has been going on under my eyes," she said, "and how easily might it have been prevented." But the question now as to the woman before her was not prevention, but cure. "Mrs. Fowler," said she, "you would change if you could?"

The woman started at the unaccustomed title, and shook her head in bitter despair. "Who 'd trust me?" said she; "I 'd be put in jail in a week on suspicion, if I quit my trade."

Her friendly visitor knew not what to reply, for the whole dreadful gulf was beyond her vision; but having asked her wants, and bade her be of good cheer, she sought her clergyman, before whom she laid the whole case. And to him, strange to say, the case was full of new features; busy in his parochial duties, his easy benevolence, his theology and botany, this good man had gone on ignorant that such instances of want and despair and temptation were all about him. He said he would inquire; he hoped something might be done; he wished he knew what to do; he determined he would do something. So, taking his hat and cane, he sought his friend and adviser, Deacon X.; this gentleman, having heard the story, advised at once that the woman should be sent into the country with her children, and thought he might get her a place if she knew any thing of dairy matters.

Mrs. Ellis soon learned that, before her marriage, she had been used to the care of cows, and in a few weeks arrangements were made, and the old frame-house in the centre of the square was tenantless.

A year has passed since that fallen woman was placed again upon the way to truth and hope. Her careless and lazy habits, her despondency and sullen temper, are not wholly gone yet; and Bill Fowler is the dread of the neighbourhood. But still a great step has been taken, a great victory won; and Mrs. Ellis often thanks God that she found that lost child; — for, but for that child, she might to this day have known nothing of the sin and suffering, of the unknown and unspoken agony, which were "right under her eyes," and which no one is now more busily engaged in relieving than she.

THE HOLE IN MY POCKET.

It is now about a year since my wife said to me one day, "Pray, Mr. Slackwater, have you that half-dollar about you that I gave you this morning?" I felt in my waistcoat pocket, and turned my purse inside out, but it was all space, which is very different from specie. So I said to Mrs. Slackwater, "I 've lost it, my dear; positively there must be a hole in my pocket!" "I 'll sew it up," said she.

An hour or two after, I met Tom Stebbins. "How did that ice-cream set?" said Tom. "It set," said I, "like the sun, gloriously." And as I spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half-dollar had paid for those ice-creams; however, I held my peace, for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and even when she assured me at breakfast next morning that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift my brow and say, "Ah, is n't there? really!"

Before a week had gone by, my wife, who, like a dutiful helpmate, as she is, always gives me her loose change *to keep*, called for a twenty-five cent piece that had been deposited in my sub-treasury for safe-keeping. "There is a poor woman at the door," she said, "that I 've promised it to for certain." "Well, wait a moment," I cried; so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other, but vacancy returned a hollow groan. "On

my soul," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, "you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because some corner or seam in my plaguy pocket is left open."

"Are you sure?" said Mrs. Slackwater.

"Sure! ay, that I am. It 's gone, totally gone!" My wife dismissed her promise, and then, in her quiet way, asked me to change my pantaloons before I went out, and, to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

That evening, allow me to remark, gentlemen of the species "husband," I was very loath to go home to tea. I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend, and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked me up to my own door, the touch of the brass knob made my blood run cold. But do not think that Mrs. Slackwater is a tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrunk from home; the fact was that I had, while abroad, called to mind the fate of her twenty-five cent piece, which I had invested in smoke, that is to say, cigars, and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloons pocket.

Thus things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or, at any rate, no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; my pockets seemed weaker and weaker. Even my pocket-book was no longer to be trusted; the rags slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate. As an Irish song says, —

> "And such was the fate of poor Paddy O'Moore,
> As his purse had the more rents, so he had the fewer."

At length, one day my wife came in with a subscription-paper for the Orphan Asylum. I looked at it, and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

"Ned Bowen," she said, "has put down ten dollars."

"The more shame to him," I replied; "he can't afford

it; he can just scrape along any how, and in these times it aint right for him to do it."

My wife smiled in her sad way, and took the paper to him that brought it.

The next evening she asked me if I could go with her to see the Bowens, and, as I had no objection, we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business that would give him about six hundred dollars a year, and I thought it would be worth while to see what that sum would do in the way of housekeeping. We were admitted by Ned and welcomed by Ned's wife, a very neat little body, of whom Mrs. Slackwater had told me a great deal, as they had been schoolmates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron; comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed somehow or other, though we had no refreshments, — an article which we never have at home, but always want when elsewhere, — and I returned to our own establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

"What a pity," said I to my wife, "that Bowen don't keep within his income."

"He does," she replied.

"But how can he on six hundred dollars," was my answer, "if he gives ten dollars to this charity, and five dollars to that, and lives so snug and comfortable, too?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Mrs. Slackwater.

"Certainly, if you can."

"His wife," said my wife, "finds it just as easy to go without twenty or thirty dollars of ribbons and laces as to buy them. They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends, whom they repay by a thousand little acts of kindness. They use no beer, which is not essential to health, as it is not to yours; and then he buys no cigars, or ice-cream, or apples at one hundred per cent. on market price, or oranges at twelve cents apiece, or candy, or new novels, or rare works that are still more

rarely used; in short, my dear Mr. Slackwater, *he has no hole in his pocket.*"

It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject, and it cut me to the quick. Cut me? I should rather say it sewed me up, — me and my pockets, too; they have never had holes in them since that evening.

THE ONE TRUE CONVERT.

Some who read this sketch will remember a lady, not many years since a resident of the West, whose great personal beauty and varied attractions were less remarkable than the simplicity of her manners, and her apparent unconsciousness that she was either beautiful or attractive. I lately became acquainted with an incident of this lady's early history, which may not be without interest, even to those that never met her.

When about thirteen years old, she was placed at school in a small New England village, the clergyman of which was a relative of her father; and she lived, of course, in the pastor's family. In that family was also residing a young student of divinity, — one of those bashful Northern youths, who blush when their mothers speak to them, and tremble when a strange face draws nigh, — one of that class from which have come many of the purest and noblest of New England's sons, but a large proportion of which, after struggles and sufferings of which the world has no record, droop, and in silence pass away. Leonard was awkward, reserved, and diffident; the coming of a little girl to the table made him for a while unhappy, and he listened before he opened his door for fear he should meet her on the stairs. This continued for some time; for though the bright, quiet, fearless child produced a pleasant impression

upon him, he could not shake off his horror of a new person in the house; and three months after they had been first sheltered by the same roof, he would have gone a mile round in the dusty road, or would have crossed the wet fields of a dewy morning, rather than pass his fellow-boarder as she tripped to her school-room.

But so lovely and loving a damsel as the one I write of could not remain averse to him. With surprise, and almost terror, Leonard found himself looking at her, as she sat reading under the trees, for ten minutes at a time. Then he offered her the milk-pitcher, or a baked apple, as they sat opposite to each other at the tea-table. By and by he spoke to her; explained to her dark passages in the books she was reading, and called her attention to books she had not before heard of. The grass plat under the elm was no longer the less pleasant because she was chasing the butterflies there; and more than once the villagers met him at evening walking with her by the rocky river, holding her slight fingers with one hand, and with the other pointing out the constellations, the Dipper, Cleopatra's Chair, and all the wonders of night. Slowly, unaware to himself, and wholly beyond her dreams, a strong interest, deepening into affection for her, grew up in Leonard's bosom. When she was present he was happy, though he looked the other way; when she was absent his heart fell down, the sun had no brightness, the air no freshness, for him.

Month after month rolled by, and every day broke upon the student with new glory, for his little friend came to him each day with increased frankness, and he, on his part, was ever more kind to her and to others; for it is one of the many blessed consequences of love in a healthy spirit, that it makes it more kindly to the whole world.

Month after month rolled by; the time drew near for the student to go to his college, and he counted calmly, but with a full heart, the days that were to pass before his depart-

ure. Day went after day; and now but two remained before he was to be separated, probably for ever, from the first human being who had taken a strong hold of his slow but deep affections.

In the afternoon of the second day before his departure, as he was sitting musing in his room, his little friend came in. He had been with her that day upon some long talked of expedition, and had been kinder than usual; and with a bright eye and kindling cheek, she now thanked him for his kindness.

"What have I done that you should be so good to me?" said she.

"You have been good to others," replied Leonard.

"And how can I repay you?" asked the little girl.

For some minutes the young man was silent; then, taking both her hands in his, he said, — "My dear little girl, in a few hours you and I are to separate, perhaps for ever in this life; and I will tell you all that I would ever ask you to do in return for whatever kindness I have been able to show you; it is to be true to yourself, to your own pure and high impulses. In a few years you will go into society; you will be told that you are beautiful, amiable, talented; every temptation that would lead you to forget that there is an eternal life beyond this will be thrown in your way. When those days come, remember what I have so often said to you respecting the eternal nature of true affection, and seek it; remember the short-lived nature of admiration, and shun it. When flatterers are telling you (as they will tell you) of your perfections, do not forget that you are still as far from perfection as from those stars about which we have talked together so often; think, my dear girl, in that hour, of those ever-burning worlds, and the thought will shield you from harm." He kissed her forehead, and she left him.

In due time Leonard went to Andover; he there completed his theological education, and became, at length, the

clergyman of his native village. Seven years passed on; during five of them he heard nothing of her whose form often floated before him in the light of the autumn sunset, and whose voice he heard in the still summer twilight and the dark storm of winter. But in the sixth year after he left her uncle's house, rumors came from Boston of one, now about to enter the fashionable world, whose beauty and whose character were unequalled. The familiar name made his heart leap to his throat, and now again at midnight his voiceless prayer went up for the child he had loved so well. Whenever a stranger came from the city, Leonard listened, half in fear, half in hope, for news of her welfare. Was she loved by those about her? or, was she a belle merely? As those questions were answered, his thoughts were pleasant or disturbed.

He had long been an invalid, and for a year or two the evidences of pulmonary disease were such as to lead his society to offer him leave of absence for the winter; this he had refused to accept, however, as his widowed mother would be left alone. The agitation of feeling produced by the revival of his old affection now added to the symptoms of his disease; he became too weak to preach, and, after much persuasion, was induced to leave home for a warmer climate. By the advice of his physician, he went to Boston to take passage for Florida.

While at Boston, he was invited to a party, at which were many of the leaders of fashion, though the lady of the house was by no means one of them. Leonard went, with

"Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,"

nor had he been long in the room before his eye fell upon one, whom, through the change of years, he knew to be her whose unconscious influence over him had been so great. Turning to an acquaintance, he asked her name.

"She is one," was the answer, "who seems to live in

a magic circle. The sneers of society stop when they come to her in their round of abuse, and go by silently; scandal cannot touch her. She is admired, of course, but loved far more than admired; and the impure, that cannot love, fear her. Flattery falls upon her, but does no harm; and our common fops dare not approach her with their empty compliments, for her simple, sincere spirit overawes them."

The young divine stood long with his eyes fixed on the form which in its girlhood he had so loved to look on, every breath he drew marking the pulsation of his heart, and his head throbbing as in a fever. By and by he moved nearer to her. A man distinguished and talented sat by her side, and with the greatest skill addressed to her the most flattering remarks, and listened to her replies as to an oracle; but not a word or look on her part betrayed a consciousness of the admiration which he expressed. When he left her, a female friend that had listened to him said to her, — "How in the world is it that such attentions, from such a man, do not prove too much for your philosophy?"

"It is because my philosophy asks love which will live, not admiration, which will die."

"But how do you keep such things in mind at such a moment?"

"I will tell you," answered the fair girl, smiling; "but what I say will have no meaning to you, though there is one somewhere who would understand me. When my head begins to swim, I think of the STARS."

Not a word of that reply escaped the invalid, as he stood behind her; the throbbing in his head ceased, his heart was still, his spirit at rest. "I have saved her," he said to himself, and soon returned to his lodgings.

The next morning he left, not for Florida, but for home; he told his mother that he was well again, and for a week or two appeared strong and happy. Then came the reac-

tion and relapse, and he was weaker than ever; for the rest of the winter he was confined to his house.

At length, one mild March day, Leonard mounted his horse, and telling his mother that he should be gone a day, rode over to the village where he had resided previously to entering the divinity school. Leaving his horse at the tavern, he went on foot over the route which he had walked, seven years previous, with her, the last time they walked together. Then he went to the parsonage-house, up into his old room, and sat in the chair which he sat in when he gave her his last advice, that which she had so well remembered. There was the same spreading elm-tree; the tan-yard with its piles of bark; the hill, where they had gathered blueberries, in the distance, — all as he had seen them that evening after she left him; the same picture of the Prodigal Son hung against the wall over the mantel-piece; the same clock ticked on the stairway. The feelings which rise when old scenes are visited all know, but none can describe.

He slept that night in his old room, and in the morning returned home. When he reached home his frame was chilled, and his feet very cold; so he sat down by the fire, and his mother took his feet in her lap and chafed them. Leonard lay for some time leaning back, with his eyes closed; but at last, raising himself, not without an effort, for he was very weak, he said, — "Mother, I have saved her; I have made one true convert." The old lady was deaf, and thought he spoke of having saved his own life by his journey. So she smiled and went on chafing his feet; but they grew colder and colder. She asked him how he was, but he made no answer; she looked up, and his chest was rising and falling as gently and regularly as that of a sleeping child. But still his feet grew more icy; she felt of his legs, and they "were as cold as any stone." The old woman, now alarmed, rose up; Leonard's head lay back, his eyes half closed, his lips just moving. "I have saved

her," he said once again, as his mother believed afterwards, though then she scarce noticed the motion; a convulsive smile passed over his features, and she was left standing by the clay that her son had dwelt in.

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